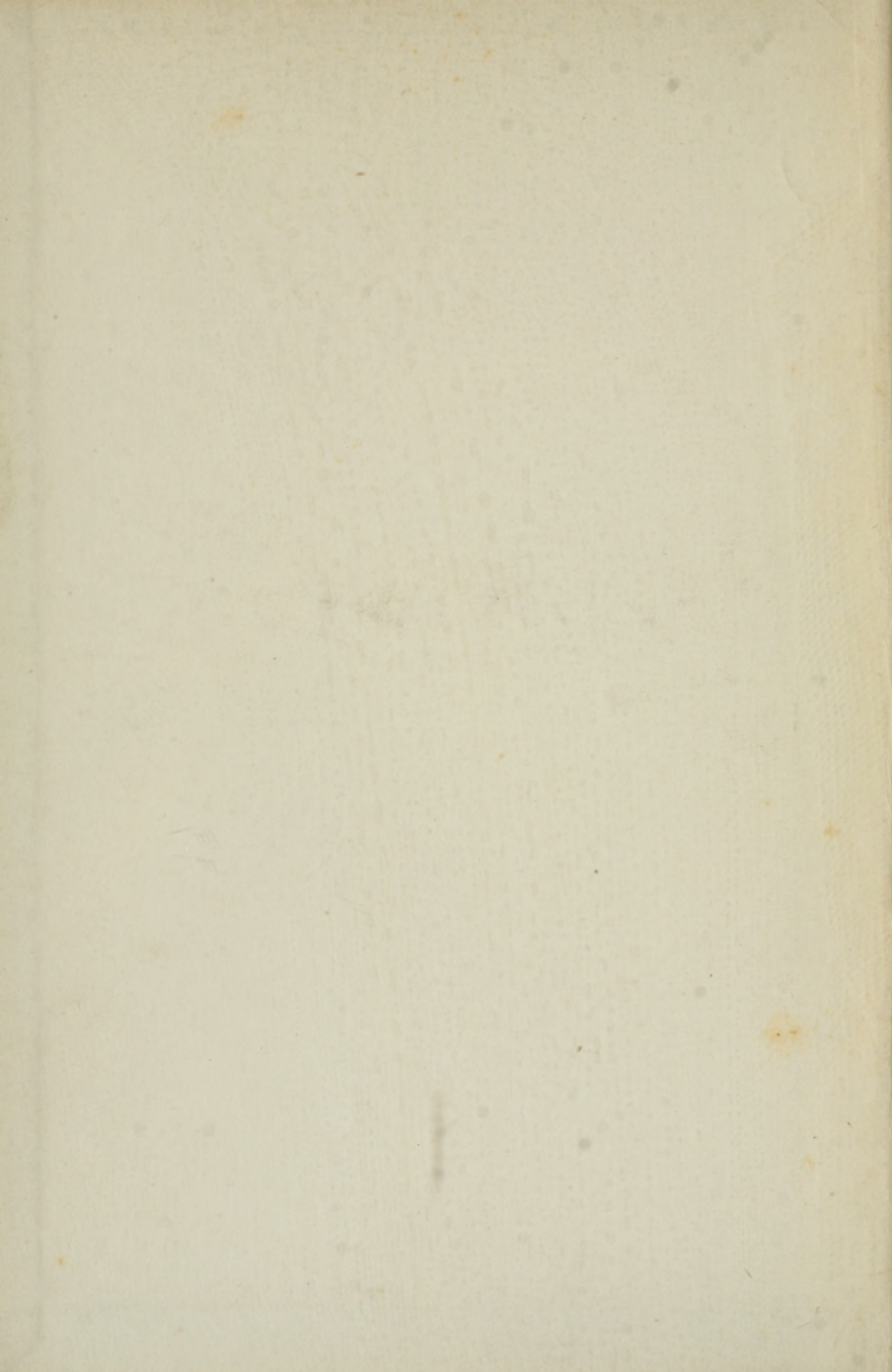


BEULAH.  
SOME OF THE FRUITS  
OF  
ONE CONSECRATED LIFE  

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By DORA G. DUDLEY






1905  
1898  
8  
13

To my dear niece  
Madge Davis

Aunt Hattie

Sept. 16<sup>th</sup> 1902

"May the Lord bless thee  
and keep thee"



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# BEULAH:

OR

Some of the Fruits

OF

One Consecrated Life,

BY

DORA G. DUDLEY.



Revised and Enlarged Edition.



GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.  
—1896—

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To the Memory

OF

My Departed Husband & Lovingly

Dedicate this Volume.





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## PREFACE.

The Holy Ghost so strongly impresses me that some later experiences of my own and others will be a greater blessing now than to republish the little book as it was first written. I shall, under His guidance, make such additions. This will necessitate a change in the title, from "Beulah, or Two and One-half Years of Consecrated Life," to "Beulah, or Some of the Fruits of One Consecrated Life." I trust this may stimulate others to consecrate all to Him, and receive the Holy Ghost.

Much good has been done by the first publication, and I pray that much more may be accomplished by the present.

From every quarter come reports of blessings to the souls and bodies of those who have read it. With a grateful heart, I thank God and trust for power to give just such experiences and testimonies as He can further bless.

The proceeds from the sale of this book and all of my publications will be wholly used in the work of the Lord.

My most earnest prayer to God is that a special baptism of the Holy Ghost may come upon every one who shall read or purchase any of them, and upon every one who has contributed, or shall contribute in any way, to this branch of the Lord's work.

DORA G. DUDLEY.



## INTRODUCTION.

I have been requested, by the author, to write an introduction to this book. I thank God for the privilege of doing so, both because of my great interest in the author herself, and because the book is one of sterling merit. And this volume has the super-added merit of being the production of one who has been taught of God.

If we view this book as furnishing an account of God's personal dealings with her, and of the trying disciplinary steps she was compelled to take in her preparation for the work for which her Father was preparing her, it is full of most valuable lessons to those who are willing to lay all upon God's altar and to live for His glory alone. If we regard it as a treatise of true consecration and faith, for practical purposes, it is more valuable; for in every successive step in her development it is made apparent that everything must be thorough, if one would be fully taught of God and be thoroughly equipped for some God-appointed service. In following this courageous soul through the severe and multiplied testings to which her faith was subjected before her own body was thoroughly healed, one is almost made to wonder that she did not at times yield to utter discouragement; but God was back of every trial, and never suffered her to be tempted above her ability, in Christ, to endure all that

He permitted to come upon her. Then, too, when we look at the numerous testimonies of Divine Healing recorded in this volume, we would be worthy to rank among the most stalwart unbelievers, if we do not confess that Jesus Christ is still able and willing to heal those who come in touch with Him through a living faith. These testimonies cannot fail to carry with them the conviction, too, that the trite saying, "The days of miracles are passed," is true only in the case of those who are devoid of "The faith of the love of God."

We rejoice, too, that God deigns still to use His own handmaidens whom He Himself calls and qualifies for the work He assigns them, as is so abundantly demonstrated in this little book. Nor is this an isolated instance. The writer has the honor of a personal acquaintance with a few other "heroines of faith," who, like the author of this volume, have been trained in the school of trial in which faith was forced to take on a stalwart form or retire from the field altogether. God be praised for all such gifts to suffering humanity!

Another pleasing feature of the book we are seeking to introduce to the public is, that physical healing is not set forth as the thing of greatest importance; but the spiritual union, the soul's real union with Christ through the Holy Spirit, is represented as the thing of supreme value. To be sure, it is a blessed thing to have a healed body—better still, a healthy body; but what is this to compare to a healed and healthy soul and spirit, made such by union with the living Christ! In this volume things seem to have assumed, without any studied effort on the part of the

author, their proper places, or to have had assigned them their relative importance.

Then, when we look back to see who she was, and what a feeble hope she must have had (if she had any, before she fully surrendered herself to Christ) that she would ever live to accomplish anything of note in the world, what an inspiration her life and later work should be to others! How should all of us, who have surrendered ourselves to God, feel called to greater endurance and greater courage of faith, when we see what God has wrought in her and by her!

We believe that this enlarged edition will accomplish, under God, much for the good of His people and much for the glory of God. It ought to find a very wide circulation in all Gospel lands, since the Gospel of the blessed God is so forcefully illustrated in its pages; and may He who called and qualified her for her work so direct, by His providence, that multiplied thousands of this edition may be scattered abroad as "leaves of healing" for the people.

A. S. WORRELL.





# BEULAH:

## SOME OF THE FRUITS OF ONE CONSECRATED LIFE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### CONSECRATION.

Over two years ago I was enabled to make an entire consecration of my all to Jesus, and I feel to date my healing from that time.

However, several weeks previous to this, I had been seeking the blessing of bodily healing and a higher Christian life, and, as a means to this end, I laid aside all remedies. Gathering my medicines together I took them back to the doctor, telling him that I had no further use for them, as I had taken Jesus for my Physician.

While the Holy Spirit was showing me how much there was in me to overcome before I could be made fit for the Master's use, this passage was applied to my mind with great force, signifying this was the way I

was to be led into the light: Matt. 17:21, "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." Accordingly I humbled myself before the Lord with fasting and prayer, which were days of great distress and suffering of body, and such darkness of mind that I would, at times, lie on my face before the Lord, seemingly in a God-forsaken state, yet renewing my vows to become anything or nothing, only that God would be pleased to fit me for His service. (I have since learned this struggle is unnecessary if one will take Jesus in all his fullness and love.) I was generally called to fast when there was something for dinner I was particularly fond of, so I found it a great self denial. I miss a meal more than most persons, and my Father did not often call me to fast more than one meal at a time; for it seemed I could scarcely live through the day in such darkness of soul and distress of body.

Several times I wrote to Miss Judd, of Buffalo, to pray for me; and right here, I gratefully thank her, and all others who prayed for me, for their kind assistance and prayers. As soon as I could read a little I found great comfort in her book entitled "The Prayer of Faith"; also, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by H. W. S., which a friend kindly gave me to read. But the Lord made use of the dear little book, "Kept for the Master's Use," by Frances Havergal, in leading me to make an entire consecration of myself to Him, for I began to realize I was not my own; I was bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus.

I took her poem for my own:

"Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

"Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee;  
Take my voice and let me sing  
Always—only—for my King.

"Take my lips and let them be  
Filled with messages for Thee;  
Take my silver and my gold—  
Not a mite would I withhold.

"Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise;  
Take my intellect and use  
Ev'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

"Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

"Take my love, my God, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee."

I wrote below these lines: "O Father, take me now,  
and keep me." Dora.

7:30 P. M., July 16, 1885.

This little book had been given me several years before by a very dear friend, who little dreamed what a power it would prove in God's hands of leading me into a life of trust. It was laid aside for years, because my eyes were so bad I could not use them in reading. My friend, Mrs. Winchester, from Buffalo, was visiting in Grand Rapids, and she told me of God's willingness to heal the body. She also told me of Miss Judd's healing, of her home and meetings, and

gave me "The Prayer of Faith," which, like "Kept for the Master's Use," was laid aside, without any special attention being given it. Now the Lord showed me my utter helplessness, and the inability of human physicians to bring about a perfect cure. He suffered my business (which was our only support) to decrease, so I was not actually needed to do the little I could to assist in the business. I thought I might do a little for others, and I entered into the W. C. T. U. work, but soon found that every effort only increased my suffering, which was constant. There were very few days that I could sit up all day for many, many years, and I never felt free from pain a moment, yet if I could keep up I called myself well. I will not here dwell upon the years of suffering and confinement to my bed and a dark room. Many thanks are due my dear friends and faithful physicians, Drs. Dolley of Albion, N. Y., and Botsford, of Grand Rapids, whose untiring efforts to bring relief and to perfect a cure were greatly blessed of God. Dr. B., by magnetic and homeopathic treatment, so far restored me that I seemed almost a miracle to all who knew me. Many prayers were offered in my behalf. I often felt that if I knew how to take hold on Jesus I might be healed. No one showed me the way, so the blessing was asked upon the means. I partially recovered, and recommended the medicine and the doctor, not speaking of the prayers that were offered.

When I was but one year old, my mother died of scrofulous consumption, and from my earliest infancy I seemed to be filled with disease. I scarcely remember the time when I was free from pain until Jesus healed me. Glory to His name!



There were a few years in my early womanhood that I seemed well, for I did not speak much of pain only when I had to give up to severe suffering, which came upon me every two or three weeks. At that time I went out sewing by the day, but little did those for whom I worked dream of the suffering I was hiding. I was ambitious to work when I could, as I needed the means and had become so accustomed to pain that I could endure a great deal before yielding to it. Finally, one disease after another seized me until I had no power to resist. During this time I was extremely nervous, made so by severe and constant suffering, and when my eyes gave out my agony seemed beyond endurance. When Dr. Botsford commenced treating me, my strength was reduced so that I could not move myself in bed, and my body was so tender that I could not endure the weight of the sheet over me without increasing the distress. I do not think there was a sound organ in my body. I also had very severe attacks of asthma and rheumatism, both acute and inflammatory; but worst of all was the great suffering in my head and eyes. I could not endure the least ray of light without increasing the pain. No room could be made dark enough, so a frame was built over my bed and a thick blue curtain enveloped me. When opened enough for one to pass in to care for me, it seemed as though millions of needles were passing through my eyeballs and head, although the room was as dark as thick dark shades and drapery could make it. Here I lay many months, praying to die. This pain never entirely left my head or eyes until I gave my all to Jesus; and then, at times, it was only in the name and strength of Jesus that I could conquer the enemy,

even after I claimed the work done on the finished work of the cross. After long and weary months of patient labor the doctor succeeded in raising me up. I improved slowly for several years under his constant treatment and called myself pretty well, but still I suffered, and was subject to frequent and severe attacks of illness. I then tried "Christian Science," during which time I lost the use of one eye. I then returned to Dr. Botsford, who was ever patient and kind with me and did all that human skill could do for my relief. I remained under his treatment, taking medicine daily for some of my many ailments, God alone knowing how much I suffered, until I gave up all and placed myself entirely in the hands of the great Physician, and consecrated all to Him, seeking to be "Sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." 2 Tim. 2:21. I had thought I would not speak much of my life of suffering, but I am so often told, when I am pointing the tried one to Jesus, "Oh, you don't know anything about pain; you are so well." Now, I can say, from sad personal experience, I know what suffering is—mental, spiritual, and physical. I had many, and severe trials of my faith, and at times was almost overwhelmed. I had held to earthly means with such persistence, I was just as determined to trust Jesus now, without any human helps. I commenced to ask God to speak to me through His word, which had always been a sealed book to me, although I had been a member of the Congregational Church since I was ten years of age and had lived as most Christians do. I now asked the Lord to make the Bible the "Lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." I then commenced asking

that my eyes might be strengthened, so I could see to read in His name and strength. Truly He verified His promise to me, "Ask and ye shall receive." I had thought if I could go to Miss Judd or Dr. Cullis I would be healed sooner, and I asked the Lord to open up the way, if it were His will. Then the thought come to me, Jesus is everywhere present, you need not go away to find Him. I said, "Thy will be done."

From the time I gave up my medicines and consecrated myself I took the ground that I was healed by faith, and I was; but some days I seemed and felt worse, even for months after. But I held firmly to the promises, repeating them often to myself. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." James 5:15. Notice, these are God's "shalls." Also, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." Matt. 18:19. "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21:22. Often, when I started out on my missions of love and mercy, I felt more like going to bed, because I was in such extreme suffering, walking long distances, sometimes wheeling a cripple or supporting the weak ones, and sometimes holding two meetings a day. Had I looked to my feelings I could not have told of Jesus' healing power. But I did not look within or about me, but straight up to Jesus and to His Word, and by faith the blessing was mine. "His faith," not mine. I learned to take no step without His guidance and in His name and strength. He always sustained me, although the strength came only step by step, and I had to put forth

my foot to take the step before I realized the strength given.

As I looked back from month to month I could see I really was a little better. My eyes were growing gradually stronger, although many times I could read but a few lines without distress, particularly in the evening. Had I yielded to the enemy at this time I should surely have lost the blessing. I would lay my hands upon my eyes in the name of Jesus and claim the promise, and ask Him to give an increase of strength; then try again, in His name, not waiting for the pain to leave. Sometimes I would be obliged to repeat this several times before I would gain victory enough to go on. Here is where many lose the blessing. When the test comes they fear they will injure themselves, and will not continue to try perseveringly in Jesus' name until the enemy is conquered. Please remember, dear tried ones, every victory gained in Jesus' name will make you stronger to win another and will lessen the enemy's power over you.

Many times while giving Bible lessons I could see only one word at a time; and as I spoke that, I could see another. Many verses have been read in this way when no one knew of the trial, and I never said "I can't see." Has He not promised that those who put their trust in Him shall never be confounded?

It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered in my eyes and head. Anything red, white, bright in color, or more than a certain degree of light, or a close application even for a few seconds, would cause an indescribable distress and pain, that would continue, even after the troublesome object was removed, until my whole body was weak and I would become faint

and sick at my stomach from the pain. Many times when I had been out in the evening, or spent the day with friends who would darken the rooms for me, I would suffer for days from the effect of the light. But Jesus overcame for me; and eternity will be too short for me to render sufficient praise for the wonderful deliverances He has wrought for me. O beloved, when a victory is gained, do not forget to render thanks and praise to Jesus.

I wrote to Dr. Cullis, and later to Captain Carter, to pray for me, and was blessed every time any of God's dear children joined with me in prayer. First of all, I asked my own dear pastor to pray for me and felt blessed. He said, however, he knew very little about "Faith healing," but knew some were healed in that way. I find God's Word is full of counsel, of warning, and of precious promises bearing on this glorious truth of perfect deliverance for the body as well as the soul through the atoning blood of Christ by faith. "And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know; yea, the faith which is by Him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all. And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers." Acts, 3:16, 17. Only those who have tasted the power of Jesus and the Word of God, in faith, as it is brought to bear on our individual experiences, really know the duties and privileges of every true child of God in trusting Jesus and the power of His blood to deliver us from the power of Satan. Let me say to those who oppose this glorious truth, Beware how you trample the blood of Jesus under foot, for "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be

thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace." Heb. 10:29, 30. For the One who upholdeth all things by the power of His word, entrusted unto us a high and holy calling, when He made us His believing disciples, and said: "And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; \* \* \* they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover," Mark 16:17, 18; for "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8:17.

When I see so many rejecting this part of the Gospel, which is so convincing to an unbelieving world, I feel to cry, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. "Jesus Christ the same, yesterday and to-day and forever." Heb. 13:8.



## CHAPTER II.

## TEST OF FAITH.

“Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” 1 Pet. 1:6, 7.

When I gave up my medicines, I looked longingly at one remedy I used to take when I felt the first symptoms of the severe and sudden colds with which I was often attacked, usually resulting in a distressing combination of asthma, congestion of the lungs and rheumatism in every part of my body, any one of which caused me great suffering. I thought, Can I give up this remedy and trust Jesus to carry me through? I said, Yes, I will. Soon after this I felt a cold coming on and gave myself anew into the hands of the Great Physician. I felt that I must not yield to Satan's power (for I was learning to look upon pain and suffering as from him), not even to lie down, or sit bolstered up in bed, as I could not lie down at such times. I was tested for three days and two nights, but my suffering was not nearly so severe as usual. Before this I would be almost or quite helpless from one to three weeks.

A friend, visiting me at this time, did not believe much in this way, and I was very anxious not to dis-

honor the name of Jesus. I had a class at the Industrial School for Poor Children, which came the third day of this attack. The distance was quite long, and I was very weak, but I thought for Jesus' sake I will go, and trust Him for strength. Strength was given me to fulfil my duties, but before I started for home it had commenced to rain, and Satan whispered, Now you will get wet and be obliged to call a physician after all, for you can't endure much more. I was always very sensitive to atmospheric changes and damp air, and it seemed I could never reach home. As I thought over the distance I would have to go I felt as though I would drop on the walk. At once I became conscious that every breath was a prayer, and I finally reached home, after learning one of the sweetest lessons of my life, which was, that I needed strength for only one step at a time; and when I put forth an effort in the name and for the glory of Jesus alone, strength was always given me.

Immediately after dinner a sleepiness came over me—different from anything I had experienced before. It seemed I was only to close my eyes to be sound asleep. Before this I had not given up to any feelings, not even to allow others to talk to me about how I felt. I told only Jesus. But now these words came to me so sweetly: "Come ye apart and rest awhile." I excused myself and lay down. Before my friend had time to cover me I was in a sound sleep, and remained so the whole afternoon. When I awoke I was healed, and a sweet assurance was given me that I never would be tempted with these attacks above what I was able to bear, and that Jesus would always make a way of escape. Several months after this I was seized

with another attack and lost my voice, but had to stay in only one day. Since this I have learned to take the very first symptoms to Jesus, and often He removes them before the disease comes upon me

I had not been able for nearly eighteen years to go into the light without dark glasses, and I could not remain in the light when I felt the best without a great increase of pain, even with glasses. After claiming healing, I put on my glasses to go out one day, when the thought came to me, What would you say if anyone should ask you why you wore them after you were healed? I said, Lord, I cannot open my eyes for the pain without them. It seemed that I heard the voice of Jesus speaking to my heart, saying, I will lead you. I said, I will trust Thee, precious Jesus. I laid aside my glasses, and truly He did lead me, for I could not open my eyes for nearly a block. I asked Him not to let me run off the walk, or against anyone. When I could open one eye enough to see where I was, I found myself in the middle of the walk, and all others passing on either side. "He leadeth me." Before I had gone far I had both eyes open, and suffered no more pain than usual with my glasses. The next time I went out I was very tired, and being so accustomed to take my glasses I started for them. Satan whispered, You had better take them, for you may need them. I took them, forgetting I had promised Jesus I would trust Him. Of course, I needed them before reaching the gate. I went to the W. C. T. U., and the pain became so severe I had to leave soon after I entered. The pain increased, and continued until I sought to learn the lesson my Lord would teach me. After continued waiting, the thought was

given me, You promised to trust Me, and did not. I seemed to see my grieved Savior and Physician near. I said, Lord, forgive me, I will trust Thee. The next time I went out I started for my glasses, as usual, when again I seemed to hear my Lord say: Child, trust Me to take care of your eyes. I said, I will, Lord Jesus. I went forth in His name and strength with much less pain than before, and never put them on again but once. I went with a company to camp out a few days, down the river. All took their colored glasses, and I thought, If well people protect their eyes, it will be right for me. One day the sun was very bright on the water and they all put on their glasses. I put mine on also, and immediately my eyes began to pain me. I took them off and said again, Jesus forgive me, I will trust Thee. After a little time one said, "Where are your glasses?" I said, "Jesus is taking care of my eyes." I have never used them since, and truly He does care for my eyes. I can now see to read and write in the evening. As long as I keep close to Jesus I am free, praise His dear name.

During the winter of 1886 I was tested most of the time with a cough and severe hoarseness. My throat was weak, and it was very difficult for me to talk. I gave it no heed, however, but continued to hold myself before the Lord for release. He did not see fit to remove this trouble immediately, but I continued my work, holding from four to six meetings a week, and talking almost constantly, as I had many calls daily, asking about this old, yet new, way of faith. When my throat seemed weaker, or when I was hoarser than usual, there would generally be some deaf people at

the meetings, so I would have to make a great effort to speak louder, but the Lord always sustained me.

Late in the summer of 1887 I was the most severely tested that I have been since I came into the faith of Jesus for my body. But this only revealed to me my precious Physician's wondrous sustaining and keeping power; yes, and deliverance, also. It was necessary for me to assist in putting up a stove, because the furnace was not in running order. We had great difficulty in fitting the pipe, and it was late in the evening before we finished and put the room in order for use. I then took a dear invalid sister in my arms and carried her down stairs through the dining room into the warm room I had prepared for her. Then, stopping to warm, I realized, for the first time, that I was chilled through. Soon after I went to bed and the night was passed in painful broken sleep. Whenever I moved I would awake with pain, but I always asked Jesus to remove the pain and give me rest. Immediately I would fall asleep again for a short time. The next morning I had to put forth the greatest effort, in the name and strength of Jesus, to arise and dress. I tried to appear natural before the family, but retired to my room soon after breakfast to inquire of the Lord His will concerning me. Immediately I felt the sleepy wave coming over me, which always comes now as a token of rest. This touch of rest comes so unlike any other sleep. It often comes like a thrill passing through my whole being, and my eyes are so heavy with sleep I cannot hold them open. I sometimes become unconscious as soon as my eyes close—perhaps only for a few moments; but awaken as refreshed as though I had a night of sweet sleep. At this time,

however, I slept as I did the night before, awaking in distress at short intervals. With the Lord's help, I was able to sit up in the afternoon and prepare my lessons for the week. The old diseases, asthma, congestion of the lungs, and rheumatism, seemed to come back with their former force. No one in the house knew how I was suffering. Another night was passed in broken sleep and pain. I arose as on the previous morning, passing the forenoon in the same way. My lungs were very painful, and my breath was labored and wheezy. I do not think one spot of my whole body was free from rheumatic pains. But I was in constant prayer. At noon I made an effort to rise and prepare for the afternoon meeting, four miles away. I grew faint and deathly sick. I said, O my God, shall I go? I took my Bible in the name of Jesus, and asked Him to direct me through His Word whether I should go. Everything grew dark and giddy, and I but dimly discerned these words: "And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus and told Him all things." Mark 6:30. That was just what we were going to do at the meeting. Then my eyes caught these words: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace. Be not afraid; only believe." Mark 5:34, 36. I said, Yes, Lord, I do believe it is Thy will I should go, and I will go in Thy strength. As I left the house I said to the family: "Pray for me." One remarked, "She ought to be in bed." I was somewhat relieved, or I could not have reached the street car, one-half block from the house. I felt blessed in going. I had three blocks at the other end of the route to walk, and I could do this only by drawing strength each step from my blessed Lord. I was greatly dis-



tressed when I reached the house, and immediately fell on my knees and asked those present to pray for me. Again I was much relieved, and was able partly to conduct the meeting. When I returned home I was so much better that I almost forgot my distress. Next morning I was very weak, my lungs sore and my cough bad, and it was very difficult for me to talk. The pain had nearly left my body, but it was sore and lame when I moved. Quite early a gentleman and lady called to talk with me and to learn more of this way of faith. Strength was given me to talk with them most of the day, and as a result of this day's work I have many times heard him speak of the great blessing which came to their lives, and to the whole family.

That same evening I had a meeting, and in the name of Jesus I went forth, but was obliged to request prayers again before I could go on with it. Next day I was called out to visit the sick in the forenoon, and gave my usual "Bible reading" in the afternoon. I was called out in the evening, and was away all night with the sick. I walked home the next forenoon, over one and one-half miles, calling upon the sick on my way. I answered some letters in the afternoon. About 4 p. m. I received a note asking me to go across the river to see a lady who was thought to have the consumption. As I had a meeting in that ward in the evening, I asked for strength to carry me through, and started in the name of Jesus. The lady was healed.

I had quite a long walk to the place of the meeting. It had rained a little all day, but the rain had been increasing, and it was now raining quite hard. This only showed to me my Lord's wondrous keeping power.

The next forenoon I was engaged with the sick at

Beulah, and, as usual, conducted the afternoon meeting. Saturday was a busy day, and at night I was called out again to watch and pray all night with a sister who was suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. She was wonderfully relieved in answer to prayer. I also suffered much that night, but was greatly sustained. I felt the week had been one of great trial and wonderful victory. I saw, as never before, how I could draw strength for the moment's need, if I did not yield to the enemy (even though the suffering remained). My blessed Redeemer would sustain me and glorify Himself in my weakness. The cough remained several weeks, while the other diseases gradually passed away.

Beloved, it is the testing time that proves our faith. So many yield and thus dishonor their Lord, when the suffering seems to increase or remain. If my Lord sees fit to take me to Himself before He comes, I want to go in full faith for soul and body. And surely, I want to be one in whom He "shall find faith" when He comes. I feel I would sooner die than bring a reproach on His dear name. As I look back over this week of trial, work and victory, I could praise the Lord for it all.

A heavy window fell upon my hand with such force that it dented my knuckles. The pain was intense, but I immediately laid the other hand upon it in the name of Jesus and claimed the promise, telling the Lord He knew how much I had to do for Him that day and needed my hand to use in His work. When I took my hand off the pain was gone and only a little redness remained. I went on with my work, praising the Lord, and had no trouble with it.

The furnace pipe passes through my room, and one

day, while bathing, I accidentally leaned my wet back against the hot pipe, burning it so badly that I left the mark of the skin on the pipe. I at once presented my case to the Lord for relief and promised to give Him the glory. The severe pain ceased at once. As I looked in the glass, I saw a place nearly as large as my hand, red as raw beef. I dressed and went to my meeting and told what the Lord had done for me. It was not even sore, and never gave me the least trouble, and the new skin grew in a short time.

After giving ourselves into the Lord's hands, and while waiting on Him for any blessing, we should not fear, nor wonder, nor doubt. We would not treat an earthly friend, in whom we have confidence, in this way. How much less should we thus treat our blessed Savior, who has given his precious life for our redemption from sin and sickness. "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's. 1 Cor. 6:19, 20. Beloved, did you ever think Jesus has purchased your body; whether in sickness or in health you are not your own? You are bought with the blood of the Son of God, and your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. 3:17. Did you ever take any medicine that injured you? I have heard physicians say that more deaths are caused by medicines than by disease. Jesus, my Physician, never makes any mistake; He never experiments. You can trust Him, for He has paid a great price for your whole being, which consists of spirit, soul and body and cannot be separated in this life. Oh, do not defile your body any longer with poisonous drugs and medicines, but put yourself into Jesus' hands and trust Him to make you whole!

## CHAPTER III.

## THE LEADINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

One evening, in the early part of my experience, as I sat reading in the Bible, I was very happy. The spirit of prayer came over me, and I retired to my room and had a sweet talk with Jesus. I seemed almost to be carried to the "third Heaven." I asked Jesus that my sins might be all washed away. Immediately I was plunged into darkness. My prayer was ended. Then I cried to God in agony of soul to show me what I had done to grieve His Holy Spirit. I found no peace, so I returned to my Bible and opened to Matt. 8:22: "Jesus said unto him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." I never could understand the meaning of that passage, and I turned the leaves to find something else, but they fell back to the same place, and as my eyes rested on the same verse it was like adding fuel to the fire. Again I tried to turn the leaves; again my eyes rested upon the same passage. Like a flash these thoughts were given to me: Let the dead past be buried in the past. You have repented of all your sins and put them away, and the witness of your acceptance has been given you that your sins have been removed from you "as far as the east is from the west." Now you have nothing more to do with them. They are "under the blood." Follow me. I said, I will, Lord Jesus. Happy consciousness! All the

sins, mistakes and foolishness of my life are "under the blood."

"I am out on the promise,  
I'm under the blood."

Bless the Lord! And if I have ever caused any to suffer in any way, I here ask their forgiveness. I became very happy and praised God for the revelation, for through this trial I had learned the secret of hearing the sweet voice of my Lord speaking to me through His Word. And He says, Try me. And I find it so comforting and assuring to my faith to be directed by the "Sure Word of God." As soon as I consecrated myself to Jesus, my heart went out to the suffering ones. I had not been able to go into a sick-room for years without, in a measure, taking on the conditions of the sufferer. I had been such a great sufferer, my whole being went out in sympathy.

And now, since I had found such a "balm in Gilead," such a "Physician there," a healer for both soul and body, I longed to tell the poor tempest-tossed and suffering ones all about the power of the Great Physician. A lady who had been confined to her bed most of the time for more than thirty years often came to my mind. I wanted to go to her and tell the glad tidings of deliverance, but asked the Lord not to let me go until He sent me. Several weeks after this I was led to visit her. While in prayer with her the assurance was given me that she would walk. She had not stood or walked for nearly twenty years, and had taken only a few steps in thirty years. She is now able to walk about some, sits up several hours a day, and rides out occasionally.

I have had great boldness given me from the first to rest on God's Word. I proclaimed at once that she would walk. Soon after this a dear Christian friend said: "What if she should not walk?" I said, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." Again he said, "But what if she shouldn't?" I repeated James 5:15. Again he repeated his question, and I answered the same. We honor the Lord by asking great things of Him and believing He is able to perform them, for He says, "Come boldly unto the throne of grace, that ye may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." When I felt my heart going out to the suffering ones, I was led to ask for the gifts of faith, healing, and miracles. At this time, however, I did not realize that the gifts of healing and miracles were two gifts. The Lord showed me at once that He had granted my request and bestowed these gifts upon me by the instantaneous healing of a broken arm which had become a mass of corruption. The statement of which I will here give:

About a month after my consecration I had repeated requests to visit an old lady who was suffering from the effects of a fall. I did not respond at once, for I feared, I hardly knew what. One Monday morning the Lord laid the burden upon my heart to go and see this lady. I prayed over the matter until near noon, when the Lord showed me clearly it was His will I should go. Although I had claimed the blessing of healing by faith, yet I was far from feeling this glorious manifestation. I was in great weakness and suffering at times; particularly this day my suffering was intense. It seemed as though all my old diseases had returned with great fierceness. I could sit up only with



the greatest effort and constant prayer. At last, after getting myself ready, I was obliged to sit down for a while before I could start. My auntie was quite shocked when she learned I was going out, and said I looked as though I had better go to bed. I started in the name of Jesus. I had not five cents to pay my street car fare, and it was a longer walk than I had taken in a long time. My suffering increased as I went, and the pain in my eyes was beyond description. I had laid aside my dark glasses and could not be tempted, under any circumstances, to take them again. The rheumatism in my joints made it almost impossible for me to move, and Satan was given power over me. Job 2:6: "And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life." Everything began to turn dark before me. These were some of the thoughts that passed through my mind: You are a hypocrite; a pretty subject to go and tell of Christ's healing power. I cried mightily unto the Lord to give me relief, so I could go on; or, if I had mistaken the call, to increase the distress; only let me return home. As yet I was scarcely a block from home and there were ten blocks before me. I can never tell when relief came, but I was conscious as I went every breath was a prayer; and oh, how I prayed that God would show His power if He really had heard my prayer, in bestowing the gifts I had sought. The city missionary, who had invited me to visit this lady, and who lived in the lower part of the house, met me at the door with an exclamation of joy, saying she had been praying for me to come all the morning. I will further on insert her statement, given in one of the city papers. We went up stairs and found Mrs. Shepley

sitting in a large chair, with her arm in a sling and her hand badly swollen and inflamed. She was the picture of distress and despair. She said: "Mrs. Griffin, my arm is bad, but my head is worse. If all the bones in my body were broken, the pain could not be as bad as the pain in my head. I begged of my husband not to take me to the asylum if my reason left me." Mrs. Shepley had also suffered from catarrh for many years.

I asked her if she believed God was able to heal her. She replied: "I do." I asked her if she believed He was willing to do it. Her reply was: "I do." I then said to her: "Do you believe Jesus will heal you?" She said: "Yes, I do." I read to her the account of Miss Judd's healing, in the "Prayer of Faith." I then took the Bible, not knowing what I would read. The Lord gave me the 103d Psalm. I do not know that I had ever read it before; and I little thought what precious lessons on Divine Healing it contained. As I read, "Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction," etc., she took her arm out of the sling and laid it upon her lap, saying, "I feel the healing power to the ends of my fingers." When she spoke of feeling the healing, her hand and arm began to shake so violently that it shook her whole body. When I first went in, she tried to move that hand a very little with the other, and the suffering was depicted on her face. We then knelt in prayer. When we arose from our knees she slipped the splints and bandage off her hand, when lo! the swelling and inflammation were all gone; the flesh and skin were perfectly restored, and nothing was left to mark the place of the loathsome sores but

the appearance of a newly healed wound. Instantly she threw her arms above her head and ran toward me to embrace me and thank me for healing her and taking away all the pain, saying, "I don't feel any more pain in my head, arm or body than there is in that stove." I said, "Oh, no; don't give me the praise. It was not I. Jesus healed you. Let us kneel and give Him the praise and thanks." She said, "Call my husband first." When he came in, he sank into a chair and said, "What does this all mean?" She replied, "The Lord has healed me, and I am so happy." She plead with him to come to Jesus. He seemed to yield himself, and there was a great change in them. Several months afterward they both united with the M. E. Church. A few moments after prayer Mrs. Burton was called. She had dressed the arm in the forenoon when she saw it, a raw mass of corruption. But as she looked and beheld the wonderful change she nearly fainted, sinking pale and trembling into a chair. When she could speak she said, "Truly it is restored whole as the other." I left them praising God. After this, I heard Mr. Shepley testify in meeting that the Friday night before the healing he ran for the neighbors and children to see his wife die.

They lived in Grand Rapids more than a year after this. Mrs. Shepley was a regular attendant at the faith meeting, always testifying to the love and power of Jesus, with a beaming face, praising God. After they moved to Chicago I received letters from them, saying that they were well and happy and had meetings at their home. Mrs. Burton, the city missionary, states as follows:

"Mrs. Shepley came back from Macatawa Park, Friday, July 17, 1885. She was sick, and explained that on the preceding Monday morning she fell down a stairway, severely hurting her head and neck, and spraining her left wrist. One week after, Monday, July 20, she consulted a physician, who pronounced the wrist broken. He set and splinted it with a plaster of paris splint. During the three weeks that followed, her suffering from the pressure of the splint on the swollen and inflamed arm was distressing to see, and when removed by the physician, Tuesday, August 11th, quite a quantity of pus, blood and corrupted flesh dropped into her lap. The doctor exclaimed, 'Why did you not come to me before?' Two large cavities were left in her arm, one near her elbow and another near the wrist, besides several smaller ones in a condition nearly as bad. On Friday, August 14th, when the arm was bared for dressing, it looked, if possible, still worse, and she said that it was even more painful and sore. Monday, August 17th, she was still carrying the arm in a sling in this condition, unable to move it except with the other hand, and was groaning and crying with distress. It was so swollen, inflamed and spotted, that, fearing erysipelas, I urged her to see the doctor that day.

"Once or twice the preceding week I had spoken to Mrs. Griffin about visiting her, as I believed her cheerful, positive faith would do the suffering woman good, and perhaps prevent her from becoming frenzied. I remember saying to Mrs. Shepley that morning, 'I wish I had time to go and get Mrs. Griffin to come and see you to-day,' and about noon Mrs. Griffin came. It is but true to say I did pray that if her coming would do good, she might be directed to come; still when she stood at my door, I was awed at the immediateness of the answer. We went to Mrs. Shepley's room, and I said to her, 'This friend will do you good,' and left them together. Not long after, I was called to 'Come,' and on entering the room saw a bright, happy face in place

of gloom and tears, and the diseased arm freed from splint and bandage and to all appearance well. No sign of swelling, inflammation or suppurating sores, but the arm looked like newly healed burns. She moved the arm freely in every way, and the same afternoon washed a few pieces. The next day in the forenoon she did a large washing, did her housework, and in the afternoon walked to and from a faith meeting at a place a mile or more distant.

“A. S. Burton.”

“The above statement in regard to my case is true. My arm and head are well, and I am happy in the Lord.  
“Mrs. J. A. Shepley.”

When I returned home from this place, where God had so wonderfully showed His power, I was filled with a quiet, sweet peace, and these words kept singing in my soul, “Bless the Lord, O my soul.” I could not tell where I had seen them. For several days I searched to find them, but could not; when again I opened to the 103d Psalm, I remembered where I had seen them. My soul has blessed the Lord ever since. I think I began to realize that the Lord had granted my request and bestowed these gifts upon me, and that if He did not see fit to heal me instantly, He could heal others when He saw it was wise to do so.

I have been wonderfully guided at times in knowing the Lord’s will by trying the spirits. 1 John, 4:1: “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.” I give this helpful experience because so many of God’s dear children really desire to do the will of God, but do not know how to listen for the Shepherd’s guiding voice. If a thought comes frequently to my mind I begin to inquire if it is

of the Lord. I am constantly asking direction for each hour and moment of the day, that I may walk in my heavenly Father's way, and not in my own. I desire to be sure of His guidance; so I ask if the thought is of the Lord He will hold it upon my mind, and if it is not, that He will remove it. For we are to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." 2 Cor. 10:5. Many times I am directed in this way when otherwise I would not know which way to turn.

When I ask for a token from the Lord I would not dare do otherwise than obey, leaving the result with Him; not mourning or thinking, perhaps, after all, I have made a mistake. This the enemy tries to make me think sometimes, but I refer it to Jesus, and it always comes out all right. If it is not just the way I would have desired it, it is the way Jesus directed.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE LEADINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.—(CONTINUED.)

A few months after my consecration conventions for "Divine Healing" were held in different places. I had a great desire to attend some of these, as I felt greatly in need of all the help and instruction I could receive on this subject. I asked the Lord to send me the money with which to go, if it were His will. I made all preparations, so when the money came I should be ready. The time came and passed, and no money; but I could say, "Thy will be done." Another convention, still nearer home. I asked again with the same result. Another was held which seemed especially desirable. This time I asked for a certain test to know if it were the Lord's will I should go; I had the money. The token was not given, and I did not dare to go. I felt greatly disappointed, but again could say, "Thy will be done."

Oh, beloved, it is precious to be in that state where we can say from the depths of the soul, "Thy will be done," and even when it is directly contrary to our own earnest desires. We truly believe we are in the hands of the living God, who knows all things, and what is for our best good and His glory. Circumstances proved to be such that it might have been a great curse to my whole life had my desires been granted. Every time I think of this I praise God that I was willing to abide by His will.

The Lord wonderfully opened up the truths of His Word to my mind, until the Bible seemed full of this blessed Gospel of Divine Healing, and with it a life "hid with Christ in God." These grand truths seemed to stand out boldly and clearly as though they were written in words of living fire. These kindled a burning love in my soul, which permeated my entire being, and so filled me with His strength and glory that I felt if I held my peace "the very stones would cry out." I told to every one the priceless privileges and blessings purchased for us by the blood of Jesus.

Some time after this, one evening I heard that Mrs. M. Baxter, of England, was in Kalamazoo. I instantly went to my room to inquire of the Lord if it were His will for me to go and hear her. I almost heard Him say, Go. I arose, went to the ticket office, purchased my ticket and left on the early train next day. I attended the afternoon and evening meetings, which were a "feast of fat things" to my hungry soul. I drank in every word and marked every passage and also had the privilege of conversing with her.

On the cars as I returned I opened my Bible and the Lord showed me why He had shut me up with Himself. Oh, how I felt to praise Him that He had chosen to be my instructor. Psalms 32:8. "I will instruct thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye."

Miss Carrie Judd came to Grand Rapids and conducted the dedication of our "Beulah Rest." As yet, these are the only two workers among the Faith people I have met. I was enabled to learn most precious lessons from each of these trusting ones.

I think this was really the time when I began to real-

ize the healing was accomplished in my body. I knew the healing was going on all the time, and could claim the work done by faith. Jesus said, "It is finished." This finished work of the cross was for me, and for my body as well as my soul, if I took it. I could believe and now felt that He sent his Word and healed me. Psalm 107:20. Yes, even me. I learned more than this, that when Jesus said, in Matt. 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," that I might go to Him for physical rest when I was weary, and He would give me this also. I am naturally of a temperament like Peter's, quick, impulsive and earnest; not much patience to wait for anything I desire. I was not fretful, but my long sickness had not had the effect of making me more patient during delays. So I was obliged to learn these wonderful and blessed lessons during the waiting time, notwithstanding the many dark hours and severe tests I was obliged to pass through; most of the time my mind was staid on God, and a deep, sweet peace filled my soul. After the darkness was passed I was filled with the glory of God, so that I could always praise Him for the test and count it as one of the blessings of my life. It is not easy to endure trial, but when it is over and the joy of the Lord fills the whole being the trial is forgotten in the glory. The Lord never fails to send His angels to minister unto the tried ones as soon as they learn the lessons he would teach them, and the darkness is removed. By using me, God has showed me that he can use anyone who is really desirous of being used for His glory.

For several years I had dreaded the snow in winter and desired never to see it again. I felt disagreeable

when it began to fall. I had a good deal of fault to find with the weather. Damp air caused rheumatic suffering; bright, sunny days hurt my eyes; hot weather prostrated me; and really there was very little weather that pleased me. In regard to this the Lord spoke to me in a very sweet way, and I will give it as I noted it down at the time.

While I was waiting on the Lord to be relieved of a physical burden that was weighing me down, the snow fell through the window and rested on my dark shawl in delicate beauty. I saw in each flake a number of perfectly formed stars, varying in form and beauty, but each one reflecting light. I saw God's hand in forming them in all their purity and loveliness, for no invention of man could produce anything like them. Then I thought, How many of God's dear children think little trials, pains and diseases are not worthy His notice, and yet He forms millions of these little flakes of beauty and frailty with such care. "Of how much more value are ye?" As I breathed upon them they vanished; so it is with the child of God; when He breathes up us, and we receive the Holy Ghost, we have no burdens, for we cast them upon Jesus, and they disappear. Again, I saw how delicate is that tender Spirit, and how easily grieved even by the breath of unbelief or doubtful thought, act or word. The request of my prayer was granted, and I praised the Lord for the few moments' delay. The waiting time was not in vain, but was spent in learning a sweet, useful lesson. I have never found any fault with the weather since. I go out in sunshine or in storm and the Lord keeps me. I feel that Christians commit a great sin in mur-

muring about the weather or anything else God is pleased to send us.

As soon as I had consecrated my all to Jesus I felt I must start a faith prayer meeting. I knew of only one who would believe and join with me; this was my friend, Mrs. Winchester, from Buffalo. She came and helped me while she remained in the city. We were liable to interruptions, as my home and business were in the same house, so a friend living in the extreme southeastern part of the city invited us to her house for a time. Then the city missionary, Mrs. Burton, invited us to meet with her. Quite frequently I was the only one there, but Jesus always met with us (Matt. 18:20), and we were blessed.

Satan often whispered to me, This is no use; you had better give up. After a time, more came in, then I began to be frightened, for I was very ignorant of the Bible. Although I had been a Christian so long, I had neither loved nor understood the Bible as I ought. It was always a sealed book to me until I took it for both soul and body. When Bible students came into the meetings I was almost ready to give up, and dared not take my eyes from my book.

One morning about this time I opened to Jer. 1:6-9. I lost sight of Jeremiah, to whom this was spoken, for it was now God's own word to me. I have never been "afraid of their faces" since, for I know God is with me, and now I am holding four full salvation cottage prayer meetings a week in the city. Souls and bodies are being brought to Jesus continually. Oh, it is precious to know that Jesus never turned any away who truly came to him; but He healed them, forgave their sins and blessed them. I cannot see how any can come to

Jesus for the healing of their bodies without receiving a spiritual blessing, if they are Christians; and if they are not, without giving their souls to Him, when they are healed. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

I was greatly exercised in regard to the command in James 5:14, for I was learning that "obedience is better than sacrifice." Accordingly I went to see two of the deacons in my church about this matter, and they said they did not believe in this, as the day of miracles was past. I was now praying with several persons, and wished to find some one to anoint them, but could find no one who believed in this command. About this time I had some wonderful lessons taught me. I had been greatly annoyed with agents, and had not always treated them as well as I ought.

A lady came in one afternoon with a medical book to sell. Of course I did not wish it, but I treated her well, and listened to her story for "Jesus' sake," for I was now beginning to see the souls of people for whom Jesus had shed his precious blood, and realized that perhaps I might lead that one to Jesus. I told her I had no use for anything of that kind, because I had taken Jesus as my physician, medicine and health. She then told me of her daughter, twenty-three years of age, who was a hopeless cripple. She had diphtheria when she was three years old, which settled in her spine and limbs; she had always been a great sufferer, and at this time her suffering was so great that one could not go into her room without increasing her distress. I asked her if she would like to have us remember her in prayer. She said she would. About two weeks after this I returned one day from making some calls, and found a



young lady in the sitting room who proved to be the cripple for whom we had been praying. She was so much better that she was able with assistance to swing herself on her crutches to my house, a distance of five blocks. She said she did not know but that she would stay a week. This I did not exactly know how to take, as she was a perfect stranger. She staid with me the remainder of the day, and late in the evening. I asked her if she would like me to pray with her before she went back. I did so, and after prayer she was able to arise in the name of Jesus and hobble across the room and back again without her crutches; she said she had never done this before. I then saw that the Lord had sent her to me. I had asked in the morning for something to do for Him that day. While I was thinking whether to say I would walk back with her or ask her to stay over night (which was not very convenient), this came to me, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." This settled it. I said I would be pleased to have her stay, and would take her to the meeting with me next day, which I did. It was with the greatest effort that Mrs. Burton (city missionary, at whose home we met that day) and I could get her up three steps with the help of her crutches. Her limbs were drawn back of her, and her feet turned out so that the soles of her feet did not touch the ground. Her knee and ankle joints were twisted and perfectly stiff, and could in nowise be straightened. Her shoulders were drawn over and the tendons contracted so she could not put her hands to her head nor back of her. She was so distressed for breath that as she swung herself on her crutches her face grew purple. She also had a complication of diseases which

were healed when we first prayed for her at the faith meeting. I wanted some one to anoint her; but could find no one to do it. I prayed the Lord to open the way, and help her to obey the Word. I had ordered some books, not knowing what they were, only from their titles. In the morning of the day I was to go to her, the little book entitled, "Healing of Sickness by Scriptural Means," by Karl Andreas, came to me. I had prayed much for light on this subject of anointing, and this little book gave a description of those who had the right on Scriptural grounds to anoint. This showed it was those to whom God had given the gifts of Faith, Healing and Miracles. These would receive and experience the call to this work, the same as the minister would experience the call to preach the Gospel, and if man-chosen elders of the church did not believe this part of the Gospel (as most of them do not), they surely could not use the oil. It came like a flash that the Lord had bestowed these gifts upon me, and that I could use the oil in His name. I thought I could not; still the thought seemed pressed upon me that I was to do it. I prayed over it, and asked the Lord if it was His will that I should use the oil, to let me remember to get it when I went up street; if not, to take it from my mind. When I went, I forgot everything but the oil. I returned and asked God's blessing upon it, consecrating it to Him for this, and no other use. I then went to Miss Abbott, telling her all about it. She replied, "I want you to use it." I asked the Lord to show His power, if it were pleasing to Him for me to anoint. I prayed with her and used the oil in His dear name. Immediately her joints began to snap and crack, so we could hear them all over the room, and the limbs began to

straighten, so that she placed one foot on the stove hearth, and crossed the other over it, and said, "I never did that before." She also had the free use of her arms, and could throw them behind her and above her head. This showed me the Lord was pleased to have me use the oil.

Some good Christian people objected to my praying with the sick and anointing with oil, because I am a woman, forgetting that Jesus received anointing for His burial from the hand of a woman, and "that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female," and that it was Jesus, not man, who chose and sent out the disciples to "preach the Gospel and heal the sick." Mark 16:15-20. He chooses and sends out the willing and obedient ones to-day as well as then. I praise our dear Lord that he honors the labors of consecrated women as well as men; and He pours out His spirit upon them and calls them the "daughters of the Almighty." There were women workers with Jesus and the apostles. I have learned that the same word is employed in the Greek language in speaking of the "elder women" (1 Tim. 5:2) that is employed in James 5:14. The Lord has honored my labors, obedience and faith in Him and His Word by the many wonderful signs which have followed; so that I could not doubt my calling and acceptance in this work, and the approval of my Lord, though the whole world and church should combine against me. Matt. 18:6-7: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea. Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to the man

by whom the offense cometh!" My daily desire and prayer is that I may keep low at the feet of my coming King, and that I may be so "hid with Christ in God," that self will be buried out of sight. I realize very fully that "I am not my own." I have been bought with a price, even the precious blood of the Son of God. My privilege and duty as a Christian is, to have so much of the resurrection life of Jesus that it will strengthen my entire being, and so quicken my faculties that God can work through me mightily to will and to do His own good pleasure.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE LEADINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.—(CONCLUDED.)

God had given me perseverance largely, and I entered with my whole being into anything that I was convinced was right and good. I am no less so in my Lord's work, and engage in it heartily and perseveringly.

A friend has said that the pocketbook was the last thing to be consecrated. Too many forget that the Lord lets us take His money only to use for Him. This was not the case with me. I immediately began to give my tenth, feeling that it was right for Christians thus to do. I was in debt and had hard work to meet my daily expenses. The question came, Ought I to give a tenth? I asked the Lord about it, and lay awake the most of one night with these words ringing in my ears: "She of her penury hath cast in all the living she had," and our Lord commended her for it. This seemed to satisfy me, but many times after, when we had but little to eat, I tried to excuse myself from giving, but could not. Mal. 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." This is a free Gospel for soul and body, and

no price is charged for anything. I am now living by the faith of the "Son of God," for I believe God's Word teaches that all workers for Him should so do. "Freely ye have received, freely give." This does not exempt those who receive the free labors of God's children from giving "free will offerings" to them as unto the Lord. We read, "The workman is worthy of his meat." Matt. 10:10. Paul often stirs up the Christians to be generous in gifts to those who labor for the Lord, for their own benefit. He says, "Not because I desire a gift, but I desire fruit that may abound to your account." Phil. 4:17. In verse 18 he speaks of their gifts as "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice well pleasing to God." I gave all my time and strength, but had almost nothing given me. Business was very low and things looked pretty dark; still I trusted firmly in Jesus, who had bidden me "Go work in His vineyard." I knew if He saw fit for me to suffer privation here, He would reward me by and by with incorruptible, unfading treasures. My whole aim in life is to bring honor and glory to His dear name. My heart was filled with praise and gratitude, for now (several months after I claimed healing) I was quite strong and well and could labor with comparative ease. I had continued all along to claim healing, and had read more and more each day and evening in the name of Jesus, when it seemed that I could not endure the pain and distress caused by the light and effort I made. This I told to no one but Jesus, and kept believing God's Word until I felt better. I learned many precious lessons of trust and patient waiting and faithful perseverance all the way throughout this trial of my faith.

While engaged in my hair business I had spent much



time, thought and money in inventions of various kinds. I had many of these on hand. Among them were preparations for the face, both pink and white. At a time when my need was very great an order came for quite a quantity of the pink. I had just returned from the place of one who had given up her house of ill-fame, which she had kept for twenty years, and was trying to live a better life. I had said to her, "Wash that paint off your face, and don't use it again," and here I was selling that which would produce the same effect. The thought came to me, How inconsistent! What if she should see my name upon this "tint?" There were worldly men that I owed; and I needed the money in every direction. Here I could get some by filling this order, and perhaps close out the whole I had on hand. I earnestly cried unto the Lord to know what to do. I saw the whole thing to be so wrong; and I said, Lord, if I starve, or am imprisoned for my debts, I will suffer it, rather than scatter seeds of sin any longer. I wrote to the parties, telling them why I could not fill the order. In about an hour a dear friend called and gave me \$2.50, and later in the day another gave me \$2 more. I felt happy because I had done right, even if it did mean destruction of some property. All was not yet settled; I had not disposed of the white paint. (I never called it paint, but I now saw it to be such.) I used it myself, and had, ever since I was quite young; now came a hard struggle. I argued with the Spirit, I have always considered it a part of my toilet; I cannot give it up. Still it was pressed upon me that I must give up its use and sale. I was enabled to say, Yes, Lord, to this, and many other things I was called upon to lay aside. And I washed my face, and carried out

from my room and store forever those things which I now believe that no true child of God ought to use.

I believe the Bible says something about painted faces, Jer. 4:30, and is it not very important that every true seeker of light and godliness should study God's Word more about all the little things in our every-day life, which have such an effect upon our lives and Christian influence, here and hereafter?

I had another trial, so simple, that for a long time I did not mention it, yet it was more of a struggle for me to give it up than all my medicines. I had used rose-water and glycerine, which would always keep my hands soft and white. When the Lord called for that, I never dreamed what it would cost me to lay it aside. When I did so, my hands chapped, cracked, smarted and distressed me so greatly that I cried. Satan whispered, It is not medicine, and surely you are not called to give up everything. I say to my shame that I yielded to Satan and used it once or twice more. Then the Holy Spirit showed me it was an unnecessary expense. Your consecrated hands are to be used in the Lord's service; can't you trust Jesus to care for them? The money you pay for that will buy a few tracts that may save a soul. Isa. 55:2: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Satan whispered, You have this, use it, and you need not buy any more. Again I yielded, put on all I could, and went to the stove to dry it in. I got my hand too near and burned it so it blistered. I now cried tears of penitence, and with great shamefacedness I went before my injured Lord for pardon, promising Him that if He would remove the pain I would trust Him. The pain and blister were at once

removed. My chapped hands still remained in a very sore and red condition. It was then I learned that I had been proud of my white hands; this I never realized before. When Satan would say, See how they look, I would answer, No matter, they are the Lord's hands, and if He likes them well enough to use them for His honor and glory, I am satisfied. After nearly a year they became smooth again, but never white.

This is the only time I ever yielded to Satan, in turning back to anything God called me to give up, except in wearing my glasses, as before mentioned. I had borrowed a little of the tenth set apart for the Lord, from time to time, to buy daily bread, but always paid it back at the first opportunity. One night I was told that there was nothing in the house to eat but a little oatmeal. I thought I would draw from the tenth again, but was led to pray earnestly whether it was pleasing to the Lord for me to take this for our food. I was His child, giving my whole time going about doing good and teaching the Word. The tenth I had used mostly in tracts and reading matter that I was distributing freely in the name of Jesus and asking His blessing upon each one. Many times I gave to people abundantly able to pay for them, who would not buy, but would read them if given to them. I gave to all.

I thought of one dear sister who lived in luxury and had not learned the lessons of self-denial which Christians may learn; when I had given her several, still she asked for more to distribute, saying that she once bought \$5 worth of tracts, and they were not returned and she could not buy any more. These things came before me this night, and I said, Lord, what shall I do? Again these words came to me, the poor widow's two

mites and our Lord's commendation of her, when He said, "All these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God, but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had." Luke 21:4. I felt this was to show me that I was to trust Him for food, and said, I trust Thee, and fell asleep. Before I was dressed the next morning a customer called and made a small purchase, giving me twenty-five cents, which I used to buy food. My heart was filled with praises to God.

The Lord often finds it necessary to trim us down a great deal, before He is pleased to bestow rich blessings upon us. Yes, He often sees it is best to do this even before He can give us the blessing of health. God always deals with us wisely. Often, "Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss that ye may consume it upon your lusts."

I have a natural love for the beautiful, and it has been hard all my life to be satisfied with common things. I still think good goods (not extravagant ones) are the best economy. I did not care for admiration; it was pleasing to me to satisfy my love and taste for pretty things. But 1 John 2:16, 17, says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world."

Now I found my dear Lord called me to put away all my foolish carnal desires, and present unto Him a sanctified body. In going among the poor and suffering ones I was led to see that modest dress, without jewelry, and the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit, was more

acceptable to God and the people, and I gladly said, Yes, Lord, to every call that would better fit me for His service. I am not led into extremes, but to let my "moderation be known." I see the good effects of this practice among all classes of people. Many times when the poor or more common people are asked to go to the house of God they will reply, "Oh, I cannot go, I have nothing fit to wear. They dress so grand in these places, I would not feel at home, and I am not able to rent a pew." I feel to cry to the Christian Church, How is this state of things to be met at the judgment bar of God?

This was not so when Christ was upon earth. "The poor had the Gospel preached unto them," and "the common people heard Him gladly."

I have often seen the wee babies of Christian mothers with gold rings and bracelets tied on their little wrists and fingers. Thus pride is fostered in their little souls from their earliest recollections. Many, many poor ruined souls have seen that it was their love of display and pride in dress that was the means of dragging their souls down to the gates of eternal ruin and death. Oh, parents, beware how you sow seeds of sin in the hearts of your darlings, and then wonder why God does not bless you more!

## CHAPTER VI.

## SOME OF THE REASONS WHY ALL ARE NOT HEALED.

I think the principal reason is the lack of entire consecration, or in other words, the failure on our part to make a full surrender of our will and self to the Lord. God does not invade the will without our consent, and the first thing to give up from our own free choice is our will; for it is always God's will to sanctify if we consecrate. In giving up the will, it means more than simply to say, I am willing to give up anything, or be anything or nothing, for Jesus' sake. This must be the sentiment of our hearts and be brought into practical experience in our daily lives, in such a way that we will have the assurance in our own hearts that God's will concerning our life is being carried out in us. Thus He always requires us to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done," and to hold to it when the test comes. God often calls for the dearest idol of the heart, for He is a jealous God, and will show us what these idols are, even though we may never have been conscious of their presence. God's chosen and faithful ones He calls to a life of separation from the world in all its rounds of giddy pleasure, fashion and carnal self-indulgence, and leads them to consecrate their time, talents, means, home and all to His blessed service. The Lord hath need of these.

Some say, "If I am healed, I will give all to Jesus." Beloved, He wants the consecration first. It is not for



us to say to God, If you will come to my terms I will do for you thus and so, as a reward for your faithfulness.

Some say, "I will try it." Think of trying God! It is for us to make a full surrender, and walk as he calls us to walk from day to day, and not fail or become discouraged if His wisdom sees fit to try and prove us, and prepare us to use the blessing when it is given for His glory. He sometimes keeps us waiting upon Him what seems to us a long time before we receive the desire of our hearts in the complete blessing. God is not in a hurry to give us blessings we are not prepared to receive. And His Word says, "He that believeth doth not make haste." Beloved, never do I find so much happiness as when I sink into the will of the Lord, even when it is contrary to my own will; a sweet peace fills my entire being, and His will becomes my will.

Then again, self may be harder to yield than the will even. Self says, I cannot endure certain things, they affect me so; such a person makes me nervous; I can't see them—forgetting that that soul is one for whom Jesus died, and perhaps he has something for us to do to help just that one. Again, self says, I cannot eat anything if I cannot have just what I want; and so keep some one cooking and worrying to tempt the appetite, when perhaps that person is but little better able to do this work than the sick one. Dear friend, if you really believe that Jesus blesses your food when you ask Him, you would have no need of so much precious time, strength, labor and money spent for naught. If you believe, Jesus will always bless that which is good, strengthening and nourishing, and He will cause your soul to delight itself in fatness if you partake with sin-

gleness of heart. For many years I had a distressing stomach trouble. This continued in much of its fury for a year or so after I claimed healing, but when I was willing to deny myself expensive luxuries and really believed that Jesus did bless my food, and would "eat what was set before me" with a truly thankful heart, knowing God's blessing was upon it, I found that it did not harm me. There are many sweet secrets to learn. Psa. 25:14.

Many times when the will is crossed, much time is spent in self-pity. Indulgence in this is self-love, thinking because one is sick that everything and everyone must bend to his desires, while he is constantly watching for slights, and is full of sensitiveness, much of which in reality is nothing less than selfishness, yet wondering why God does not heal and bless him. When people are thus occupied, they cannot have their minds stayed on God. Oh, let us be purged from self and filled with Jesus! All my life I have been a great sufferer from an over-sensitive nature. Always imagining slights; comparing myself with my superiors, and feeling that others were doing the same. I was always watching and speaking of my own imperfections which others had not discovered, thus drawing attention, and burdening others with my self-made troubles. I find that the more we talk of our troubles, aches and pains, the more they will increase. Though friends may pity, after a time they become disgusted. When I laid all upon the altar I learned that self must be put out of sight, and nothing but Jesus must be seen. I then learned to my shame that much of our sensitiveness is pure selfishness, and when one is thus occupied there is little or no room for Jesus. We should be so filled with

Jesus and the Word of God that our "conversation is in heaven" and on eternal realities; then we can labor for others and strive to bring hungry souls and suffering bodies to Jesus for help. I now feel it to be idle words to talk of self, only as I am led to tell of the way the dear Lord has led me to help others. We are commanded to resist the devil and he will flee from us. Sensitiveness is a neat cloak that Satan often throws about the children of God to hide faults which amount to heinous sins. Now when I hear a person say, "I am sensitive," I think how mortified he would be could he realize that it is selfishness. This I really think is the way God often looks at it. Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." We never read of Jesus giving way to self.

Again, many withhold from the Lord of their substance, forgetting that what we have is not our own; it is only lent us for a little time to use as the Lord may direct. What will the account of our stewardship be? Have we given so small an amount as one-tenth of all we possess? Read 2 Cor. 9:6, 7. All should be "free-will offerings," for "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Again, many weary sufferers doctor year after year, and are not even relieved of their distresses; yet they continue. When they take Jesus as their Physician, if they are not healed at once they become discouraged and go back to earthly means, and bring a reproach upon the precious and all-powerful name of Jesus. How sad, that the children of the King of Heaven should so fear to trust Him with their bodies which He has bought with His own blood. Will He hold His people guiltless for this great neglect, who fear to trust

their bodies in the hands of their Creator for repairs and health? He is our physical life, strength and health; even as we have eternal life in Him, so we have physical life in Him. Why not trust Him alone? O let me live and die "by the faith of the Son of God!"

Again, a great many never get beyond their own faith. It is not our faith but His faith. Don't look to human faith. The perfect faith, though small as a mustard seed, is the faith of Jesus within us. If you have not His faith, seek for it; "for everyone that seeketh, findeth." Seeking means more than asking. It is a persistent following after the object of search until it is found.

Again, a curse is pronounced because "ye serve not the Lord your God with joyfulness and gladness of heart for the abundance of all things."

Many murmur and find fault because the blessing does not come. We are told to "Rejoice alway, and again I say rejoice." All are born under the curse of the law. But "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." Gal. 3:13.

I believe the human family is allowed to suffer many times because of their neglect and cruelty to animals. Sometimes the children are permitted to torture their pets. Birds are shut up and kept in the scorching heat or freezing cold and not properly fed and cared for. Horses, the most faithful and useful of all animals, are subject to the most cruel treatment. My heart aches for the poor beasts that are checked up until their heads and whole bodies are thrown into so unnatural a position that it is distressing to see them twisting and trying to get into an easy position. Then many of their blinds are placed so close over the eyes that it is

impossible for them to see well where they are traveling; and cruel bits are placed in their mouths. Can any expect to escape suffering here or hereafter who cause the faithful dumb brute to suffer thus? In Ezekiel God speaks, saying, "With force and with cruelty have ye ruled them,"—showing that these things were displeasing unto Him. The more we study the Word of God, the more we see that it teaches that life is made up of the little every-day acts, and we find that it is "the little foxes that spoil the vines."

Again, many people do not seek the glory of God alone. This should be the central idea in every Christian heart. And one way to glorify God is to present our bodies a living sacrifice unto Him in sickness for healing. This is well pleasing to Him, according to James 5:14, 15.

To those who look at the way others are healed, expecting it to come to them in the same way, and who are discouraged if they are not blessed in like manner, the blessing may be hindered. We are not made just alike, are not converted in just the same way, and ought not to look for a blessing in the same way that others have received it. We are to lose sight of conditions, circumstances, people, self and suffering, and keep our eyes steadily fixed upon Jesus. The sweet singer of Israel says: "I will look to the Lord, from whence cometh my help."

Many sufferers watch the cause and study the effects. Jesus does not bless one in this. Occupy yourself with your Physician, Jesus; study His promises, and He will take care of the causes and effects.

I not infrequently hear persons say: "If I get well I will give largely; but I have paid out so much for

doctors and medicines, I do not want to give any more until I am sure of my health." Poor deceived souls! what will they say when Jesus comes and they have to render an account of how they have supported His cause with the means He intrusted to them? How can they expect God's blessing? They do not get it, and then they charge God with unfaithfulness in fulfilling His promises. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Yes, we are dealing with a "living God," and everywhere His cause is suffering for lack of money. The Faith work in all parts of the land needs means to spread the glad tidings of the results of "faith in God." The missionaries in all the fields need more means. The Lord is calling from every direction for means. Give unto Him and He will return unto you a hundred fold, blessings in every way.



## CHAPTER VII.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY ALL ARE NOT HEALED.  
(CONCLUDED.)

There are trusting, waiting ones who seem to be doing all the Lord requires. Walking in faith, and yet they wait and suffer for a long time. To these I would say that the Lord's time is not our time, and in your sweet, patient trust you are glorifying God and being made partakers of Christ's sufferings. Do not be discouraged and give up your confidence. "For ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise." Jesus prayed for Peter that his "faith fail not." Oh, take that prayer for yourself, and consider that He can show through you His keeping power. Even though you seem to grow worse, "fear not, only believe." You know not what glory may come to the Son of God through your patient faith. Through these delays more may hear of your disease, conditions, and faith, and will learn of the power of God. Though one disease after another, relapse after relapse, and test after test come upon you, trust on; stand firm; "be strong." The Lord teaches such ones wonderful lessons if they will but listen to His gentle voice. Oh, beloved, the waiting time, though long and weary, is not lost time.

Again, some cling to little remedies. This shows that they have a divided faith. The remark is often

made, "I have no faith in medicine," yet they cling to it with a slight hope of relief and thus their faith is not perfect in the power of Jesus. Prayer, according to James 5:14, 15, and the laying on of hands in the name of the Lord, Mark 16:17, 18, are the means the Lord directs His people to use. We bring dishonor upon our Lord and His cause and lose a rich spiritual blessing if we do otherwise. When Jesus calls me I want to be found in faithful service and perfect trust.

Many lose the blessing because they do not go to Jesus with the first symptoms; then, if the blessing is withheld, call for the praying ones as they would for a physician. Oh, how my heart aches for these dear, discouraged ones. I can only say to you in the name of Jesus, Do not fear, only trust Him. "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust," and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear.

Perhaps most of those who seek Divine Healing are those who are past all human help and come with little or no expectation of health from the hand of the Divine Healer.

Fear is one of the strongest holds that the enemy can get upon the soul. Many fear to tell what the Lord has done for them and thus delay or lose the blessing. Jesus says, "Ye are my witnesses." And if we neglect to give God the glory for the blessings we have already received, greater blessings may be withheld.

Another reason may be because we do not take a stand with God against sin. God says, "Curse ye Meroz because they came not up to the help of the Lord against the Mighty." Read Deut. 28:16-68. The diseases there named are common to-day. We are told of a case of sickness and death in 1 Cor. 11:27-31. "Be-

cause ye eat and drink unworthily, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." May not this apply to deacons who rent buildings for saloons and lewd purposes, and to those who go from the theater, opera, dance, club-house and card table to the Lord's Supper?

Again "ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss that ye may consume it upon your lusts." Some seem to have no desire for the glory of God. They wish health, that they may enjoy themselves better. Dear friends, should we not all more fully realize that health is a rich gift from God and should be used for His glory, and not to carry out our plans of pride, pleasure and worldly living?

Perhaps there is no greater reason why the blessing is delayed than anxiety. The Word says, "Be anxious (R. V.) for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving make your requests known unto God." Rest in the promises of God. If these only were given it would be enough. The Bible has nearly as many promises for the health of the body as for the salvation of the soul.

Some are mourning over lost blessings. We are commanded to "forget the things that are behind and press forward to the things that are before." If the past is repented of and sins forsaken, it is under the blood, and we have nothing to do with it. We live moment by moment "by the faith of the Son of God," and we must act in the living present, "Christ within us the hope of glory."

Again, the seeking ones fail to reach out and take the blessing that their loving Saviour holds out to them simply because they cannot see or feel it. Let go of

everything and drop into the everlasting arms of the Blessor.

Again, God sees the abusive use that some may make of health, even to the loss of the soul, and He does not dare trust health with such, for they would take it and return not to give God the glory. The Word says, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul." Thus we see that God estimates the value of the soul more highly than anything else and wisely withholds for greater honor to His own name. Beloved, be patient in His dear hand and learn of Him.

Again, God has often shown me the blessing so near it seemed to me that I could and did grasp it for the sufferer; yet a lack somehow hindered the blessing, and God was blamed. Oh, think of this, Jesus has purchased eternal life and health for you and offers it to you with blood-stained hands. Come, consecrate yourself to His service and enter upon His work, and your reward will be great, both here and hereafter. The fields are white already to harvest, but the laborers are few. Jesus needs you and all He has lent to you. No health is so precious as the health you take from His hands and use for His glory.

Some say, "How do I know that it is God's will to heal me?" Did you ever stop to consider whether it were God's will for you to recover when you were doing all you could to get well by earthly means? Think, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Matt. 8:17. How can you doubt His willingness to heal you, when he has already provided healing for your body by His death on the cross, and borne your sicknesses.

Only come into His conditions and the blessing may

be yours. If you are appointed to die, years may be added to your life, even as they were to Hezekiah's, in answer to prayer.

The faith to be healed is a sweet, simple trust; so simple that perhaps you do not see or comprehend it. Just believe the promise because Jesus says so. With the health that we receive direct from Jesus' hands comes a spiritual blessing that we can never receive in any other way.

Many are kept from stepping out on the promises because of the opinions of others. Sometimes a Christian, or even a minister of the Gospel of Jesus, tells them "The day of miracles is past." This is a favorite expression of those who do not understand the Gospel of Healing. If one is not instantly healed, they tell him he had "Better use common sense. God made herbs for medicine," etc. God's Word says, "I have given every green herb for meat." Gen. 1:30. Again, they may fear ridicule, or some kind friend may tell them of a remedy or physician who will surely help them, and the sufferer reaches out to the "arm of flesh." God really and truly undertakes for everyone who puts his case into His hand, and He bestows the blessing just as soon as the soul is prepared to receive and make good use of it.

One may dishonor God as much in becoming discouraged and withdrawing his case from His hands when he does not receive the blessing in just the time and way that he would like, as he would when he gives his soul to Him for salvation and does not realize the change he expects and turns back to the world.

Many cannot get beyond feeling. If the bad feelings and symptoms are not removed, they watch them in-

stead of the promises of God. We need to take the same place of faith that Abraham took. "Calling those things which be not as though they were." This implies not considering the disease of our body. "Staggering not at the promise through unbelief, but being strong in faith, giving glory to God," even before the blessing comes. Do not wait a short time, only, but continue waiting until the blessing is realized. We have promise of reward and eternal life only as we prove steadfast and immovable unto the end, in the "full assurance of faith."

Some think that one who has been healed of the Lord will never be sick again. Now, we have no promise that we will never be sick after once healed, any more than that we cannot sin after we are once converted. God says, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." This rule is just as applicable to sickness. When the first symptoms appear, instead of drawing on earthly means for relief, we should go to Jesus, who has borne our sickness, and give it all to Him; then it becomes His, not ours; and, when the trial of our faith is perfect, He will send relief. The child of God will never be beyond Satan's touch in this life, but Jesus is ever near, and "He is faithful who has promised who also will do it." Praise the Lord!

Some dear ones who question God's will to heal them are spending hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of the Lord's dollars (which He needs in His work) trying change of climate, and different things, never asking if it is God's will; and when they decide to try the "prayer of faith," they will send for some of God's chosen ones who have given all to His service, and



barely pay their traveling expenses, or otherwise go to some faith rest and give much less than they would pay at other places for board. They then wonder why a rich blessing is not poured out on them. May the Holy Spirit bring these truths home to everyone who is dealing thus with the "living God." He also says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

Again, I hear it said, "I may not recover if I give up my doctor and medicines." Dear reader, are you sure that these will cure you? And should you thus recover, could you feel that honor would be brought to the name of Jesus alone, and your soul filled with the joy that can come only through obedience and love to God and His Word?

The Lord sometimes withholds the blessing that He may fit us for His work or lead us to give up something that is displeasing to Him. 1 John 3:22: "And whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

Our precious Jesus, who has paid the price of His own blood to save and heal us, is pleased to have us come often and learn of Him, and thus teach us new lessons of trust and obedience.

Many dear tried ones do not understand the wiles of the enemy. They do not realize that if they will keep close to Jesus "He will bruise Satan under their feet shortly."

I believe that we should "confess our faults one to another," as we are bidden to do in James 5:16, and "pray one for another that we may be healed." If the churches were open to let the "blind and lame" in for

prayer and healing, Matt. 21:14, "and the blind and lame came to Him in the temple and He healed them," instead of for concerts, fairs, suppers, operas, and theatricals, and buying and selling in the temple of God, Matt. 21:12-14, and if special meetings were called for prayer for the sick of the church, as they "were gathered together praying" for Peter's deliverance when he was in prison, and the ministers would thus act when ill, instead of doctoring a long time, and then going to Europe or California for their health, leaving their flock, over whom God has made them overseers, to quarrel and be dissatisfied upon their return, greater honor would be brought to the Lord and more would be healed and saved.

Few are instantly healed, perhaps for some of the reasons mentioned. It is no less the Lord's work or in answer to prayer if one is gradually healed. Jesus did not always heal instantly when He was upon earth. The nobleman inquired of his servants the hour when his son "began to amend." They replied, "Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him." "So the father knew it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth." John 4:52, 53. Also the Greek woman who besought Jesus to cast the unclean spirit out of her daughter. Jesus said, "Go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter. And when she was come to her house she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed." Had she been made "every whit whole," she would not have been "laid upon the bed," Mark 7:30, and it must have taken some time for the mother to reach her home. Jesus did not at once respond to the call of the sisters of Lazarus, when he was sick, but "abode two days still

in the same place," and when He reached them "he had lain in the grave four days already."

This was that greater glory might be brought to Jesus, as with Job, David, Miriam, and Hezekiah, in 2 Kings 20:5. "Behold, I will heal thee; on the third day thou shalt go up into the house of the Lord," and others in Bible times were not instantly healed.

I have given some of the reasons why all are not healed; there may be others.

I have never found such sweetness in any relief as that which Jesus gives to me when I come to Him, for my body is touched and healed and my soul is filled with a sweet peace the world cannot give or take away.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Dear weak ones, look to Jesus alone for your physical strength when you are faint and weary. Let me give you a few passages from which to draw strength: Ps. 46:1, 62:7, 31:24, 27:1, 14, 28:7, 8; Eph. 6:10; Isa. 40:29, 31, 41:10-13. Phil. 4:13; John 15:5. Christ in us our strength.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## "BEULAH."

From the time of my consecration and entrance into this work I took the first duty that came to hand as sent me from Jesus and did it "heartily as unto the Lord"; no matter how small or disagreeable it was, I did it in the name and strength of Jesus, leaving the results with Him and praising Him all the time. As the work spread I began to receive letters from persons, asking if they might come to me and stay a few days. I had no place for these weary suffering ones, and I began to ask the dear Lord to provide a place of rest for them. I had no means and nothing with which to commence. After much prayer, and seeking to be directed by the Holy Spirit, I opened the Bible and was shown these words, "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts; the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts." Haggai 2:8, 9. Also the last clause of the third and fourth verses of Hab. 2, "Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come; it will not tarry. But the just shall live by faith."

Soon after this I had an opportunity of talking with a gentleman acquaintance about buying a home and making monthly payments, inquiring if he had a place

suitable for my use. A few days later he called to say that he had a house that I might go and see. I went and found it in an unfinished state, and so many necessary changes to be made before it would be convenient for my use that my heart almost failed me. The friend with me said, "I don't believe this is where the Lord wants you; He has something better for you." I said, "We will see what He says," and I opened my Bible, which is my constant companion. I prayed the dear Lord to guide me through His Word and give me the word "take," if he wished me to take this place. I opened to Job 38 and the first word my eyes rested upon was "take." However, I was not quite satisfied, and passed my eyes down the page to verse 20. This I saw: "That thou shouldst take it to the bounds thereof, and that thou shouldst know the paths to the house thereof."

We then met the proprietor and his carpenter and told them what changes would be necessary to fit it for my use. They said that all I desired could be done, and the price would be given me the next day. Now, the question arose in my mind, Would the proprietor let me have the place if he knew that I had no means, but was trusting in God alone to meet the monthly payments? Again I asked the dear Lord to show me, through His Word, by giving me the word "will." I opened the Bible to 1 Cor. 14:15: "I will pray with the spirit, I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, I will sing with the understanding also." Here were four "wills" to assure my confidence.

I then began to feel that it was a great undertaking, and wondered if it really was my Heavenly Father's will for me to thus venture out on His promises. Matt.

6:33: "But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Then I asked Him to show me clearly, beyond a doubt, and let me open to some direct words. Matt. 6:14, "Your Heavenly Father will," was given me. I never had any doubt from this time, for all these answers were like a voice from Heaven to my soul, as the words seemed to stand out in living fire.

I never ask for these tests unless I feel especially directed of the Spirit to do so; and then I always obey. I would not dare to do otherwise.

After this I became very undecided what to do with my business; whether to hold it, or how to dispose of it. I had advertised it for sale, but no purchaser came. I was dealing in hair goods, and here the Lord showed me that this kind of goods was necessary for only a very few, and that I was helping to foster a spirit of pride and fashion, and that I could not, in my present consecrated life, continue in such work. I had been in this business nearly twenty years and had always tried to do what was right by all; but at times, when I felt something of a spiritual quickening, I had tried hard to work into something else. Every effort I made proved a failure and a loss. While in this I seemed to be quite successful, making our living, even during my long years of expensive sickness. After a little time the Lord put into the heart of a young lady, who had been with me a number of years, to take the stock and sell it on commission, which is very low, and the goods yet remain unsold, and some bills are still unpaid which were standing against me before leaving the business. This is quite a trial of my faith, as I greatly desire to obey the injunction, "Owe no man anything."



It did seem to me that it would bring greater honor to my Lord for me to be able to pay these worldly persons whom I owe, for they know that I am trusting in the "living God." I have had to learn the same lesson in this as in all other things. That is, after I have done all I can to obey God, then I leave it with Him.

Arrangements were made for the place and work commenced. Soon after I asked the Lord for a name for the place. One bright Sunday morning, just after prayers, I opened the Bible to Isa. 62:4: "But thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee." The Lord showed me that "Beulah" was the name, and oh, how I praise Him for giving me such a beautiful name.

I consecrated this "Beulah" rest to the Lord, and my constant prayer has been that none would come unless the Lord sent them, and none go away without a blessing. I prayed also that the sanctifying presence of God might so overshadow us that those who entered might realize the hallowed atmosphere and feel to exclaim: "How holy is this place! This is none other than the house of God and the very gate of Heaven." And such it has proven to nearly all who enter. We receive all in the name of Jesus, feeling God has sent them for some blessing.

Some have been healed at the door, before entering the house. These, however, were expected and had been prayed for, that the Lord might meet them here. All praise to His name!

We moved into "Beulah" January 13, 1887. I did not have enough money to pay for moving. I had given my entire time for over a year to holding meetings and visiting the sick, but very little money had been given

me. People seemed to think that as no price was charged, they had no duty to perform in this matter. Many times I walked miles, for the want of five cents to pay my carfare. This I did cheerfully, praising my Lord for the privilege of laboring for Him in any way. I was so happy to carry the glad news to the suffering ones that Jesus had "borne their sicknesses" as well as their sins. Many were led to give soul and body to Him and come out rejoicing in the atoning merits of His all-redeeming blood. Were not money a necessity I would never think of it, for the joy that fills my soul as I go forth in the name and strength of Jesus from duty to duty. Oh, the foretaste of Heaven that fills my soul at times! I pity those who labor only for that which perishes, "For all these things do the nations of the world seek after. Provide yourself bags which wax not old, a treasure in the Heavens that faileth not. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Luke 12:30, 33, 34. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55:2.

"Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God."

"For whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

I realized that I must have money to buy food and all the necessary things of life, and the dear Lord says, I will supply your needs according to my riches in glory. He generally makes use of human instruments, so that blessing may come upon them also, for He says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Oh, that God's true people might believe this with their hearts and

make it a principle of their lives. Then He would pour them out a blessing that they could not contain, but would flow out and refresh and gladden the hearts of those about them, while they would be laying up treasures in Heaven. Dearly beloved, these are the only treasures that will shine throughout eternity.

Some dear friends who were interested in the work gave me some money and assisted me to move. The dedication of "Beulah" was appointed for February 10th. I had not nearly enough furniture for the house. No carpets for the chapel, sitting-room or front hall. However, the day before the dedication the dear Lord sent me, by a beloved friend, pretty new carpets for these rooms, and many other articles of furniture. Indeed, every room speaks of her tender love for the work, and as I pass from room to room many a "God bless her" comes from my heart.

Others sent some articles, and still some rooms were empty and many things needed. I praised God for what He had done, and waited upon Him for all my needs. (The house is now comfortably furnished.) Three days before the dedication I had a wonderful demonstration of God's power. The oil was out, and there was but little in the lamps. We were working early and late to get the house in order as best we could for the dedication. We had no money, and it was proposed that we borrow some to buy oil. I said, "No, this house must not go in debt to run it." Some one said, "What will you do?" I said, "Trust the Lord to send money."

"But what will you do if it does not come?"

"I will sit in the dark and praise Him."

"But we have much work to do."

My answer was, "The Lord is able to increase our oil as He did the widow's."

Nothing was sent in or given me, although I was sent for to visit the sick several times during these three days.

Evening came, the lamps were lighted as usual, and burned quite late. Next morning the girl said, "There is as much oil as there was yesterday." I looked, and there surely was. Evening came, the lamps were lighted again and used as before with the same result. The next day being dedication, again the question was asked, "What shall we do for oil for the lamps?" I said, "The Lord will provide." About noon fifty cents was given me. and the thought came, That is money for oil.

Although the day was stormy, the house was filled both afternoon and evening, and we had a precious time waiting on God. Miss Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, conducted the services.

This hymn was prepared for the dedication:

#### BEULAH.

Dedication Hymn, Grand Rapids, Mich., February 10, 1887.

Transposed for the occasion by F. L. Childs.

Our Beulah is open, the angel has come,  
The spirit is calling for thee;  
The sick are in trouble, but here there is room,  
Our Beulah is open and free.

#### CHORUS.

Salvation is free, Salvation is free,  
Salvation through Jesus is free;  
The sick are in trouble, but here there is room,  
Our Beulah is open for thee.

Come, weary and wretched, for Jesus is here,  
Accept of a cleansing complete;  
Oh, hear the entreaty dismissing your fear,  
Have faith in the One you entreat.  
Chorus:

The home we call Beulah we trust we can fill;  
Its arms are extended in love;  
We open the doorway to all who are ill,  
But trust in the Healer above.  
Chorus:

Then come to our Beulah, ye needy and lost,  
Come where these rich blessings are found;  
Give up your bad habits, at whatever cost;  
Let Christ's love within you abound.  
Chorus:

The next morning we had a very sweet season of prayer and anointing. Among the number who received the anointing were two M. E. ministers.

There have been many genuine converts, who are now good working Christians, rejoicing in the Lord and working for the salvation of others. This is a marked feature of this work, that those who give soul and body to Jesus are so blessed that they seek to bring others to Him; and all Christians who consecrate their bodies to be healed, cleansed and fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, receive such a spiritual quickening that they go and do likewise. I am often asked how I pay for the place. Fifteen dollars was given me by one of the converts, and by great self-denial I was enabled to lay aside ten dollars more, so I paid twenty-five dollars before I moved in. Several years before this I had taken in trade a number of diamonds, thinking it a very good investment. Just before my consecration I sent them to be set. I had a fondness for nice

things, and quite a passion for finger rings. I had the ring made first and wore it a few times. The pin and ear-rings came just after my consecration. I gave them all to the Lord and placed them in the bank for safe-keeping until the Lord called for them, hoping that they might go into a home for Him, and they did.

A sister, who was seeking for the true way, had been led into Metaphysics. She was not satisfied, for she saw the God of the Bible to be a living, personal God. The God she loved and worshiped was more than a principle, as they teach. A Methodist minister directed her to come and see me. She did so, and was soon convinced that this was the true Bible way. She accepted Jesus as a complete Saviour from all sin and sickness, received the anointing and was greatly blessed. She at once consecrated herself to the service of God, and gave me the fifty dollars that she was to pay for the first lectures in this so-called Christian Science. 1 Tim. 6:20, 21. The contract was drawn up, and I am to pay \$2,750 for the property. Taking out the amount paid, \$2,510 is left to be paid as the Lord may send me the means. I have been enabled thus far to make the small payment of fifteen dollars each month. This is less than fifty cents each month on the principal over the seven per cent. interest. The contractor has kindly offered to credit me with one hundred dollars for every ninety-dollar payment I can make at one time. I trust and pray the dear Lord may soon undertake for this branch of His work that we may be able to give Him a clear deed of His own property.

I have no collections and no price for my services. I believe that all should be "free will offerings" as unto the Lord. I can trust Him to move the hearts of the



people, in answer to prayer, to make "free will offerings" to carry forward this His own work. I always feel great gratitude to Him and every instrument He uses in helping us, and praise Him for much or little. I try to speak of my needs only to Jesus, and He answers in wonderful and most unexpected ways. My earnest prayer is that heaven's richest blessing may rest upon every contributor.

## CHAPTER IX.

## "BEULAH."—(CONCLUDED.)

This month He saw fit to test my faith in regard to the payment by letting it run two weeks past due. I was daily asking for the money and expecting it. One who had been greatly blessed in coming to "Beulah," and had been led of the Lord to do much for the work here, wrote me, asking how the finances were. She thought that she had a right to know, as she felt she was a part of "Beulah." I replied that the Lord had met all our daily needs and monthly payments until the present month, and that I was looking daily to Him for this.

To this came the following immediate answer:

"About five weeks ago an insurance policy expired, which I thought to renew, at a cost of \$37.50. The Holy Spirit whispered this question to me: How would you like to insure with the Company of Heaven? Now, there is my servant Dora at 'Beulah'; you know she is all the time looking to Me to supply her needs, and I am using her time and work in my vineyard. I have got to provide her monthly payment now, and if you will insure with me, and trust in me with the same feeling of safety that you have in the Phoenix Company, here is a chance, and you may use that \$37.50 as I may

direct. First you may send \$15 to 'Beulah' to make the payment for this month. I said, I believe I can do that and trust Thee to make the insurance safe and the investment good. But I am ashamed to say that I asked the Lord if He would not allow me to use the money until after the first of the next month, as I had a large payment to meet at that time, and then I would do as He signified. But if He really did want me to send it now to make it very plain. Then your letter came, saying that you were expecting the dear Lord to send you the money every day. This was as plain as I needed, as you never answered me this question before. Now here I have been holding the Lord's money, so you see that He had planned all this for you in the proper time for it to be paid.

"Again I said, How can I send it just now when I have all this money to raise so soon? The answer came, Can't you trust me to give you enough to make it up? Have you not said that your money, time, strength and all were consecrated to me? Yes, Lord, I have said it. Have I not always cared for you, paid your bills when they were due, and opened the way many times when it looked so dark? Yes, Lord, and I will send it right off this morning to your servant Dora, and to the other place where they are praying and waiting for it, and trust Thee to open the windows of heaven and pour me out a blessing. As I took up my Bible I said, Lord, I do believe that this is what you would have me do. Now give me some word from Thee, on which my eyes shall first rest guided by thy Holy Spirit, that shall assure my heart that this is Thy will, and, oh, as I opened to Matt. 28:7, just see what the voice from heaven said to me: 'And go quickly; lo! I have told

you before.' One might look all day in the Bible for a more direct answer without finding it plainer.

"Now I have written you all this to encourage your heart to trust in the 'living God.' So you can see as well as I just how the Lord does operate to answer prayer for His faithful people, and how He was all the time getting the money ready for you. It is just as good for me as for you to see all this, and I just burst out in praises to our God, while rivers of water ran down my cheeks to think that the Lord does make the way so plain for His people because they trust in Him. So here is the draft and here is the story, and I tell it to you because I know it will comfort you."

I will never be able to express the unspeakable joy I feel in living a life of trust. My faith is never tried without having a wonderful revelation of the glory and peace of Jesus, after the severity of the test is passed. In each trial I am shown my own nothingness and many faults, and also get a view of the great and Holy One who enables me to overcome. In James 1:2, 3, we are told to "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this that the trying of your faith worketh patience." It is a great comfort to know that nothing can come to me unless permitted by my Heavenly Father; so it must be for my good.

For several weeks after coming to "Beulah" everything ran low; at times we hardly had enough from meal to meal, but never suffered. It kept me coming to my Lord continually for the supply of our daily necessities. I was so short of help that I had to spend more time at work about the place than I ought, and I was led to cry mightily unto God for help. I arose from my knees and opened the Bible, and this was given

me, Ezek. 36:11, 29, 37: "I will multiply upon you man and beast, and I will do better unto you than at your beginnings, and ye shall know that I am the Lord." "I will also save you from all your uncleanness, and I will call for the corn and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you." "I will yet for this be inquired of."

I took my Lord's Word for myself, and have been greatly delivered in every time of need. Sometimes when the house is full of guests we get almost out of daily food, but before the real need comes we are provided for.

After we had been in "Beulah" but a short time a gentleman came who had cancer of the stomach. He was able to sit up part of the time, but continued to fail rapidly, and was soon taken with black vomit; he lived about five weeks. From the first he had no real desire to live; he was prepared to die, yet said he was willing to live if it was God's will, but he never reached out after life. In answer to prayer, He was wonderfully kept from the distress which usually attends that disease; we had many and remarkable answers to prayer for his relief, so that very often before the prayer was ended he would fall into a sweet, restful sleep, and at the end of five weeks he fell asleep in Jesus.

From a human standpoint this was a great mystery and very discouraging. Why God permitted this to occur at the opening of the home, and almost the first one who came, we could not understand. The many assurances given me all through his sickness I took as tokens of his restoration. This for a time greatly perplexed me. When I came quietly before the Lord to inquire of His dealings with me I was shown many lessons; He had given me these assurances to enable me

to hold the promises in faith for the blessing of relief, which was not a small blessing. He was undoubtedly appointed to die, and the Lord had sent Him here for many reasons. One was to test me. I was not discouraged, for I knew that if our Lord did not see fit to raise him to health in answer to such prayers as were offered for him, nothing would save him. The post mortem showed that no human skill could have reached his case. His friends were all satisfied. Even in this trial I could praise the Lord. I felt that the constant prayer had brought me into a secret place with the Lord which I had not known before.

The work is constantly going on for both soul and body. I am able to reach many souls that I could not approach were it not for the Gospel of Healing. Faith prayer meetings and Bible readings are held at "Beulah" every Thursday at 2:30 p. m. Requests can be sent at any time and will be presented for prayer at once; also at the first meeting after receipt. In correspondence, please enclose stamps. All letters will be answered as soon as possible. Delays are, by lack of postage, sometimes occasioned when I am out of town holding meetings, visiting the sick, or have a pressure of work. I feel that answering these letters is part of the work my Lord has given me to do, and through this channel souls are born into the Kingdom, and bodies healed.

"Beulah" is a quiet home, with "Jesus in the midst," where the weary, sick, tried, unsaved ones may come for a time and learn more perfectly the way of faith.

Guests will please communicate with me before coming and state whether they are able to wait upon them-



selves. If they are not, it will be necessary for them to bring an attendant.

Those who may desire me to go out of town to hold meetings or visit the sick will please send money for expenses.

“Beulah” stands on a nice elevation of ground where the air is pure and clear. My room joins my dear aged auntie’s, who is my adopted mother, and all I am I owe to her, under God. As I look out of my window upon the eastern sky I feel to praise God that my lines have fallen in such pleasant places, and often wonder if from this beautiful retired elevation I may be permitted to behold Jesus coming in the clouds of heaven. I am looking for Him, and my constant prayer is that my lamp may be trimmed and burning, with oil in my vessel, when He comes.

“Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.” Matt. 24:42.

## CHAPTER X.

## SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

Now often I hear it said, "The day of miracles is past." Now who said this? — Certainly not Jesus, nor His believing disciples, nor His Word. Jesus knew when He gave His last commission that nothing would convince an unbelieving world so thoroughly as the power He gave to His people to do signs and wonders in His name. Then again He designed that His redeemed sons and daughters should be delivered from the bondage of Satan through faith in His name. Mark 16:15-18.

Our Lord's last words to His disciples were: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," etc.

We know the Christian Church accepts this gospel of salvation, but rejects what follows, i. e., the Gospel of Healing and gifts of the Spirit. Jesus says in verse 17, "These signs shall follow them that believe." This does not look as though these signs were to follow only the Apostles, for Jesus says, "them that believe." If you believe that, the signs will follow you, if you use your privilege. Ah, dearly beloved, "we are not debtors to the flesh to live after the flesh," the unbelieving maxims of this world or the traditions of men. We are not governed and controlled by natural laws entirely. It is necessary for us to rise superior to our surroundings, ourselves and all natural law, to assert our liberty

in Christ Jesus. Jesus makes this remarkable statement in verse 18, "In my name shall they cast out devils." This is not only our privilege but our duty, and God gives this power when the conditions are met and we accept His power and use it for His glory. "They shall speak with new tongues." How true this is when one ceases to talk of himself, of his aches and pains and troubles, of one's own shortcomings or virtues, and all the works of the devil; and tells of the wonderful power of Jesus instead. "They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." We believe that God will show His power in protecting His believing children. "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." This is the foundation text for God's faithful ones to base their faith upon in being used as God's ministers in the healing of the body. What an exalted privilege God's children have of using the power of Jesus' name above and against all human means for the relief of the suffering ones. Had Vanderbilt, Gould or Astor given you the privilege to use their names to draw on the bank for all the money you wished, how quickly you would avail yourself of this opportunity in every time of need. Now here is one who holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands; and He will not only give us spiritual, but temporal and physical blessings; for all power is His, not only in Heaven, but in earth. Now He offers you freely the use of His all-powerful name. In Jesus' name we may cast the devils out of our own souls and bodies, and we can also lay the name of Jesus upon any afflicted part, with blessed results.

I often wonder how far God will hold us guiltless for not using these blood-bought privileges; for this was

the last commission and promise that Jesus gave before His ascension to His Church and Bride, those to whom He expected to show forth His power on earth.

“And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the Word with signs.” He works to-day with His believing ones the same. Oh, my fellow-laborers in the Lord, our duty is to live where we can have liberty in declaring the whole Gospel in power and demonstration of the Spirit.

In 1 Cor. 12, Paul reminds the Church of its incompleteness without these various spiritual gifts, even as the human body is incomplete without all its various members. Among the gifts named are “faith,” “working of miracles” and “gifts of healing.” Please read the whole chapter.

Paul says, “Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.” In verses 28, 29 and 30 he plainly states that all have not the same gifts. Now I understand that the possession of these gifts differs from the privilege of all believers in claiming the promises as given in Mark 16. These are special gifts “divided to every man severally as He wills.” I understand that those to whom these gifts are given are the ones who may use the oil, “in the name of the Lord,” as spoken of in James 5:14, whether they are ministers or not. Please read Eph. 4:11-16. In verses 11 and 12 other gifts are spoken of; 13th, “Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”

The Church cannot be a perfect body to-day without all these gifts any more that it could then. We need all there is in the Gospel to keep us from “being carried

about with every wind of doctrine and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive us;" for these are the times of "deceivableness." Truly, "perilous times are come" upon the Church of God; and every true child of God has great need of applying himself diligently to the study and daily practice of the grand fundamental doctrines of Christianity, the fourfold Gospel of Christ. These are Justification, Sanctification, Divine Healing and the Second Coming of Christ.

In 1 Cor. 13:9, 10, Paul says, "For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away." Here we are told that spiritual gifts will be done away when Jesus, "that which is perfect, is come." In chapter 13:2, "Charity" (or Divine Love) is spoken of as the greatest of all gifts. Love will go on throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. I realize more and more how much divine love the Christian needs to do good work for Jesus; more love to God and for all those about us; the love of God, not merely human love; filled with Jesus and His love. It is easy then to work for others, doing all in the name of Jesus.

In 1 Cor. 14:1, Paul tells the Church to "follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts." This does not read much like the oft-repeated adage, "Miracles ceased with the apostolic age."

The only object one should have in seeking for spiritual gifts is to advance the cause of Christ, hasten His coming and bring honor to His name by leading the sufferers to Him for relief, not for our own honor or profit. We need to try the spirits to see if they be of God.

In Acts 20:28-30, Paul warns the Church, which Jesus

has purchased with His own blood, "to be watchful, for there shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock, also of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them."

Matt. 24:24: "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets and shall show great wonders; insomuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect." 2 Thess. 2:3: "There will come a falling away" before Jesus comes. In verses 8-11, Satan is spoken of as being "revealed with all power and signs and lying wonders in them that receive not the love of the truth, and for this cause God shall send them strong delusion." In 1 Tim. 6:20, 21, Paul says to Timothy, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science, falsely so-called, which some professing have erred concerning the faith." 1 Tim. 4:1: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils."

Oh, beloved, let us be among that number that "hold faith and a good conscience, which some having put away concerning faith, have made shipwreck." I have been shown no way so true, so sure, as the way of the cross through the precious blood of Jesus. My spirit does not answer to any doctrine that has less of self-denial, less of the cleansing blood of the atonement of Christ. This is the way the Word of God teaches.

My soul's constant cry is, that my Father will keep me under the cleansing, healing, saving and sanctifying blood of Jesus. Amen.



## CHAPTER XI.

## NEW EXPERIENCES.

Eight and one-half years have passed since our Beulah Home was dedicated to the service of the living God, and ten years since I consecrated myself to Him.

Not one drop of medicine of any kind has touched my body externally or internally in all these years.

Oh, the blessedness of such trust and the sweetness of the precious life of Jesus, in spirit, soul and body instead, is indescribable. The rest, joy, and peace that possess one, even when sickness is permitted to come, and the sweet remedy prayer, the soul touch, and the victories through the closer contact with Jesus, the quickening of the Holy Ghost, and the strength which comes with every victory won can be better realized than told.

Many times there has been much to discourage strong hearts; however I have been kept from sinking; I have never for a moment yielded to discouragement, and have praised God in and for all.

I feel that it will be for His glory to give some of the experiences our blessed Jesus has permitted to touch our lives in these glorious years of sweet service, trial and victory.

Of this we are sure: Nothing can touch the life of one of God's anointed except by His permission, and as

His Word declares, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." All that comes and all that is withheld must be good for that time, at least. During these years we have entertained hundreds of guests, traveled thousands of miles in answer to calls, answered many thousand letters, held hundreds of meetings with the blessed, saving, sanctifying and healing power of God upon many, besides giving Bible readings to all who come to "Beulah."

We have seen hundreds healed, and all manner of diseases, including broken bones and dislocated joints—the bones coming into place without human touch by the power of God alone in answer to prayer, showing us that it is very easy for Him who has made the bones of the human body to put them in place when out, and to mend them when broken, if fully trusted to do so.

We regret that we do not know the addresses of some of those who have been miraculously and instantly healed of cancers, tumors, and paralysis, but will relate a few incidents of such cases that are fresh in memory.

One lady for whom we had prayed was advised by physicians in Chicago, where she had been for treatment, to return home and arrange any matters she might desire before they operated upon her for cancerous tumor. She was induced to come here before returning to Chicago. Upon her arrival while passing through the hall she was converted and healed, and was well the last we heard.

An old lady came in great pain. While coming up the walk to the house the pain left, and the Holy Spirit filled her. As we met her at the door she exclaimed: "Truly this is holy ground."

One evening an old gentleman, dragging his right foot and with his hand hanging helpless by his side, called, asking for prayers. Perceiving that he "had faith to be healed" Mr. Dudley and I anointed him in the name of the Lord and prayed with him. He began praising God for the healing, and arose, leaping for joy. He went out of the house like a bounding youth, filled with the life of Jesus. The next day he went at his carpenter work, climbing about and using his saw and hammer as well as ever. We have never seen or heard from him since.

Another gentleman came whose right side was partially paralyzed; he had no power to hold anything in his hand. Mr. Dudley and I prayed with and anointed him in the name of the Lord; before we could give him a pencil he had taken his own from his pocket and boldly written his name and walked away, rejoicing in the strength of the Lord.

A lady who had a painful sore upon her breast, which had begun to discharge, came to us after the doctors had pronounced it cancer and said it should be taken off at once. After she had been here a few days and received Bible instruction, while we were praying with her, she experienced a strange sensation in the afflicted part, that extended in streaks to her chin, under her arm, and wherever the pain had been.

It was healed at once; the next day the scab came off, and there was no appearance of the disease save a little redness, which soon passed away.

Many more have come into lives of consecration.

Some who have thus found Jesus at "Beulah" are now in foreign lands winning souls for their beloved Redeemer. Others have been called to the better world,

where they behold the face of Him they love, and join in the great redemption song.

Colonel and Mrs. Campbell, of the Christian Crusaders, and many of the bands in our own and other States, have accepted the faith of the four-fold gospel through our teaching, and are living and teaching these precious truths, with blessed results in their own and other lives.

We feel that if this alone were all that had been accomplished "Beulah" has not been opened in vain.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PHYSICAL TESTS.

A few years ago Mr. Dudley and I were called to Lansing, where some persons were healed.

I much desired to visit a dear friend at the college, and made quite an effort to do so, without realizing that I had not carefully consulted my Lord whom I had promised to follow.

Arriving just as my friend was leaving for a journey, I immediately returned; a chilly rain set in, I was not prepared for the long drive and was thoroughly chilled, and remained cold all night, and was conscious of much pain; I said nothing about it, and after breakfast we started for home. I continued to grow worse.

Upon reaching home I found many letters awaiting me, among them a call from the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, pastor of a Congregational Church in Muskegon, asking my assistance in watchnight services. I was too ill to realize what it meant, but said, "I must sleep before I can do anything," and slept the remainder of the day, a painful, broken sleep. At night I found myself unable to undress alone and in great suffering, retching and vomiting very severely. While my dear husband was holding my head, my aged auntie came into the room saying, "I will bring some hot water to settle your stomach." I could not speak, but breathed my soul

thought to God, that I would not touch even water as a remedy, but would trust Him if I died. When she returned with the water I was lying upon the pillow, and could speak, and said, "Auntie, I would die before I would take anything to settle my stomach. If the Lord does not settle it, it will never be settled." I believe, had I taken the water, I should have lost my faith, perhaps my life.

Through the night I had broken sleep, was full of pain, with burning fever, but in all blessedly conscious of the everlasting arms underneath me.

The next morning, the last of the year, Mr. Dudley anointed me, and we claimed the promise. The pressure upon my heart and lungs was very great, so that I had no power to rise from my bed.

New Year's Eve a voice spoke to my heart, saying, "Are you a child of God?" I answered emphatically, "Yes, I am." The voice again said, "What are you here for, under Satan's power, when you ought this very hour to be telling lost souls of a Savior?" A great horror seized me with this thought—some one may be lost because you are not there to give the message the Lord would have you give. I cried, "Lord, why am I here, please tell me?" The grieved voice whispered, "Did you not run on one of your own errands, unnecessarily exposing yourself, when you had promised to go only on mine?" "I see, I see; Lord, forgive me."

I realized that I was on the very verge of the grave; that Satan was trying to clip the thread that held my life, but he could not quite reach it.

He told me repeatedly, "You will die;" but I was assured this was one of his false assertions, and that I should not die, but live.



The diseases proved to be la grippe and pneumonia. The third day was the regular meeting day at "Beulah." In the morning friends prayed that I might be able to attend.

The pressure upon my chest was so great that I could not breathe when raised up, but in the afternoon, in the name and strength of Jesus, I dressed with help, went down and assisted Mr. Dudley in the meeting, remaining to tea and worship.

I found it very difficult to ascend the stairs at night, even with my husband's help. The next morning the pain in my head, back and lungs was intense. I asked the Lord if he wished me to go to my West Side meeting that afternoon, that He would enable me to reach my room and give me sleep and a conscious touch of divine power. I fell into a sweet sleep, awaking after some hours, realizing a cooling, restful sensation in every afflicted part. I slept again; was awakened by the announcement that a dear sister wished to see me. She was surprised to find me in bed, and prayed for me, before she asked my prayers for a relative who was very ill and a wicked man, that he might be spared to care for his family of little children and have time to repent. We prayed, and that prayer was answered.

Soon two ladies called from out of town. I at first felt that I could not see them, it was so near meeting time; then came the thought this may be my only opportunity to speak to them of Jesus. Each desired prayers for unsaved members of her family. One was in great unrest. I gave such passages of Scripture as the Holy Spirit brought to mind. She entered into a place of abiding rest and peace, where she remained until her death. Some of the friends for whom we

prayed have been converted. I now realized that I was healed.

Before I had finished my dinner, an editor from an adjoining city called. I spent a few moments telling him of Jesus' love and power, and then took the car for the meeting.

The Lord led me to talk upon "Trials." All present were greatly blessed, none more than myself. Once while I was talking the dreadful suffocation seized me and I nearly lost my breath; however, was soon able to resume my lesson.

That night after I had taken my supper the most distressing symptoms came rushing upon me, and I felt that I could not get to our room without assistance, but the Holy Ghost showed me not to lean even upon my husband. With the greatest effort, in the name of Jesus, I ascended the stairs. Attempting to kneel, I found myself prostrate upon the floor. Finally I was enabled to rise and reach my bed, and then came a fierce fight. The pressure upon my heart and lungs was like a huge weight, rendering it almost impossible to catch one breath after another. It was as though two persons were having a hand-to-hand fight within my afflicted body. Satan was determined to destroy the action of my heart and lungs, but the Holy Spirit was preventing him.

I at once commenced to cast the devils out in the name of Jesus; thus through that all-powerful name putting myself with the Holy Ghost against Satan. The longer I continued to do this the more severe the struggle. After an hour or more, suddenly the mighty weight rolled off, and I rested well that night, and next

morning went about my duties as usual. I had a few symptoms afterward, no one but Jesus knew.

The lesson taught in this trial was to "hearken diligently and obey the voice of the Lord," walking in His ways only, not allowing the least human remedy to come between God and us to weaken or destroy our faith, and to keep trusting when the battle was fiercest until the victory was won.

Two years later Dr. B., the new pastor of our church, called to inquire concerning my faith. I told him the foundation of my belief. He said, as did our former pastor, that he knew little or nothing about Divine Healing. He bade me God-speed in my good work, and said he would gladly assist me should I call upon him.

Not long after this his little daughter was taken with diphtheria and died; he also had the same disease and was quarantined six weeks. The great cry of my heart to God was that Dr. B. might know our precious Jesus as the Healer.

One night soon after I was awakened, groaning with severe pain. I could scarcely move. Mr. Dudley prayed for me and I soon fell asleep. In the morning it was with the utmost difficulty that I could dress. I went down to breakfast praising the Lord, wishing no one to know of my suffering, but the effort every movement cost me showed that something was wrong. Mr. Dudley anointed me, and I was relieved for a time, but not healed, as was usual when he anointed me. The pain increased until each breath was a groan. I would also say with every groan, "Praise the Lord!" All day this continued. During the night I slept a painful sleep, often waking, and asking the Lord to show me the les-

son He would teach. Several times the thought came to me, send for your minister to anoint you. I replied: "I have been anointed." Again and again it came—send for Dr. B. to anoint you. Saying, "I will, Lord," I fell asleep, awaking in the morning with the pain, soreness and lameness so great that I could scarcely move. I sent for Dr. B.; he came, prayed with me and anointed me. The moment the oil touched my head I was made whole; and overflowing with praise, I told him I was healed, and would go to my West Side meetings that day. He replied, "Mrs. Dudley, you must rest," but he was not out of the hall before I was up and dressing; ate my dinner, ordered my horse, and was at his house almost as soon as he was, telling him what the Lord had done for me. He appeared surprised at seeing me out, and warned me to be careful, as it was one of the most severe days of that winter.

I returned on the cars late after the evening meeting, walking several blocks, rejoicing in God for the perfect deliverance He had given, and praising Him for the privilege of being used to answer my own prayers, in showing the healing power of my blessed Jesus.

I recall another instance when it was given me to suffer in exemplification of my own teachings.

There was a dear sister in the Home who often said, O dear! and groaned much. I had been trying to teach her the blessedness of saying instead, Praise the Lord! but she would only say, "If you suffered much you could not always say Praise the Lord." In the morning of a day when there were to be two meetings in different parts of the city I was suddenly taken with pneumonia. My blessed Lord gave me strength to attend the meetings and reach home again; after prayer

I fell asleep, but was called from my bed to pray with this sister, when I nearly fainted. I could only draw sufficient strength from the Lord to reach her side; no prayer was given me, only the words of the Holy Ghost, "You must praise the Lord," and I dropped upon the floor, where I lay for a long time gasping, "Praise the Lord."

His healing hand was laid upon us both; I again retired, and awoke in the morning quite well. The dear one greeted me with, "Oh, you poor child, you had to suffer this to show me that you would say 'Praise the Lord' whether you could breathe or not."

Beloved, there is victory in saying with your lips, Praise the Lord. In giving the shout before the walls fall.

I was called to a Northern town to give Bible readings one Sunday in the absence of the pastor. Symptoms of a cold were coming on, which I handed over to my loving Physician, but in the morning I found there was much congestion; my lungs were sore and quite painful. I was being entertained by dear friends who themselves knew the Divine Healer, and I asked them to pray for me at morning worship. Three appointments, several miles apart, had been planned for me for that day and evening. I knew the strength of the Lord would be sufficient, and I must not consult my feelings in the least. I was not made free, but was wonderfully sustained in all the services, and several persons were healed.

When my day's work was done, and I laid my weary body down to rest, I thanked God for the courage and grace he had given me, and fell asleep, awaking in the morning refreshed and healed.

Soon after this, late one day I was similarly attacked, but with greater severity. It was with difficulty I could get my breath. The atmosphere was very chilly, a heavy mist was falling, and it seemed an utter impossibility for me to attend my regular meeting in another part of the city that evening.

Mr. Dudley prayed for me, then asked: "Are you sure the Lord wants you to go?" It had been made very clear to me that I must go, and we started. I had to stop several times to recover my breath before we reached the car; an open car with wet seats, the wind whipping the water from the drenched curtains upon us during our four miles' ride. Before reaching our destination we were told to change cars; the street was torn up, and we were compelled to walk a considerable distance, climbing over piles of stone and dirt. My breath and strength seemed failing at every step. After leaving the next car there were also several blocks to walk. When at last we reached the place of meeting I was unable to speak. Only believers were present; dear Sister Nevins was the first to pray, and she prayed for me; a great load rolled from my lungs and I was free. It was the last time I have ever had a touch of congestion of the lungs, though this was a number of years ago.

I learned many precious lessons in these tests, and proved to myself and others the keeping power of God. Even when the conditions remain the same we may be lifted above them all, and in His strength, with praises, do whatever lies before us to do.

Do not speak of trials, nor talk about them afterward only to help some one else gain a victory; never for the sake of exciting human sympathy, but simply to show



how God will use His obedient ones, even more wonderfully, perhaps, when they are bravely trusting Him, and acting their faith by giving no heed to the trial, doing what is before them in His almighty strength, fearing no bad results.

Some dear ones spoil their testimonies by complaining and talking so much about their bad feelings. Upon meeting them and saying, "How do you do?" as is customary in our country, they begin at once to talk of themselves; before they are aware of it, the conversation is just what the devil wants it to be, and those who have listened go away to say, "These healed 'faith cure' people who give such glowing testimonies in meetings are always grunting."

Beloved, let us for the glory of God be very guarded in this particular: See that every day our words and acts are in faith. "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without." Col. 4:5.

I have lost only four days from illness since the first edition of this book, and these were not altogether lost days.

Let no one think he must have similar experiences. God knows just what each one needs. I have asked to be an "overcomer," and I see clearly that I cannot be unless there is something to overcome.

Your loving Father will give you the trials you need, for He will have a tried people. His grace is always sufficient if you will take it, and not yield to suffering and say, "I can't." Be true, be brave. Your words and actions will powerfully affect your feelings, either for good or bad.

Praise the Lord!

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MIRACULOUS ANSWERS AND DELIVERANCES.

Miraculous, indeed, have been God's dealings with us in these ten years. I will relate a few instances for His glory.

When my dear husband came to "Beulah" he had some money, which he used entirely for the work, denying himself in every way to help others, first paying a part of the mortgage and my personal debts before mentioned; the remainder of his money going toward the support of the large family, toward meeting the expenses of conventions, and in the general work. When this was gone the pressure upon us was often great.

At one of these times, when things in the larder had become very low, so much so that there was almost nothing in the house to eat, a lady who in our meetings had been converted from an infidel, wished to come with her attendant, both from homes of plenty. I dared not refuse to receive them, but said, "Lord, thou knowest all about it, do not let this test weaken the faith of the one so recently converted, whom Thou hast permitted to come here in this time of need."

We gathered enough fragments for the first meal.

The hens just now stopped laying, so there were no more eggs. Before dinner time the cook said to me,

"We have a squash, some dried corn, and a little cornmeal, but not a cent to get sour milk to make a cake." I told her that I would go to a friend about a mile away and try to get some. Taking a pail I started with a merry, happy heart, singing, "I'm a child of the King," as I met old acquaintances in their fine livery who scarcely noticed me. Hallelujah! I was as happy as a child of the King should be.

My friend had no sour milk, but gave me some sweet milk. A little vinegar and soda, with our cornmeal, made a very good cake, and we thanked God and ate, making no excuses.

Tea time drew near; again the cook said, "All we have is a little graham flour." I said, "Make some gems with water." "But," said she, "that will be all, and there is not much." "Well," I said, "I will not eat any." I returned to the sitting-room, when one of the ladies placed a five dollar bill in my hand, and we had a good supper. The next morning the following letter was received:

Millbrook, Mich., Nov. 5, 1890.

Dear Brother and Sister Dudley:

Perhaps you think I have forgotten what I said about sending some potatoes and garden vegetables to you, but such is not the fact. For some cause our potatoes did not yield enough for our own use; but I have filled two barrels with turnips, cabbages, apples and beets, and some pork and beans. Am now about to take them to the R. R. station.

This is a "free will offering." Perhaps the Lord will command some other "Raven" to supply the potatoes, if he has not already. I will prepay charges.

My heart is full of praise and thanksgiving for all He has done for me and mine. Would like to write more, but must close and take the things to the depot. Write to us if they reach you safely.

Am quite sure the Lord will not let them freeze.

Pray for us.

Your brother and sister,

A. C. West and Wife.

This letter written by our dear brother West gave us much joy. He had been healed of varicose veins, the worst case ever brought to my attention. He was obliged to sit with his feet in a chair much of the time.

The next day after the letter the barrels came, and we had a genuine hallelujah time when we opened them. It seemed they had come straight down from Heaven.

Once just before Thanksgiving we were out of everything; really had not enough for a meal. We had asked our Father for a Thanksgiving dinner, but the evening shades fell upon us and it almost seemed God had forgotten, but not so. The dear friends at Cedar Springs had been very busy preparing a Thanksgiving box for "Beulah." I only wish they could have seen our happy faces and heard our praises to God when we received and opened it Thanksgiving morning, and known the gratitude of our hearts as we partook of the good things the dear Lord had prompted them to send. I am sure our hallelujahs reached the ear of God.

Another year we asked Him to send us a turkey for Thanksgiving; we fully expected one, but it did not come, and we had very little of anything. We thanked God for the little.

At Christmas a turkey came; and two persons said they really intended to send us a turkey for Thanksgiving, but neglected to do so.

Father had not been unmindful of our cry, but the hearts of those He had spoken to, by the Holy Spirit, were not obedient. Thank God for hearkening ears, obedient hearts and willing hands. Many times have our calls for money, food and fuel reached the heart of our compassionate Lord, and He has used His faithful children to answer our prayers. Surely they have received great blessing, for He declares: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We were so blessed in receiving, they must have been much more blessed in giving.

At other times Jesus has increased the food for us. Once when the house was full of poor people, who remained three days for Bible study, we had no flour, a few vegetables, and only a small piece of butter. Some bread was sent in. Before each meal the cook would say, "There is not more than butter enough for another time." All ate what they wished, and our supply, like the widow's meal, "wasted not." The guests knew nothing of our extremity.

I remember one time when there was no flour and little else. We had a season of prayer for money. The mail brought five dollars from a lady in Maine whom we had never seen. Another time we all knelt in the kitchen to ask for flour. The sponge was ready to make the bread. We prayed and waited. A little child of one of the helpers said: "Listen for the rap at the door," expecting some one to bring the flour, but no rap came. Suddenly I recollected that a neighbor upon leaving her home for a time had told me to go and get

whatever was in the house that we could use for our table. Taking the key we went into the house, and lo! there was flour and many other things. The child's faith was strengthened.

When I first came into this work I asked my Lord to please give me a fur coat, and that I would like an Astrakhan. Six winters came and went, I was thinly clad and many times cold, when in a wonderful way all His own came the desired garment. I never put on the warm coat without thanking my Heavenly Father for it.

Expenses had accumulated, fifty dollars must be raised at once. In the night my heart was greatly burdened, and the Lord heard my cry. A few days later a letter containing twenty-five dollars came from California, the brother saying he was enabled to give because the Lord had prospered him. We thanked him heartily, saying surely the Lord led him to answer our prayer in sending help to meet a pressing obligation. In a few days twenty-five dollars more came from the same brother, just meeting the demand. Our hearts were full of praise to God and gratitude to the obedient brother. More than a year ago our beloved Beulah Home was sold for delinquent taxes. A little had been given toward it, and the time was drawing near when it must be redeemed. We knew not how to get the money. I felt led to ask a person to lend us the amount, not knowing that he had any money. He answered, "If you had asked me a week ago I could not have granted your request; a little more than you wish has come to me unexpectedly."

I never realized so fully the meaning of the word redeemed as when our dear home was redeemed.



Later we sold one of the twin cows our Lord had given us and paid the note.

One morning, the coldest of the winter, our supply of fuel gave out; a small sum of money came in the mail, and wood sufficient to keep fire part of the day was purchased. A wild storm of wind and snow was raging with increasing force as night approached. Through the shadows and the blinding snow a team was discerned in the driveway by the house, and with great joy we beheld a large load of wood drawn up to the door. Dear brother Redmond, in obedience to the call of God, had driven nearly thirty miles that dreadful day to bring us the wood and a dressed lamb. He had several times before brought loads of different things, a way he had of showing his gratitude for the healing of his dear wife.

The past winter has been one of peculiar trials following each other in quick succession.

All our guests were poor people; we realized that we could not keep the home open another week unless help came from some source soon. The remaining cow and such things as we could spare had been sold.

We all waited upon the Lord, as we had done many times before in self-examination, seeking to learn if the needed means were withheld because we were in any way displeasing to Him.

After a day of fasting and prayer we could discover no "sin in the camp," so we asked a token of our Lord, that if the work was to be continued He would send us immediately the thirty dollars necessary to keep the house open, and also to be pleased to put it into some hearts to make weekly, monthly or yearly offerings.

The first that came was from a dear little consecrated

band of hard-working people, who said they felt impressed to send their monthly offering of five dollars here, this year, instead of sending it to the foreign field as usual. Our hearts were gladdened. At the close of the week thirty-one dollars had been received.

I was called to a small Northern town, where the people were very poor, and the women were not thrifty housewives.

After a day of arduous labor I found myself in a very dirty, ill-smelling room, having no possible means of ventilation. By the dim light that flickered through the smoky lamp-chimney I was quite horrified, upon opening the bed, to behold traces of the violent slaughter that had been made by the last occupant, to say nothing of the otherwise soiled bed. I looked at the floor. I could not lie there. I said, "Oh, Lord, why am I here? Surely not for my own pleasure."

Then I began to thank Him for the privilege of being in that place for Him, and asked Him not to let me be in the least disturbed, nor suffer me to take any of the insects home with me. The prayer was answered. How truly he who notes the sparrow's fall cares most tenderly for all that concerns His trusting people.

I soon fell asleep, awaking when the light streamed through the dirt-stained windows.

After breakfast the weary, sick mother sat down to tell me of her many troubles, thanking God with tears streaming from her eyes for the privilege of entertaining one of His children, to whom she dared pour out her heart sorrows. After prayer and imparting much comfort from Himself and His Word, I saw her healed and rejoicing in the Lord. I praised my God with a full

heart for the opportunity of ministering in the Holy Ghost to His needy, suffering one.

Satan has tried several times to destroy my life. Three times I have had miraculous escapes when horses took fright and ran. Once a wheel crushed and let me out of the vehicle unhurt. Again, the team freed itself from the sleigh, and no harm came to us. Not long ago the horse I drive became frightened and overturned the carriage; the lady who was with me received only a few scratches, although she was thrown out over me. I struck upon my head and was dragged some distance over the stones, helplessly bundled in the top of the buggy; suddenly my great body, weighing over two hundred pounds, was lifted by angelic hands, Psa. 91:11, 12, out of the crashing mass and I was set upon my feet. There were some bruises, which the Lord soon removed. I have a more exalted consciousness of the all-protecting care of our merciful Father, who, 'mid dangers seen and unseen, tenderly guards His own.

For many years I have traveled thousands of miles each year, by all sorts of conveyances, always placing myself and those who journeyed with me in His dear hands, proving His word true, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. \* \* \* \* The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## ASLEEP IN JESUS.

About the time the first edition of this book was published I married Mr. John H. Dudley. As this edition goes to press I have to add a chapter that in some ways is very sad to me, but glorious for him.

Jesus wanted my precious husband, and has taken him to Himself. His last days were beautiful, and his departure triumphant.

Our union was very sweet. We loved with more than a natural affection, for He who brought us together imparted to each His own holy love.

My dear husband was a very choice spirit; tender, gentle, quiet, and always kind to every one. Few of the gentler sex possess so fine an organism.

His conversion was very marked in early life before his first marriage. While alone in the field at work the Holy Ghost came upon him like a mighty rushing wind; he was conscious of being emptied and filled, filled with a holy power, peace, joy, and physical health, with a buoyancy and elasticity which seemed to lift him above earth, and he walked and talked with God.

All his prayers were answered, and the knowledge of the answer was given him before the manifestation came.

This joy in the Holy Ghost continued unbroken for

three months—then, like a lightning flash, as it came, it left. He was thrust into darkness and gloom as great as his peace and joy had been. Not knowing this was a temptation of the enemy, he accepted the despair and thought he was lost, diseased conditions which had caused him much suffering returned with great fury, and he continually mourned over his lost blessings.

After a time this affected his mind, and his friends feared self-destruction.

His sorrow was very deep at the death of his dear wife, also when a few years later his widowed mother, with whom he had lived, was called home.

Afterward he came to me for prayer and seemed somewhat encouraged. He then visited my Home, remaining from week to week, making himself very useful, for he had the faculty of turning his hand to any work, in a very quiet manner. After a few months he surprised me one day by asking me in a business-like way to become his wife, saying he had for many years believed this way of faith to be the true way, and had come into a place of consecration of himself and whatever he possessed, that he had never before known, and that he would like to be with me in this blessed work the remainder of his life.

I had not thought to marry again, but after waiting upon my Lord, He clearly showed me that He could use us together better than alone, and gave us the sweet, holy love for each other before alluded to, which came upon me like a mighty shower, and has never left me.

I did not know of his real condition. I knew he was melancholy, but the dear Lord withheld from me the knowledge that it was a form of insanity.

He had great faith for others, but not for himself. He held up my hands in every way. Not one word of complaint escaped him when I had to leave home for days together. He could not always accompany me. We both knew he needed me, but when God called another way, we each said, Amen.

One Sunday, a few months after our marriage, we sat in our room together, when suddenly he threw down his reading and sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "I cannot endure it, I will cut my throat!" and rushed past me with a wild, fiery look. I ran after him and caught his coat, crying out, "Don't!" He loosed himself from my grasp, and declaring wildly, "I will," was out of my sight in an instant.

I went to my closet, and upon my face cried to God to hold him from his mad purpose and to heal him. I was received into a cloud of glory, and these words in glowing letters of light flashed upon my vision: "I will do exceeding abundantly above all you ask or think." This was God's promise to my heart that my loved one should not destroy himself and would be healed of the diseases he then had.

I was filled with ecstatic joy and exclaimed, "Glory! glory! glory!"

I arose and resumed my Bible study, when suddenly my spirit seemed to be caught away above earth, and in rapturous exultation I looked down upon my motionless body. For fully an hour I realized that I was eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of God, while about me in words of fire flamed the same wonderful promise.

When my spirit returned to my body I finished my lessons with great blessing, and taking the Christian



Alliance paper went down to the hammock and read until it began to grow dark, when I heard footsteps, and looking up saw my dear husband coming toward me with his hands full of wild flowers, which we both loved so much.

His face was bright; he seated himself beside me, and we talked of God's goodness and love until quite late, not alluding to the experiences of the afternoon.

He used to say that these attacks would come upon him without a moment's warning, and he had no more power to control himself than he had to control the wind.

We recognized this to be satanic power, and often cast the devil out in Jesus' name, gaining many victories.

Satan had sought all these years to make Mr. Dudley destroy himself, and would drive him from his home and friends for a longer or shorter period, ever holding before him the lost blessings of his early life, working upon his delicate, sensitive nature until he became morbidly conscientious, and suffered beyond description.

He had frequent glimpses of Beulah Land, and we would think the promise about to be fulfilled, when he would be thrust down again.

I was summoned by telegraph to Battle Creek. When Mr. Dudley left me on the train I saw the gloom upon his dear face; but I was clear to go, and said, "I will return on the first train to-morrow, dear, be sure to meet me." He kissed me and went sadly out.

In the morning before I left for home a dispatch came with these words: "Mr. Dudley has gone away." I asked the Lord to keep him, and expected he would

meet me; but he did not, and had not been seen or heard from.

Thinking every moment that he would come, and yet he did not, a horror seized upon me that he might destroy himself—and as the hours came and went and my precious one came not, I was almost in despair.

Then the promise given so long ago was applied with new force, and I seemed to be held as I had been in all these years, in times of distress, by those wonderful words.

Still I felt I must spend the night in prayer for his return. Dear sister Patrick, who was with us for a little stay, and is now in glory, and our own dear Mrs. Morse, who has been for many years an invaluable helper in our home, watched and prayed with me. Afterward I learned that Mr. Dudley walked twenty-two miles on the shores of Lake Michigan, alone that night, in the fury of the craze.

At times paroxysms of uncontrollable grief would sweep over me—my dear family would pray—and that promise would again and again blaze forth before me so I could praise God and take courage.

The awful suspense continued for one week, the longest week of my life.

Then a letter came from my darling asking me to come to him in an adjoining town. I pray God I may never see another such a picture of despair. Upon my arrival he was cheered and comforted. He remained at the lakeside in rented rooms during the warm weather. Saturday and Sunday of each week I was with him, the rest of the time attending to home work as usual. This was a great trial to us both to be thus separated, but it was all we could do until greater vic-

tories were gained. During these weeks the sweet consciousness was mine that I had neither neglected my husband nor my Lord's work, or failed to go at God's bidding.

But I now saw that I owed my dear afflicted companion a duty above all others.

When we returned to our home he was better in mind and body. Mr. Dudley had faith for all but himself, and many were wonderfully healed; he was seldom so bad that he could not take hold with real faith for others, and was often delivered himself while praying for them.

Many approaching attacks of the enemy were averted by praising God for the promise He had given me that glorious hour. The diseases upon him were held in check, and nearly all the distressing symptoms usual in throat and lung troubles would be instantly removed when we prayed.

In this way we had grand victories. Many months before Jesus took him he was in rest of mind, and some of the most distressing diseases for which we had prayed so long were healed. Our hearts were filled with praise, and during these weeks of quietness of spirit, persons whom we never saw were marvelously healed while we prayed.

He was of such a modest, shrinking, timid nature, that we often had greater power in prayer when we were alone with God.

He always held up my hands and was the most unselfish person I ever knew; putting himself and his desires entirely aside lest he should stand between God and me.

I feel his loss more and more, but the blessed Holy Ghost comforts me.

He was in bed but one day; that morning I had a severe attack of la grippe. As his trembling lips prayed the blessed Lord to heal his dear wife, all symptoms left instantly, and I have never had a touch since.

He pressed my hand in recognition three breaths before the last, and as his precious spirit winged its flight upward the glory light of heaven covered his face, and the sweet look of peace remained when we laid his loved form away until the resurrection morn, when Jesus shall call the holy dead to come forth to meet him and the holy living in the clouds of the air.

For a time Satan sought to thrust the same diseases upon me, and the gloom of my loved one's life swooped over me like a dark cloud. He taunted me by saying, "God promised you His life, and why did he die?" I could only bow my head in my grief and say, "I don't know. God is true, and His word is true, that I do know, and we were walking in all the light we had, and were fully trusting in Jesus, who doeth all things well, and I will praise Him."

My heart would cry in the depths of its sorrow, "Why, Lord, when Thou hast healed so many through our prayers, why was not my precious husband spared and perfectly healed, to work with me the promised seventy years—for he was only sixty-two?" As the weeks went on, and these questions were often asked me, I would reply, "I don't know. I only know God is true and His word is true."

In all this I was greatly comforted by the thought that we had kept the faith, and I had reason to believe that our prayers had been answered more fully

than we realized; that his life had been spared several years and much suffering had been averted because we trusted in the Lord.

One evening at worship the ninetyeth Psalm was read, where David said: "The days of our years are three score years and ten." The Holy Spirit flashed light upon the Word and this truth was revealed to me.

"Before the flood the days of man's life were several hundred years. In the Jewish dispensation seventy years. At the ushering in of this Gospel age, Jesus Christ finished His work at thirty-three, and Paul, it is said, when he was about sixty."

In 2 Tim. 4:6, 7, 8, he said: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them, also, that love His appearing." My soul was filled with delight at this revelation of God's word. For I had reason to believe that my dear husband had also finished his work and kept the faith and gone to receive his crown.

The promise so marvelously given me years before was fulfilled for what I then asked for him.

I am constantly comforted with the precious thought that my dear one did what he could, and is now sheltered from the storms of life, safe in the presence of Jesus.

All who knew him loved him. None but his dearest friends knew his worth; no one so well as the one who loved him best, and mourns him most, looking eagerly forward to the coming of her glorious King Jesus, when the reunion will be complete.

## CHAPTER XV.

## CLOSING THOUGHTS.

There have been but four deaths in our Home in eight and one-half years. One of these was my precious husband, and one a dear friend and co-worker, Mrs. F. L. Childs, who chose to depart and be with Christ. Only two guests, one a gentleman who died when the house was first opened; the other a lady from Ohio, brought in a dying condition, who received rich spiritual blessing, and, as she said, by coming here was better prepared to meet her Lord. The latter was among the first arrivals after Mr. Dudley's death.

I rejoice in the knowledge that we are in a measure fulfilling the word of our Saviour to preach the gospel to every nation. Persons representing more than a dozen different nationalities have here been taught the grand truths of this blessed four-fold gospel; I know not how many more from other nations have been led to fully trust in Jesus. Praise the Lord for this privilege!

The following is an extract from a letter written by the mother of one of our dear missionaries, William Knapp, who has since laid down his life in China:

"I have some good news which I think will encourage you. In a letter from Will, he says there was a lady missionary returned from China to Glasgow, Scotland, to die; her physician had given her up. Mrs. Birrel



(Will's mother-in-law, who lives in Glasgow) loaned her your book "Beulah," which I had sent to Mrs. Birrel as a present. The missionary read it, was healed, and has herself established a faith home for missionaries. Praise the Lord!"

My heart was overflowing with praise when I received this letter; for months my soul had been burning to do something for the foreign work, but I saw no way in which by closer self-denial I could possibly do more than I was already doing; therefore it was especially cheering to know that the Lord was answering my heart's desire indirectly, in a way I knew not.

I cannot thank God enough for the precious consecrated helpers he has sent us; these have stood faithfully by us amid all the trials and privations we have been called to go through.

God only knows what this has meant. I am very sure that every one of them will share with us in the reward by and by.

I now feel that the Lord would have me conduct the Home on a somewhat different plan hereafter; still, sure we have thus far followed Him, and we will follow as He leads in the future, believing that the trials He has led us through have been steps up to higher places, each one the needful step at the time.

The fire burns the dross and bands away and brings out the pure gold. He will not let it be too hot nor burn one moment too long. The blessed One has been sitting by us, and the form of the fourth has been in our midst.

I have asked to be like Jesus, and have found that meant much more than I knew. My prayer is that the blessed Holy Spirit shall baptize these pages, that they

may be blessed a hundredfold more than those of the former edition, filling the heart of each one who shall read them with the love-life of the Son of God.

May many receive the Holy Ghost (heavenly Guest) to abide within them.

May He open hearts to help carry forward this work of love for Jesus, and still further use us to help prepare many for the Bride of Christ. That whether we wake or sleep we may be caught up together in the clouds in the air to meet Him, King Jesus.

## TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. F. L. Childs, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Having been interested in the Beulah Home of Grand Rapids ever since it was founded, and quite familiar with all of its workings, I can truly say that a vast amount of good has been done through this plan of Gospel Healing. In this faith God has revealed Himself to me in a wonderful manner. But alas! alas! how many long years it has taken me to learn this beautiful lesson, having made a profession of religion for forty-six years. During all this time I suppose I have lived as many professed Christians have done, and what I now call following Jesus afar off. Truly, much of the time I had a desire to do good, and even more, lead others to Christ. But whenever I attempted to direct others to Him, I seemed to lack words. I had not the vital experience. I could not direct others to the many, many precious promises of Jesus because I knew not fully their meaning; such as Isa. 26:3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." I thought I was trusting Him; but was it a perfect trust, when I had never learned that I could fully place my body in His hands for healing, as well as my soul for salvation? Thereby part of the blessing was withheld, both for soul and body. But after being repeatedly invited by Sister Griffin to attend some of the faith meetings held in Grand Rapids, I at last consented to go. I was more

than gratified with what I heard and saw. Every prayer seemed to come from the hearts of those who prayed, and as though they expected an answer. The scriptures were explained and listened to, with so much sincerity and earnestness, and the truths were brought out in His Word so clearly on the subject, it seemed that no child could help but understand. I at once began to search for myself, attended nearly all the meetings, and, so far as others were concerned, believed that it was the way, but could not see it for myself. Then the passage came to my mind, "God is no respecter of persons"; and another, "According to your faith be it unto you." I began to claim the promises, as though they were written expressly for me. Could I then claim them for healing? I was not sick, had never been tested. Soon after this, one very hot day in July, while every nerve in my body seemed to be quivering, I was preparing to lead a ladies' prayer meeting in the church, when I made the remark that I did wish I could get something to take away this trembling and nervousness. A young man who heard it quietly replied, "Take it to the Lord in prayer," as I had often told him. I felt condemned, and said, "Why not?" This set me to thinking. I had been much afflicted with this nervousness, brought on by nervous prostration some six years before, and was scarcely ever free from it. My head would many times tremble so it was perceptible to others and embarrassing to myself. One day soon after, the Lord seemed to fill my soul with joy, and I was crying unto Him to mold and fashion me after His own image, make me a fit temple for His own use, when the thought came, how much this nervousness hindered me in the active duties of life, sing-

ing, etc. A still, small voice whispered, Why not be anointed for this? I said, Yes, Lord, I will. That evening Sister Griffin came to our house. I told her I was ready to obey the simple command of being anointed in the name of Jesus, according to James 5:14, and trust Jesus fully. She anointed and prayed with me, and immediately all the quivering of the nerves stopped, my head ceased to shake, and my soul was full of joy and praise. From that time a new field of labor opened before me; scarcely a day has passed since that there have not been opportunities in which I could do personal work for Jesus in my daily occupation, meeting the sick, among the converted and unconverted people. My Physician was ever present with me, whispering, "Point them to me." The Bible is a new and precious book to me. I can appreciate the words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," etc. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Ps. 37:4. In fact, all the promises of the Old and New Testaments were made clearer and brighter than ever before. Since I was anointed I have felt the touch of the enemy's power several times, with different ailments (for we are taught that Satan is the cause of all diseases), but have always found it so precious to fly to Jesus for refuge, trusting Him rather than the arm of flesh. And the spiritual blessing has always been double after the victory is won, and even when suffering I always felt that Jesus' own precious hand had touched my body, and I could not help but praise Him and tell to others the wonderful works of God. He got all the glory. I once learned a very sweet lesson while calling on a lady who had sickness in her home. A physician was there. After

he left she spoke in great praise of him and his skill in his profession, then related a simple incident of her child, ten years of age, of what he said the night before: "Why, papa and mamma, we ought to think the world of this doctor; only think what he has done for me," holding out his arm that had once been broken and was badly set, so when it was healed it was crooked. This physician had broken it over and set it again, and when it healed it was all right; "and now see what he has done for baby." I thought, Where did Jesus get any glory for his recovery? Had he been taught to take Him for his Healer, whom then would he have told everybody to love?

About a month after I was anointed, my husband was anointed for night sweats that had been troubling him for nearly five years; had tried many physicians and much medicine. None helped but for a short time. But, praise the Lord, Jesus was victor; he has never had a return of them since. How blessed for families to be united in this faith! Previous to accepting this faith I had little or no time or strength for Christian work; could not afford it; could scarcely attend the church prayer meeting, let alone other church work. But when I learned that the great Physician was ever with me; that health and strength were purchased for me more than eighteen hundred years ago, as well as salvation for my soul, and all I had to do was to reach out and take it by faith, how quickly the Lord gave me new life, new zeal! His presence seemed to permeate every part of my being; my youth was renewed and I felt the force of the promises in Isa. 40:29-31. I also found that He could bless my basket and store (Deut. 28:5), and not only give me time and strength



to do more faithful church work, but I have attended nearly all the meetings at Beulah when I was in the city, besides many evening faith meetings in different parts of the city; never enjoyed any work better; and while absent this summer in the Northern Peninsula, had the privilege of presenting this glorious truth and the grand work of the Beulah Home to many different ones who became interested. One dear sister, Mrs. George Bedell of Hancock, was wonderfully helped in answer to prayer. She had not walked without a cane for six months, and was taking medicine all the time for a complication of diseases; laid it all aside, and also her cane, walked forth quite comfortably in the name of Jesus; afterward came to Beulah and received great benefit, both spiritually and physically. My constant prayer is that Christians will wake up to this blessed privilege and better way of serving God.

Numberless times our beloved sister and co-worker testified that the five years she had been trusting the Lord for health were the healthiest years of her life.

I give an extract from the Coroner's report in a city paper, showing how the Lord can give health and strength when all the diseased conditions remain. (Ed.) "One of the post mortem examinations revealed the strangest complication of diseases. It was that of a lady who died last February at Beulah Home, after being sick in bed only two days and having no treatment except that of prayer. Indeed, she got up to pray with the rest of them the very day she died. The post mortem revealed a cancerous condition of the liver, perforation of the duodenum, general peritonitis, the gall bladder full of gall stones, old inflammatory adhe-

sions in the pelvic organs, and inflammation of the pleura."

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Mrs. Mary A. Ferris, Ada, Mich.

"O God, my God, I cried unto Thee and Thou hast healed me."

I have felt for some time that I should bring my healing, which was in answer to prayer, before the public, and I gladly accept this opportunity of doing so. I earnestly pray that my testimony may be used of the dear Lord in bringing many suffering ones to trust in His promise as given in James 5:14, 15.

From my early childhood I have been troubled with a skin disease of one of the worst forms. By some of the physicians it was called a species of leprosy. I have been treated by some of the best physicians in the state. I took mineral baths for two years, but no cure was effected. I only received temporary relief. Each time it took on a worse form; and for the last six years I have never been free from it. How I have suffered God and myself only know, for no one can possibly imagine anything about it. At times the itching and burning were terrible, and my nervous system became so weakened that for weeks I feared for my reason. I could not sleep, as I could not endure the warmth of the bed or the heat of the stove; and when I went into a cool room, nervous chills would seize me. In this way I put in long days and still longer nights. Was it any wonder I feared for my reason? At this time a friend said to me: "Why don't you trust in Jesus for the healing of your body?" It was a new thought to me, and I could not understand how to do

so, and I thought no more of it. I continued to grow worse all the time, until I was literally covered with the loathsome disease. I don't think one could put his finger on my person from the crown of my head to my feet that was not covered with sores and white scales. I was so weak that I could scarcely walk across the floor. I generally rested on a couch away from the fire.

One physician who had treated me for two years (and during that time had removed a tumor from the top of my head), in whom I had perfect confidence as a physician, told me that he had done all that could be done, and that it was not in the power of man to cure me; I could only receive temporary relief at the most. He also said that if I lived long enough, the flesh would undoubtedly drop off my bones.

For years I had suffered greatly with sciatic rheumatism, so at times I was almost helpless. I had taken strong medicines every hour; my stomach had become so weakened that it seemed that every dose would burn it through. Then I began to cry mightily unto the Lord, asking Him what I should do, for I did not feel that I could live much longer in this way if I did not get relief. Then the thought again came to me, Why don't you trust in Jesus for your healing? I said at once, The Lord helping me, I will. I then said to my husband: "I have taken my last dose of medicine; I will give myself to the Lord, and if I live I will live to glorify Him, and if I die I will die rejoicing in His holy name."

This was February 22d, and on the 23d he went with me to "Beulah." Thank God for "Beulah"! We had six miles to ride, but I told him I knew that the Lord

would give me strength to go; and He did, praise His holy name. I gave my soul and body, sin-sick and sore, to the Lord, and He healed me. I received the anointing by Mrs. Griffin, and after making a public consecration of my entire being to the Lord (at the faith prayer meeting held at "Beulah" the same day) I requested united prayers for my recovery. The dear heavenly Father did hear and answer our prayers just then; for I was instantly relieved from all suffering. All the pain and stiffness caused from the rheumatism, all the itching and burning of the leprosy was instantly taken away. My soul was filled with praises and rejoicing to my loving Saviour for His kindness toward me. I rode home that night with the most perfect ease, for I felt that the Lord was giving strength to my body all the way.

I reached home, not feeling a bit tired. I prepared the tea, ate a hearty supper, washed the tea dishes, then sat down by the stove and warmed, without any itching or burning. Before retiring, I brushed from my body more than a dustpan full of scabs. I went to bed and slept well all night, and have not lost a night's sleep since. Next morning I arose and did a two-weeks' washing, a thing I had not done for years before. All the sores, scales and eruptions left my body, and my skin became as smooth and fresh as a child's. I have had perfect health since. We live on a farm and I have done all my own work, including washing, ironing and house cleaning, ever since. I had been able to do very little before this.

O how my heart rejoices that I have found such a Saviour and Physician; one who is ready to heal all who trust in Him.

Satan has been permitted to test my faith a little at times; but I do not fear, for I know in whom I trust.

The symptoms of leprosy have shown themselves on my face, but it has been attended with no suffering but once, and that was relieved instantly in answer to prayer. I know that the Father has some wise purpose in thus trying me for a little season, and I know that when I learn the lessons He wishes to teach me, He will remove every trace of Satan's marks. I will trust Him, though He slay me; I will sing praises unto Him as long as I have breath.

Blessed be the name of the Lord!

"'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His word;  
Just to rest upon His promise;  
Just to know, thus saith the Lord."

I never look upon the clear, fair flesh of our sister but I think of Naaman of old. I praise God with her for the perfect work He hath wrought, and for His keeping power.—[Ed.]

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Mr. S. A. Plummer, Fort Wayne, Ind.—In 1883, June 16th, I was traveling in Iowa. The train I was on was about forty miles west of Dubuque, going at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour, when we were struck by a cyclone. Three of the cars were carried above the treetops and came to the ground a perfect wreck about eleven rods from the place where they were taken up. My injuries were very severe. I was so badly cut open that my bowels came out; was

carried to a hotel where I received good care and medical treatment. Finally I was sent to a hospital in St. Paul, Minn., where I remained thirteen months. While there I recovered so that I could be up and around some, although I suffered continually from hemorrhage of the bowels. Would often bleed until my strength was almost gone. I went to Grand Rapids, Mich., where I again consulted physicians, who told me that there was no help for me unless I had an operation, and that might prove fatal. Before this took place, I heard of the faith prayer meetings being held in the city by Mrs. Griffin. I was led to attend the dedication of the Beulah Rest in February and also an especial meeting which was held in the morning after, for some who wished to receive the anointing. I was a Christian, but was in a very cold state, and as I heard the blessed truth there in regard to full and free salvation for both soul and body, I realized as I never before had the importance of being wholly the Lord's, and getting where I could believe His Word and trust His power alone to deliver both soul and body. Accordingly I gave myself anew to God to be filled with His life and love and power. I received the anointing and had prayer offered for my recovery. Immediately I was conscious of the healing power of Jesus in both soul and body. Glory be to His name! The pain, soreness and hemorrhage entirely left my body, and I felt a mighty baptism of the spirit filling my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I can truly say that my Lord hath wrought a perfect cure, for I have never since been troubled with the injuries I received in that cyclone.

After this I went to Fort Wayne, Ind., where I was



suddenly seized with a stroke of paralysis. They thought I was going to die, and sent for my children living in Chicago. They came and insisted upon my having a doctor, but I told them no, I could not, as I was looking to Jesus to heal me. After my faith was severely tested for a few days, I was raised up in answer to united prayer offered at "Beulah" for me. I was well again until the summer following, when our city was visited by a malignant form of typhoid fever, which for some time carried off from twenty to twenty-four each week. I was stricken down with the same fever, with which I was sick eighteen days. I was brought right down to death's door. I sent word to "Beulah" of my illness and requested prayers for my recovery. Just as soon as Mrs. Griffin received my request, she called the family together and prayed for me, and at that very hour the fever left me and I fell into a sweet sleep. I awoke free, and soon gained my strength so that I could go about my usual work again. The great spiritual blessings that have been given me since I gave my body to the Lord are more than I can express. In all my many trials and tests my soul has been kept in perfect peace. And I find such a delightful rest and joy in being able to trust in the "living God."

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Mrs. Esther Hufford, N. Grand Rapids.

"Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

For many years I had the asthma and tried many remedies, but found nothing to cure me until I came to Jesus. Through the prayers of Mrs. Griffin I was healed instantly.

Sister H. wishes to add to her testimony:

After all these years I want to say for the glory of God, He has kept me. Twice I have been unable to walk from rheumatism, and was instantly healed while Brother and Sister Dudley anointed me.

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Mrs. Susan E. Miller, Grand Rapids.—Healed through faith; praise God for it. When I was twelve years of age I felt the need of a new heart. I asked God for it and He gave it to me. I am now forty-six years old, and oh how wonderfully the Lord has led me. I must say there is nothing so grand and glorious as to know we are of God's chosen ones. When I came to Grand Rapids five years ago I became acquainted with Rev. S. B. Shaw and his very worthy wife. I saw them live by faith alone for all things, both spiritual and temporal; and of them I learned how to consecrate myself wholly unto the Lord.

I had been afflicted with rheumatism from a child, and had spent large sums of money for my recovery, but could only find relief for a few weeks at a time. I was sick and helpless in bed with inflammatory rheumatism, when I heard through Mrs. Shaw of Mrs. Dora Griffin. I sent for her to anoint me; after she had done so and while she was praying for my recovery, the Lord touched my body and I was healed that very same hour and have never been troubled with it since, praise God. One year after, the piles came upon me, and I suffered greatly with this. After trying many remedies and doctors without relief, I said, The Lord has healed me and He will heal me again; so I went

to "Beulah," and after prayer and anointing I was healed and went home saved and happy, both soul and body, praise His name forever.

Dear friends, you who are sick of sin and sick in body, come to Jesus and be healed, soul and body.

"Beulah" is a good place to learn of God's dealings with man.

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Mrs. Critchlow, of Cannonsburg, Mich., writes, January 18, 1888: My little son, eight years of age, had become very deaf from catarrh, with a rumbling and roaring sound in his head. Special prayer was offered for him at "Beulah." In a few days his hearing was entirely restored. This was nine months ago. He has had hard colds since but has never been deaf. All praise to God.

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Mrs. E. A. Adams, Rockford, Mich.—I have been an invalid for forty years from a complication of diseases. Have not been able to walk alone for ten years. I heard of the Faith work at Grand Rapids and wrote to Mrs. Griffin asking prayers. She answered they would join me in prayer at a certain time. I should lay aside all human means and trust "Jesus only." I laid aside my medicine with God's help. I could not do this alone, and was blessed in a gradual way. I afterward sent for Mrs. Griffin to come and administer the anointing. I was spiritually blessed, but improved slowly physically. I soon gathered strength from the Lord to go to "Beulah" with the aid of one crutch; this, however, I only used twice after reaching there. I was greatly blessed in every way, and when I returned after a few

days' stay I left my crutch as a memento of God's great goodness to me. I was met at the carriage to be assisted into the house. I stepped out alone and walked into the house while they were looking for my crutch. Neighbors said, "That cannot be Mrs. Adams walking that way." I praise God that it was, and I am rejoicing in an increasing amount of the precious resurrection life of Christ for soul and body. My soul sings praises to Him as the days go by, and in the place of the oft repeated "Oh dear" I now say "Praise the Lord." My mother was very fond of snuff and used it many years. I have had from my earliest recollection a love which amounted to a passion for it transmitted to me, and I used it with her, have kept it by me and used it freely for over forty years; it did seem to me that I could not live without it. I have tried many, many times to give it up, and each time failed. Now with God's help I have laid it upon the altar. I pray this testimony may help some other bound souls to give up their evil habits, in His name and strength and by His power.

Truly this dear one hath renewed her youth. She is now living on borrowed time and appears much younger than when her testimony was given, eight years ago. She is full of praises to her Lord that He so wonderfully preserves her.—[Ed.]

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A. C. Barkley, Crosby, Mich.—I consider it a pleasure to add my testimony with the rest and tell what the Lord has done for me. "I will praise thee forever, because thou hast done it: and I will wait on thy name;

for it is good before thy saints." Psa. 52:9. In June, 1884, while engaged in the grocery business in Reed City, Michigan, I lifted a large cake of ice to the top of my butter cupboard somewhat higher than my head, and in doing so I exerted my whole strength and felt something give way in my intestines. I immediately commenced running down, soon being unable to be on my feet any length of time, and in August was very sick. I consulted physicians, who pronounced it a strain or rupture of the intestine connecting the larger with the smaller, and inflammation set in and the inner coating passed off and formed a stricture. From that time until July, 1885, I doctored with three of the best physicians of Reed City and one of the best in Grand Rapids, without any material benefit. My wife was obliged to take almost entire charge of the business. Although living in rooms adjoining the store, I was not able to get in there sometimes for weeks.

My wife came home from prayer meeting one night in July and said there was a stranger at the meeting, a lady who believed the sick could be healed in answer to prayer. I said I should like to see her, and the more I thought about it the more I thought it might be true. Soon after she called on me, and after hearing her reasons for believing as she did I asked her to pray with and for me. We all prayed that I might be healed. The Lord came graciously near and enabled me to grasp the promise, Jas. 5:15, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up," and I felt that I was better. This was on Friday, and on Tuesday she called again and prayed with me and told me that she would be glad to see me at a prayer meeting in another part of the town about half a mile away, on

Thursday afternoon. When the time came I could hardly have faith enough to think that I, who had hardly walked two blocks at a time for eleven months, could now walk a half a mile and back, but it seemed that the Lord kept saying, "Go tell what I have done for you." So I started, but went out of the back door for fear my clerk would see me and laugh at me. To my surprise, I had not gone over a block before I experienced a strange sensation that is difficult to describe. It seemed to me that I could feel the strength coming right into my body. I shall never forget the feeling. I walked up and did "tell what He had done for me," and came back without fatigue. From that time I went about my business feeling quite well until the first of September, when I had an attack of dysentery, and although the Lord had so wonderfully helped me before I thought I must call a doctor, and after so doing I seemed to lose the faith I formerly had. And my later experience is that I cannot pray with so good faith while using remedies, knowing that when well I will be likely to give all the credit to Dr. ———, or if not, the people will think so, anyway, thus robbing Him of the glory. I was very sick, the doctor coming sometimes three times a day. But after a time I began to gain, and by November was able to attend to my business some. About December 1st I sold out and came to this place and gained strength slowly until I felt quite comfortable, but still obliged to be careful and always a slave to medicine. In June I again overdid in some way, still being in the grocery business, and my old difficulty came back. I again had recourse to the physician in Grand Rapids, in whom I had so much confidence, and he treated me for several months,



but I received but very little benefit from anything, and the last of September had another attack of dysentery. I then employed another very skillful physician, who cured me of the dysentery, but the old difficulty remained, and although taking three or four kinds of medicine, I was confined to the house, and a good part of the time to my couch, until February, sometimes thinking I was a little better, but still not able to stand on my feet any length of time.

In February I went to Muskegon for a visit, my friends thinking the change would do me good. The trip tired me and I grew worse instead of better, and my sister-in-law called in her physician, who was considered very skillful, who after an investigation seemed to agree with the others as to what ailed me, but thought medical skill could never perform a cure, so I could ever be able to stand on my feet much; said the difficulty was so far inside that outward applications could do but little, and so remote that it was difficult to keep the inflammation down with medicine, thus caused by food passing through the strictured intestine, and that he did not care to undertake the case.

But for about two months back something within had kept telling me that I ought to seek some higher power for my healing, and I had studied my Bible on this point, and some passages, especially James 5:14-16, looked very plain to me, and on my way home I stopped at Grand Rapids to spend a few days with friends there, and took the opportunity to call upon Sister R. T. Parish, who is a believer in prayer cure, and I believed to be a Christian of great faith, and told her that I believed if she would pray for me it would do me good; but she advised me to see Mrs. Dora Griffin at the

"Beulah" Home, and with my consent took me to "Beulah," where, after giving my reasons for coming, Sister Griffin gave her reasons for believing what was spoken by Esaias, the prophet, and quoted in Matt. 8:17: "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses"; but it was an easy matter, for I already believed. For in reading I had found among other things, 1 Cor. 6:9: "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" and I felt that if I was really a Christian and that if my body was a temple in which His Spirit dwelt, that He would not wish to see it all run down and out of order, any more than people would wish to see their dwellings in disorder. And the more I studied, the stronger I became in the belief that the Saviour considered the healing of the body an important work. Mark 6:5: "And He could there do no mighty work save that He laid His hands on a few sick folk and healed them." And from Matt. 15:32: "Then called Jesus His disciples unto Him and said, I have compassion on the multitude because they continue with me now these three days and have nothing to eat, and I will not send them away fasting lest they faint by the way." And from the preceding verses I learned that the Saviour had compassion on people for their bodily ailments as well as spiritual.

And from Heb. 13:8: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever." I felt that the prayer of faith would save the sick. And I asked her for prayer and anointing, according to James 5:14, which I received and went my way. This was the last day of February, about eleven months ago. That day I had been having a cold-water pack and was taking three

kinds of medicine, but from that time laid aside all remedies and have not taken a mouthful of medicine since, but began to recover. My recovery this time was more of a gradual gain than before, taking several weeks before I became really comfortable. Although having had so much trouble with my bowels on account of the disease, I cannot remember any eleven months when they have been more regular than the past. I had been reduced so long that my digestion became impaired, which very soon became regulated, and I could eat anything I wished without feeling any inconvenience. And by the middle of April I felt that I was "at the wheel" again, feeling a little weak; but by the first of June I felt first rate and have been well ever since, and now go ahead with my work, some days doing what would be a hard day's work for anybody, except that I do not lift heavy articles, such as oil or sugar barrels, by advice of friends, and partly through fear of straining myself again. But I feel well and lack only two pounds of my heaviest weight, and have not worn either bandage or truss (one of which I wore for two years) for about ten months.

To you, Sister Griffin, who have been the agent in God's hands of leading me in the way of truth, I would say: "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Heb. 13:20, 21.

Many have heard our brother testify, especially in the last year of his life, how perfectly the Lord had

kept him during the eight years since his healing, and that he had strength to lift and do all that any man of his size could do.

The following extract from a short biography read at his funeral service shows something of his subsequent experience:

"In three months' time (from February, 1887) he was well, and from that day to the time of his death never took a drop of medicine, and with the exception of one severe attack of erysipelas, for which he used no remedies, and an occasional cold, he was always well and strong till within a few days of his departure, when he was stricken with pneumonia Sunday afternoon. The final summons came the following Tuesday. His wife, realizing that he was very sick and knowing the opinion of people in general, asked him, 'If you should become very sick and unconscious, shall I call a physician?'" Looking up with a smile he said, 'What for?' and that if the Lord did not help him the doctor could not.

"Monday afternoon after he became unable to speak he was asked if he wanted a physician. With a smile in his eyes he shook his head. Asked if his trust was in Jesus, he nodded in assent.

"Great as was the physical blessing in these years, it was not to be compared to the deep spiritual experience which this reliance on the Lord brought to him, the consciousness of God's individual care for him.

"And now—'he is absent from the body,' but we truly believe 'present with the Lord.'"

Mrs. C. B. Jameson, 62 Brainard street, Grand Rapids. —About two years ago I was stricken down with paralysis. In eight weeks I had a second shock worse than the first. For three months I was nearly helpless, my right shoulder drooped an inch or two, and my arm hung perfectly helpless at my side. There was a constant roaring and clashing in my head like the working of heavy machinery.

My eyelids were so weak I could only partially open my eyes. My whole nervous system was so prostrated that the least movement or noise caused the greatest distress. While in this wretched condition my friend Mrs. Cutler, who had been attending the faith prayer meetings, brought Mrs. Dora Griffin to see me. I decided to give up my medicine and physician, and trust my case entirely in the hands of the great Physician Jesus. I received the anointing, James 5:14, 15, after which Mrs. Griffin said to me: "In the name of Jesus lift your hand." Immediately I raised my hand to my head. All the distress left my head in an instant. My eyes, shoulder and side became natural and strong, so that in a very short time I was able to do my housework.

During the month of August, 1887, I suffered from dysentery, which reduced me very much. Before I had recovered from this I had three severe shocks of paralysis, which followed one another in quick succession. When Mrs. Griffin came I was so sore I could not bear the weight of a sheet over my body. After prayer the pain and soreness instantly left me. During this sickness I came very near death. I thought my hour had come, and asked Mrs. Griffin to pray for me that I might have dying grace. She said she could not offer

that prayer, as she did not feel that my work was done. I soon became cold and rigid, and sank into a state of unconsciousness, and to all human appearance I was dying. My eyes were fixed, and a death pallor and cold perspiration spread over me, my breath grew less frequent and shorter, my pulse was nearly gone. This continued about ten minutes. Mrs. Griffin anointed me and claimed the promises. When I became conscious I had no power to speak for nearly an hour. I had scarcely recovered from this when I was seized with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which remained about two weeks. I was always relieved and found rest in answer to prayer and fully recovered without any medicine, and I give all praise to Jesus, who is my life and deliverer.

I shall be glad to see anyone who wishes to call upon me, or answer any correspondence if stamp is enclosed. I am well and happy in the Lord.

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Mrs. Dora Griffin: This is to certify that I have had a weak back and kidney troubles for several years, and have been entirely cured by the prayer of faith administered by you, and I feel that I have received the new birth of the soul in the image of Christ also.

Yours in the love of Jesus,

C. L. Peck.

Coopersville, Mich., Feb. 24, 1888.

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Dear Sister in Jesus: When I was at "Beulah" I requested prayer for our little daughter. I will tell you



of her condition. She was afflicted with bladder disease so that she had no control over her urine, either day or night. She would wet her bed very badly, and her clothes would have to be changed quite often. We could not take her to church or Sunday school on account of it.

She was in this condition over two years, and was treated by four physicians without any permanent relief. Thank the Lord she is now well. Through the prayer of faith she was healed. She has not wet her clothes in four months, so we feel safe in saying that she is cured.

In the Lord,  
Mr. W. H. Lintz.

Constantine, Mich., March 5, 1888.

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Lyman H. Wilmot, Deerfield, Ill., June 26, '95.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

"Four years ago to-day Sister Dora Dudley, of Grand Rapids, Mich., came to my home in response to my call as per James 5:14. At that time I had been unable to walk for three years without the aid of crutches, or of crutch and cane.

In August, 1887, I severely injured the ligament under the cap of my right knee. I was at that time living alone on a ranch at Evergreen, Colo. I suffered a good deal with it for some two or three weeks, when I began to improve slowly, and after two months' time I did not notice it much in walking, but it was very sensitive and often got hurt. In December, 1887, I came east to my old home in Deerfield, Ill. On March 10, 1888, I again hurt my knee. This time it grew rapidly worse,

and in four days it was badly swollen and inflamed. Dr. Weston, of Chicago, advised me to keep still, and wrap it up in flannels wrung out of hot water. I followed his advice, but with little if any improvement. My business called me out upon the road, riding, and greatly irritated my knee and made it worse; it continued to grow worse until I was unable to get around without much suffering.

I had for some years believed in "Divine Healing," and I entreated the Lord to heal me of this affliction, but did not comply with His word as I should have done. Over three months passed in this way, when I consulted a physician, who prescribed an ointment which I was to use for one week; if not better by that time, he would put my leg in splints to keep the knee joint still. The ointment greatly increased the inflammation, and the doctor came, bound up my knee, and kept it bound for thirty days; by this time my limb looked like a skeleton, while the knee appeared as before.

Months passed. I had a council of physicians; they talked of tapping my knee, and several times came prepared to do so, but I trusted the dear Lord to guide and order this matter, and each time the operation was postponed.

After the splint was taken off it was found that a vein, under the knee, had been injured by being too tightly drawn over the brass splint, so that when my foot was let down on the floor it would fill with blood and become purple in two minutes. The ankle became so badly swollen and so painful that suppuration was feared, and continued in this condition for three months. During this time I discontinued all medical attendance and looked to the Lord alone to heal me. Soon after this

my left knee began to feel weak, and in a short time gave out entirely, and became worse than the other had been at any time. Twenty months rolled by, with ever increasing bondage, and afflictions multiplying.

During all this time I had been searching the Scriptures daily and found so much comfort and blessing that I did not feel the time was lost; but now there came a sudden and great change—one so unlooked for, that my God and Saviour should suffer my eyes to be smitten; I had been using them in obedience to His command, "Search the Scriptures." I had to be shut up in a dark room for over sixteen months. My eyes were so sensitive to the light that I could only glance at the green grass or trees. A white handkerchief, or even my hands in a dark room, would greatly increase my suffering.

In February, 1891, the Christian Alliance published an account of several remarkable cases of healing in Michigan, where Mr. and Mrs. Dudley had been called to pray with and anoint the sick ones.

I informed my pastor, Rev. C. N. Dubs, of the Presbyterian Church, that I desired to comply with God's word, James 5:14, 15. Some weeks later, at a convention of the Christian Alliance, Brother Dubs met Sister Dudley and invited her to visit me. She came and anointed me in the name of the Lord, taking from my eyes the heavy blue goggles I had worn so many months. We also claimed the promise of our dear Lord, found in Matt. 18:19. After the anointing service and prayer I was left alone. Those were hours of trial and testing that will never be forgotten.

I had not borne the light of day for more than sixteen months, and had not walked for three years. I

must do both now. I had complied with God's word to the sick; had taken a definite step. Now I must obey God when He called me by the Spirit so tenderly and lovingly; bringing this Scripture to my mind continually, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Oh, the struggle of those hours! How could I walk? I had tried once before without complying with the Word, and utterly failed, and suffered so much more for months because of the rash act.

Oh, how the enemy tried to detain and entertain me, to hinder me from obeying the call of God, but the Lord helped me to obey the Spirit's voice. I arose to my feet and walked, and have walked every day since. For weeks, it was a moment by moment, trusting God for strength to bear the light. I never again put on those dark glasses.

God is always ready to do His part, when we take Him at His word, "Without Me ye can do nothing." This was one of the great lessons I had to learn during my sickness. It is so hard for us to think that we are nothing and can do nothing. The very faith to take God at His word is divine, is not a plan of earth. We must look to, and trust Him for it, who is the author and finisher of our faith.

In conclusion, will say, I have been working a large farm for three years, doing all kinds of work, trusting Jesus every day. I have often felt the truth of our Lord's words, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

I would like to say to all sick and suffering ones, "Fix your eyes upon Jesus; take Him at His word, and you

will find it true, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever.'" Heb. 13:8.

Yes, healing is in the atonement, and it is for who-soever will come and do His will.

Blessed be the name of the Lord forever.

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Miss Rachel Sterling (now Mrs. Arnold), Matron of the Orphans' Home, Salt Lake City, Utah, July 9, 1895. —I wish to add my testimony to the Lord's goodness in answering prayer for me in so many ways.

I had been a Christian for many years, but did not understand how to come to the Lord in the prayer of faith, until I met at "Beulah," Grand Rapids, Mich., dear Sister Dudley, and read Miss Judd's book, "The Prayer of Faith." From that time I have prayed with more courage, zeal and understanding, believing God means what He says.

My first experience in Divine Healing was that of a felon on my finger. I was just like a little child learning to walk, but God honored my trust and the finger was healed. I had trouble with my eyes and suffered with them for years. While I was at "Beulah" the prayer of faith was offered, and they were healed that very night. I laid aside the glasses I had worn fifteen years, and have not used them since, now nearly seven years.

I have seen the conversion of dear ones in my own home, also friends whom God has given me saved and healed through united prayer.

I gave the little book, "Beulah," to an old gentleman who had suffered from asthma twenty years, and while reading it he was healed.

A hard swelling came in my throat which nearly choked me; it appeared outside, half the size of a hen's egg. On my way to Utah I went to "Beulah," was anointed and prayed for. The enlargement disappeared and I have never felt it since.

I scarcely know where to begin telling of the answers to prayer for myself and others since coming to the Orphans' Home. I have been here over three years; during that time we have been safely carried through all the contagious diseases which have come. Two children were healed directly in answer to united prayer. All have been raised up, and none left with any troubles such as usually follow. Physicians and neighbors acknowledge the hand of God.

In our great need the means was given, in answer to prayer, enabling us to have a chimney built, costing nearly one hundred dollars. The house was new, but the chimney was badly constructed, and the rooms were filled with smoke for months, but we prayed and the money came. Another direct answer which always makes my heart rejoice I will briefly state for the benefit of those who think the dear Lord takes no note of our temporal affairs. He has promised to supply all our needs, and in this case our need was pressing. I went to my room; told Him He knew all about it, and asked Him to make it possible for our washing to be done at the laundry. That evening the proprietor of a laundry came to our president and proposed terms which were accepted; now for over two years it has been done for less than one-third of the regular price.

While passing through trials which, I believe, would have crushed me but for the help of God, I sent for united prayers to the friends of the Christian Alliance



in New York and to the Beulah Home. It seemed that I could not live through these trials, and that they would never end, but grew to a white heat, yet He sat as the refiner, and precious lessons were burned into my soul, that perhaps I could or would not have learned any other way.

I had a very dear friend wonderfully saved from death and healed in mind and body, preserved through trials, and in the midst of difficulties that to human appearances were insurmountable, financial aid coming when despair was settling upon her heart. Her gratitude could not find expression.

I have learned that God is greater than our circumstances, if we will take victory above them and trust Him. He is good to all who put their trust in Him.

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Mr. George Spencer, N. Grand Rapids.—I had inflammation in my eyes; was blind for six months. My best eye was taken out. The inflammation was so bad in the other that I could not see. The doctor said that if I had any business to do I should have to do it blind. I went to a gospel meeting at the Union depot, and there I met a lady who told me where I could go to get my sight. I went to Mrs. Dudley, and she told me Jesus would give me sight. She prayed for me and anointed me in the name of the Lord. I could see at once, and my eye continued to grow stronger. I have done business for nine years. I am past seventy years of age.

All glory to Jesus.

Mrs. Etta Orton, Moline, Mich., September 25, '95.

"The Lord hath done wondrous things for me whereof I am glad."

I want to give my testimony of Jesus' power to heal and keep. More than six years ago Jesus took this poor, sick, nervous body, and gave me a sound, healthy one, and I have had perfect health ever since. Praise His blessed name! In His great goodness He has not allowed any sickness to come upon me, but has kept me by His mighty power. My heart is full of praise and thankfulness for the great blessings that have come to me through Beulah Home. Ever since my childhood I have had diseases of the stomach and liver, and have suffered extremely from vicarious menstruation by the bladder. Weaknesses were brought upon me while standing upon my feet clerking. For fourteen years one sickness after another came upon me until I did not see a well day, and do not believe there was a sound organ in my body. I tried many remedies, getting little or no relief. When I had nearly given up all hope of ever being well again, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley were called to our town to hold meetings in the hall. I went and listened to every word, then went home to search my Bible to see for myself if it read as it was given, and to fall on my knees before God seeking to know if it was His will for me to look to Him for my healing. I was blessed in a wonderful manner as I inquired of Him; still I could not make up my mind to be anointed, thinking it must take a great amount of faith, and fearing I should fail and dishonor my Lord, not knowing that all Jesus requires is perfect obedience and trust. I prayed many times that night for more faith, and to be directed in the right way. At

last it was clear to me that I must use the faith I had and trust His word, knowing that the blessed Savior would not require of me anything I could not do. I determined if the dear Lord would give me strength to get to meeting the next evening I would go forward and be anointed in His name. I went, was anointed in the name of Jesus and was healed of all my diseases. All praise to the great Physician! Now for over six years I have been a well woman. The Lord has given me three beautiful little daughters to gladden our lives. Glory to His name!

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Mrs. Margaret Lattin, Cob Moo Sa, Oceana Co., Mich., May 13, 1895.—I can testify to the power of Jesus as an all-sufficient Savior and Physician. For the past five years He alone has been my Healer. Previous to that time I had a three years' sickness from spinal trouble, nervous prostration, and very serious uterine displacement, enlargement and inflammation, with all the attending distresses. And I had doctored continually, having the best of medical aid, which only relieved the symptoms temporarily, but they would keep returning faster than medicine would conquer them, until I almost despaired of ever being able to do without medicine or be out from under doctor's care. After having spent all my money, the savings of years from school teaching, I was at a loss to know what to try next.

But I asked the Lord to direct me, and in a few weeks Mrs. Dora Dudley came to our village and taught Jesus as our Physician. It was the first I had ever heard the good news, and the truth sank deeply into my heart. I

felt convinced that this was the way the Lord was leading me. Immediately I gave up all my remedies and trusted Jesus alone. He at once took all of my symptoms, and soothed them one by one, as they arose from time to time, and my strength came gradually. Blessed Jesus!

In about a year I was married and took charge of housekeeping on a farm. I feel that my strength comes from a higher source just as I need it. It is such a relief to be free from medicine.

God has given me two healthy little boys who have never tasted medicine. We have never used it in our home, and have never had to call a doctor. To God alone be all the praise!

In the birth of my younger child I am a wonder to all who know me. On the day before he was born I did my housework as usual, retired at night, and slept soundly until after midnight, when I awakened with a little pain. I at once spoke to my husband, who arose, dressed, lighted the fire, and called my aunt, who occupied an adjoining room. She dressed as quickly as possible, and while she was coming into my room the baby was born without even the slightest groan from me. My husband said it was not more than ten or fifteen minutes after I awoke him. Baby weighed nine pounds and six ounces. We had a blessed time of praise.

For the glory of our prayer-answering God, I would add another testimony.

Eleven years ago my father, D. L. Ripenburg, after a summer of hard work on the farm and poor crops in the fall, commenced mourning over the hard times until he fell into a state of melancholy insanity. He gave up all interest in everything; could not be persuaded to

do the smallest chore, much of the time refusing to eat, or to rise from bed, and slept but very little.

He moaned and groaned all the time, and thought that he was just at the point of death. After terrible trial with him for two years my poor mother sent him to the asylum for the insane, in Kalamazoo, hoping that he would be cured there.

But they could give us no encouragement that he would ever be any better. In a short time he was removed to the new asylum at Traverse City. Here the opinion was just the same, that his was a hopeless case, and would never be any better. He remained there nine years. But last year it came to me that he might be healed in answer to prayer, for with the Lord all things are possible. I began to hold him before the Lord in prayer, and also sent a request to the Beulah Faith Home, Grand Rapids, that he might be prayed for. In the fall the superintendent wrote to us that there had been a surprising and unlooked for change in my father. His health had become good, he was interested in all his surroundings, walked out daily, read much, and attended church, which he had not done before since he was there. Then he became anxious to get home again. The doctors did not know how to account for the change. But I praise the Lord, the victory is all His. He alone hath wrought the change, and the prayers of God's children in the faith have been wonderfully answered. Glory to His name!

Mother sent for father to come home, and all winter he has continued well, helping her with the work, and now this spring he is greatly interested in making garden, and often takes a drive to see some of his old neighbors. We trust that the Lord will continue to keep

his mind and body in health, and that his last days may be his best days. He is now sixty-two years of age.

We quote from one of Mrs. Lattin's letters the following:

"Mrs. Skinner in this neighborhood is well. Emma Seymour, of Hesperia, does her own work. Mrs. Bassett is just the picture of health. All healed by the Lord, under your anointing. My own dear husband has not taken medicine since we were married, and he says he was never so well as now. Aunt Martha Croff's ear has remained well ever since its healing, and her hearing, which had been much impaired, entirely restored. All redness and hardness have disappeared."

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Extracts from letters by D. E. Croff, of Hesperia, Mich.:

March 1, 1892.

I have been talking with Mrs. Lattin upon Divine Healing, and feel that I need more light. But what I most desire is healing for my mother's ear, which has been afflicted for fifty years. It is a terrible looking thing; for five years it has discharged almost continually a very offensive pus; it is badly swollen and inflamed. Her ear, the side of her face and neck have become a solid scab. Some doctors have said it was erysipelas; others pronounce it cancer. I have been thinking of taking her to the Medical and Surgical Institute at Ann Arbor, but I believe God can heal it. Will you join me in prayer for her?



May 31, 1892.

Your letter received within a few moments of the time you named to pray for mother. We knelt and prayed, and God came into our hearts in a wonderful manner. Mother ventured to trust Him to heal her ear, and took Him for her Physician. Since then her ear has improved constantly; the roaring in her head and all discharge from the sore have ceased; the soreness has disappeared. It is all well as far as feeling is concerned, only a little redness remains.

Oh, praise our God!

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Mrs. Marian Skinner, Cob Moo Sa, Mich., July 7, 1895.  
—I had been in poor health for twenty-six years. For ten long months before my healing I could not stand upon my feet because of paralysis and other troubles. During this time, all through the heat of the summer, my feet and limbs were so cold, warm bricks were kept constantly about me. I had the best physicians we could get, but grew worse until I could take no more medicine.

Praise God! Help was sent me from our Heavenly Physician, through Sister Dora Dudley, of Grand Rapids, October 29, 1889, who, after listening to a recital of my distresses, greatly surprised me by asking if I knew I had been telling of the devil's works?

She then gave me a Bible lesson. The Holy Spirit made it very plain to me. I had my medicine all cleared away from the room, and she, with Elder Wells, of Hesperia, anointed me according to James 5:14. I was raised up immediately. My sister brought my clothes,

and with a very little help in the strength of the Lord I put them on.

With Sister Dudley walking by my side repeating the words, "Step by step, in Jesus' name. Blessed Jesus!" I walked to my chair at the table, and ate dinner with my loved ones, for the first time in ten months, eating the same hearty food the others ate.

Soon I rode ten miles in a lumber wagon, and sat up until ten o'clock at night visiting my friends. For days I was filled with the power of God and the fullness of the Spirit. I felt as though I must go from house to house and tell what the Lord had done for me. There was no keeping still; I had to tell it to everyone I saw.

I thank Thee, kind Heavenly Father, for Thy chosen ones. May Thy blessing ever rest upon the Beulah Home, and dear Sister Dudley, who is doing so much in the name of Thy Son, to relieve poor suffering humanity.

All glory to that name!

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Mr. W. P. Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Almost my earliest recollections are of the Sabbath school where I learned to reverence the Bible as a divinely inspired book. I believed it to be true as I understood it, but my understanding of it was very limited, because my knowledge of it was very limited.

I gave my heart to God when about sixteen years of age, and then studied the Bible about as the ordinary Christian does to-day. I believed in the miracles that Jesus performed, but supposed they were for a certain

purpose, and confined to a certain time, and for the benefit of only the few who received their benefit at that time, and at the hands of Jesus in person.

In 1863 I had a slight attack of inflammation in my eyes, which was followed by others at different periods, and sometimes very severe, until finally ulceration of the cornea was the result. I employed the best doctors and oculists, spending much time and money, but growing worse all the time, until I was pronounced a hopeless case. Sometimes I would be quite well, and then my eyes would ulcerate again, and for a time I would be blind, and suffer the most excruciating pain, until I was compelled to resort to the use of morphine to deaden my nerves. This continued for more than twenty years, until my nervous system gave out, and I became a physical wreck, and without hope of human assistance any further than a little temporary relief at times. I never heard of what is now known as Divine Healing, or Jesus for the body, until about 1885, and when I did hear of it I only sneered at it, although for some years there had been a strange longing after God, and at times a faint hope would come into my heart, that somehow and at some time the Divine One would heal me, but all the time expecting it would be done through human agency. Oh, how we dishonor God when we limit His power to blessing of the poisonous drugs, which Satan makes us believe we ought to take into our systems to counteract the deadly virus which he succeeded in ejecting into our first parents in the garden of Eden.

For God has provided, not a remedy, but the remedy in His Son Jesus Christ, for all sin and uncleanness, and the results thereof; for He declares that Himself took

our infirmities and bare our sicknesses. Matt. 8:16, 17. And learning this fact after so many years of suffering, I went to Beulah Home in Grand Rapids, Mich., and was anointed by Mrs. Dora Dudley according to James 5:14, nearly six years ago, and the blessed Lord verified His promise that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Glory to His name!

I have been a well, strong man ever since, and the blessed Lord has used me as an instrument to carry this blessing to others. Not one drop of medicine have I taken, or have I put in my eyes, since that time, Jesus being my Physician for spirit, soul and body. Hallelujah!

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Colonel C. W. Campbell, of the Christian Crusaders, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., September 17, 1895.—With an intense desire to please the Holy Ghost and to help exalt our precious Savior, I write these few lines of testimony.

For eight years the Holy Ghost has been abiding with me. The knowledge that the precious blood cleanses from all sin is mine, and during this time I have wonderfully enjoyed the experience of being wholly sanctified. My whole ambition has been to walk in the spirit and make my life a blessing to others. Four years ago this present month, through the faithful efforts of Sister Dora Dudley, I was led to see that it was my blessed privilege to have Jesus as my Physician, and to draw from Him each moment physical as well as spiritual health and strength. I do not think for a year I had seen one well day. Still I kept at the work to which

the dear Lord called me, going from place to place trying to encourage the hearts of my comrades and help to lead sinners to Jesus. Oftentimes, one-half hour before meeting-time, I would be in bed so sick that I could scarcely raise my head. I would say, Now, Lord, I must go to meeting; help me and give me strength, and I would get up and go, but I could see that it would be but a short time before I would be entirely broken down and unable to work. I would use one kind of medicine, then another, but without the desired results. After listening to Sister Dudley's Bible reading and talk, I went to my room to take another dose of medicine, when the Lord asked me if I believed what I had been hearing. I replied, Of course I do, Lord, it is your own precious word, how can I help believing it? Again He said, Do you think it is for you? Yes, I replied, after a moment's thought. Why not accept Him now as your Physician? I said, I will, and immediately I stepped to the table and picked up the bottle of medicine I had just paid one dollar for, and stepping out of doors, I poured it upon the ground, and while it was running out, praise God forever, I felt that distressing pain in my stomach go away. I was healed, never have I had one symptom of the disease since, and, Oh, how my whole being was filled with His gracious presence!

Since that time I have had many trials of my faith, which have proven to me more precious than gold tried in the fire. I have only been privileged to visit "Beulah" three times, yet each of these have been a source of spiritual profit to me. Many of my comrades have gone to "Beulah," sick and worn out, and after a week's stay have returned to their work again strong and well. A few have gone there with diseases pronounced in-

curable by physicians, and in a short time have returned fully recovered. Of gold and silver we have had but little to offer, yet we have always been made to feel by Brother and Sister Dudley and those in charge that it was our Father's house, and have received a welcome which was not affected, but real, and our prayer shall ever be, Lord, make "Beulah" more of a blessing to mankind than ever before.

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Miss Gertie Wright.—It is with praise to God that I write of what He has done for my daughter Gertie. In September, 1891, when she was about fifteen years of age, Gertie received a fall which injured her spine so severely that it caused St. Vitus' dance a few weeks later. Her health had not been good for some years before, and her mind had been over-taxed with study; therefore the fall seemed to affect her the more seriously. We took her to a physician in E.

After a careful examination he said it would be months before she recovered; but he seemed to doubt her ever being well, and said she would never be able to study again, for her mind was as badly affected as her body. When she began the treatment she could walk, talk and feed herself, but she grew worse instead of better, and would often say, "I never can be better if I take medicine, for I believe the Lord would heal me."

At this time we knew nothing of Divine Healing, only as we heard Major Campbell and his wife tell of Beulah Home, Grand Rapids, and some of the wonderful things the Lord had done for those who took Him as their physician.



So I sought the Lord's direction; asking, that if He would rather have the glory of healing Gertie, I might know by the effect the medicine had upon her. If it was His will to heal her poor mind and body by His own mighty power, that the medicine should seem to make her worse, but if it was His will that we should use the means of earthly help within our reach, and ask His blessing upon means, that the remedies used might have the effect intended.

The result was, she grew worse and worse. The doctor changed the medicines several times, yet without the least help from them, and he said he could not account for the way the medicine affected her. At one time just after taking it she became perfectly prostrate, unable to move any part of her body except her head.

We knew her condition was critical. I saw that the Lord alone could heal her, but did not know how to come to Him for healing. Every one opposed her giving up taking medicine and trusting the Lord alone, so it required a great deal of His help to do this. I asked the Lord that the way might be opened for me to take Gertie to "Beulah."

She had not been dressed for nearly two weeks, at times could not speak, nor swallow her food. All said it was the worst case they ever saw. She was opposed to going, said she could be healed at home. I asked the Lord to strengthen, and make her willing, as it seemed His will she should go. All at once she expressed a willingness to go, and was enough better to be dressed and take the journey from Bannister, near Owosso, to Grand Rapids. It was nearly midnight, November 30, when we reached "Beulah," and that night, for the first time in many weeks, my poor girl had rest, and slept as

peacefully as a child. On the second day at evening Sister Dudley anointed her in the name of Jesus, according to James 5:14, 15. The raging fever she had all through her sickness left her. From that hour she improved without treatment of any kind. The next day we went home. Gertie walked around and waited upon herself, yet nearly all my friends said, "If she were healed by the Lord it would be an instantaneous and perfect healing, not such a slow process." I met with a great deal of discouraging talk from even the most earnest Christians.

About the 6th of December we moved to another field of labor (we were then in the Crusade work); the journey which Gertie took in a two-wheeled cart brought her down again worse than before. The terrible contortions of her body were indescribable. When attempting to seat herself in a chair, or to lie upon a couch, she would be thrown upon the floor or thrust uncontrollably across the room.

Even during sleep the perpetual, involuntary movements of nerves and muscles required much of my strength to hold her in bed. Then came a fight to keep the victory over all the opposition I had to encounter.

Every one thought I was doing wrong not to employ a physician, although she was as much opposed to taking medicine as before, and when urged to do so said: "No, if the Lord wants me to get well, I shall get well, and if He wants me to die, I will die, without taking medicine."

And so again we went to "Beulah," where faith in God was strong. Immediately she began to improve; her spine, which had been curved, became perfectly straight. This time we staid a little over two weeks.

The day we went home Gertie walked more than a mile; the awful jerking, twisting and unnatural movements of her body were nearly gone. In less than three months she had better health than before her fall. I have given only a meager account of the experience with our suffering daughter.

I wish I were able to tell how wonderfully the Lord led me through it all, how he taught me to leave her in His hands without worry or anxiety, believing that He would do just right, and to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

For nearly two years Gertie has been working as compositor in a printing office, has enjoyed better health than for years before her sickness, and there are no signs of the dreadful diseases caused by her fall.

Our Lord has all the glory!

Mrs. A. M. Wright,  
Holly, Mich.

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Mrs. Henry Youngblood, Dowagiac, Mich., June 26, 1895.—About six years ago I was lieutenant in charge of the West Side corps of the Salvation Army in Grand Rapids. I attended Mrs. Dudley's prayer meetings. I learned by her Bible instructions that Jesus was the Savior of the body.

One year ago last winter I was, through my own prayers and alone with God, wonderfully and instantly healed of what I have reason to believe was a cancerous tumor. Before I went into the army work one Christian doctor refused to fill out the certificate because of the weak, diseased condition of my lungs.

After my first child was born I noticed a change in

my lungs, which steadily grew worse, until consumption was fully developed. I was drawn over, and my chest sunken in. I sent to "Beulah" for prayers that I might be made straight and that my chest might be filled out.

At the hour of prayer, while joining with the "Beulah" friends, I seemed to hear a voice say, "Go and look in the glass." I unfastened my clothes, and saw that the cavity was filled out, the awful soreness was gone, and I was straight. Glory to the Lord!

The cough did not leave; then I wrote to Mrs. Dudley again, and asked prayers that the cough should be taken away. While they prayed it left me.

I felt the Lord wanted me to work for Him and tell what He had done for me; as soon as I obeyed, I found myself perfectly well and happy in the Lord.

About a year afterward I met with much opposition and shrank from following Jesus. Little by little I found the old diseases coming back upon me, until I was worse than I was the first time. I would advise every one to do what the Lord wants him to do, that he may not have to learn the lesson the second time as I had to do.

I became discouraged and went to a specialist, Dr. D. A. McDonald, instead of seeking Divine help again. He told me in the presence of his wife that I had bronchial consumption in the second stages, and it was a question of a very short time with me unless I had speedy help. My whole constitution was broken down. My heart was in a very bad condition. I had such extreme weakness all over me I could not stay up long at a time. Could scarcely use my right arm, or lift it above my head. My stomach was very weak; day and

night there was constant tendency to vomit. In each sickness my eyelids were granulated and sight affected. In short, my sufferings were beyond human description.

I had taken the doctor's medicine just one week when Mrs. Dudley came to Dowagiac and sent for me to come and see her, not knowing I was sick again. As soon as I got into the buggy to go to her, I felt my lungs were instantly healed. When she anointed and prayed with me my body was made whole again. Praise the Lord! He has seen fit to prove me this time, and has given me some precious fiery trials, for which I praise Him. I have been very, very happy in the midst of all, and more than conqueror. These trials have made me what I am. I pray that this my experience may be the means in God's hands of leading other dear ones to fully trust Jesus.

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Mrs. George Walters, Grand Rapids, Mich.—I suffered for years with diseases of heart, liver, kidneys, and spine, from uterine weakness, also inflammatory piles of the worst form. I would lie from one to three days in a week with sick headache, and it was impossible for anyone to come into the room without giving me intense pain. No one but Jesus knew what I suffered. I supposed that I was bearing pain to please the Lord.

My eldest son was also a sufferer from infancy. The doctor said it would be impossible for him ever to do a hard day's work. That he might possibly live to fourteen years of age, but would never reach twenty.

He was troubled with inherited diseases of liver, kidneys and bladder, often being kept under ether for days at a time, because of the great pain. The least wear-

ness would throw him into one of those distressing spells, and then he would lie for weeks under the doctor's care, being bloated so that he was a sight to behold.

Oh, how I praise God for the time when I found Jesus a Healer!

I first met Mrs. Dudley at an afternoon prayer meeting. I remember well the first lesson I heard her give, its subject "Faith." Oh, how I praise God for that lesson; it fed my very soul, for I was then sure that was the only way to become well!

I had been going to these prayer meetings for about four months when we were all taken sick with la grippe, all excepting my husband who had typhoid pneumonia instead.

He was a very sick man, his temperature at 103 degrees. The doctor said the fever could not be broken, the disease must run its course. I was nearly distracted, as there was no one to wait upon us. It was truly a house of pain and woe.

In the evening Sisters Dudley, Nevins and Coryell came to see us. It seemed as though they brought the very presence of God with them, for as they laid their hands upon me in the name of Jesus, in an instant I was healed, and my three children also in the same manner. My youngest son, who was about four years old, jumped up, and clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Jesus makes me well." My eldest son has been in perfect health since. My husband's fever left him, and the entire household was made free in Jesus. It is about four years since we were healed, and my son is strong and well. I can truly praise the Lord, and His praises are continually in my mouth.



Mrs. E. L. McLaine, Edgerton, Mich.—In July, 1890, I was thrown from a carriage into a ditch where brush and logs had been cast. My left shoulder was dislocated and my head seriously hurt.

Some time before my injury a neighbor had a similar injury. He procured the best medical aid at hand, which was not successful. He afterward went to Grand Rapids and had the bones reset. However, he was left a cripple in his shoulder and arm. This made me afraid to trust myself in the hands of any doctor.

The pain continued in my arm and shoulder until November 5, 1891. During this time I was a perfect wreck. My husband went to the "Beulah" Home, in Grand Rapids, and asked prayers that the pain might be removed, so I could ride twenty miles to "Beulah." The prayer was answered, and I had no more hard pain. Miss Agnes Schultz, of the Fourth Michigan Crusade Band, came from "Beulah" in October and told of how the Lord had healed her of throat and lung trouble, and the wonderful work of the Lord there. This gave me hope, but I could not move across the room without increasing the pain.

I was to go the following day, but the storm prevented. As soon as the weather would permit I went, and found Mrs. Dudley absent from home. I heard when she would return, but the word did not reach me until it was too late to meet her at that time.

Then Mrs. Dudley wrote to me when to come. I went to that dear "Beulah Home" January 25, 1892. My shoulder had dropped two or more inches, was set and helpless. My shoulder blade was not right. The flesh seemed loose from the bone and dropped in a

roll over the elbow. My hand seemed lifeless and perishing.

During day and evening Bible readings were given. At the close Mr. and Mrs. Dudley anointed me. Immediately the power of the Lord came upon me, and my shoulder, which it was impossible for me to move, began to work up and down. This continued about half an hour. The joint and bones came into place and the life came into my hand and the flesh became natural upon my arm, and I could lift my hand to my head for the first time in seventeen months. My whole being was filled with the Holy Spirit and praise to God. All glory to Jesus! I have had the perfect use of my arm and shoulder since.

At the same hour of my healing, Mrs. Mary Henderson, of Cedar Springs, who was also waiting upon God, was instantly healed of insanity, and is now caring for her family and doing her housework, rejoicing in the Lord her Healer.

The next morning I was attacked with a severe sick headache, to which I have been subject since I was fifteen years of age (I am now forty-nine). I think few ever suffered as I did in this way. I would faint as fast as I could be brought to. This would continue for hours. The Lord healed me entirely of this, also. I have had no symptoms of it since. I was at the same time healed of a numbness that quite frequently came over me, so I had to arise at night and manipulate myself to bring back the sense of feeling. I had a bad cough left from la grippe, of which I am entirely healed. "The same hour He healed them."

I give this brief testimony for the glory of God, praying that some poor sufferer who reads it may see their

privilege in the atoning blood of Christ for spirit, soul and body.

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Captain Haight, of the Christian Crusaders.—Ships-hewana, Ind., May 5, 1895—It is now nearly four years since I paid my first visit to "Beulah," 85 Baxter street, Grand Rapids, Mich., Mrs. Dudley's home. I had read her book, and upon my visit received further instructions concerning the truths of the gospel in connection with the doctrine of Divine Healing.

I at that time accepted Jesus as my Healer, my physical life by faith on the authority of His Word, just as simply as I at first received Him as my Savior, and a few months later as my Sanctifier. I have been very actively engaged in evangelistic work almost continuously ever since, both summer and winter. I have been tempted and tried, but my Physician has never failed me. In all that time I have not lost a single evening service because of sickness. The blessedness that has been mine in a spiritual sense has scarcely been less than that in connection with my physical life. I have found a sweetness and rest in Jesus more precious than I had known before. It has not been like healing in the natural way, but to draw upon Jesus day by day for all my need. Others have been taught the way, and have joyfully testified to their victory through the name of an all-sufficient Savior. One lady, Mrs. H. C. Campbell, of Centreville, Mich., was an invalid when we went there to hold the series of meetings recently closed. She had inherited Bright's disease, had been obliged to wear a truss for a long time, and also wore glasses. The truss and glasses she removed, accepted Jesus as

her physical life, was anointed, and the Lord wonderfully healed her. She went to work where she had to sit in a draught, a thing she had not been able to do before without taking cold. What cold she had left her, and she has been very joyful in the Lord. Five others there accepted Jesus as their physician and were anointed.

The Lord has been using us more for the spread of this part of the Gospel in the last few months. Have anointed thirteen or more since the beginning of last winter, who through our teaching largely have accepted Jesus as a full Savior.

If God's suffering "little ones" will only receive His truth as a little child does, they may be saved from their suffering, with the joy of the Lord instead.

Yours in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

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Miss Stella E. Wyatt, now Mrs. Smythe, of Ypsilanti, Mich.—For five years I had spinal trouble, two years of that time confined to my bed. Before the last year I had been able to sit and to walk about the house by the use of a steel brace, but this support became insufficient, and in February, 1887, I was taken down again with but little hope of recovery, as every means had been tried which we could reasonably hope to be beneficial. I was very weak, and any attempt to sit or stand produced great distress in my head and in my spine, which was curved in two places. I tried not to be impatient, for I thought it was God's will for me to suffer, but, oh, I wanted to be well. I sometimes wondered if it was His will for us to be deprived of health,

for I remembered that Jesus healed all that had need of healing, and never turned any away. The more I thought of it the more reasonable it seemed to believe that He has the same tenderness for us, who live only a few hundred years later, for I noticed it does not say that He healed them because of any peculiarity in the people or the times, or even to glorify Himself, but because He had compassion on them. And His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," seemed very significant in this connection. Yet I clung to my doubts and would not believe it meant me.

I wrote to Miss Judd, and she encouraged me to ask Jesus for my health and to come as simply as those whose cases are recorded in the New Testament; and said they would remember me at their meeting September 29th. This was about two weeks before, and I looked forward with most intense interest to that day. I thought and prayed about it a great deal, but saw so much I could not understand that I was much troubled. On the afternoon of September 28th I was left alone at my request. I felt that I must know what the dear Lord would have me do. I asked Him to show me, and told him how the perplexities seemed to thicken as I studied the matter, and I was tired of trying to make it clear to myself, and now I would leave it all to Him. I asked Him to guide me as I should open my Bible, and the first words my eyes fell upon I would take as His answer. These were the words, "Fear not." I closed my eyes, it seemed so wonderful—then read the rest of the verse, "It is you Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I shut my Bible and thanked Him. My prayer was answered. I did not doubt any

longer, it all seemed so plain. Just at that moment a young lady came in. She asked how I was feeling. I was just replying, "About as usual," when it came to me that it would not be right to say that, when I had just told Jesus I believed He had answered my prayer. I stopped and changed it to "I am well." She looked surprised, and said she was glad. I asked her to pray, that I might have faith to get up. She knelt soon and began praying for me, and after a few moments I felt that the dear Lord would help me, because I knew He had led me to believe I was well. So I said, "I will get up now." She took my hand and I walked to the wardrobe, dressed myself and went out into the sitting-room, where we knelt together and thanked God for His wonderful works. Then I asked her to read. I did not want to speak, but just to keep close to Jesus, and she read His precious promises, and I knew they were all for me. We sat there an hour, and then my mother, who had been out riding, came in, and what do you think she did? Why, she began to cry, "Dear, dear, not her, not Stella!" She thought I was trying in my own strength, which would have been rash indeed. My disease was healed according to His promise, and although for some time I was not very strong, I have been enabled to do more than I ever could before.

Last winter I went to school, where I had to climb three flights of stairs two or three times a day, and walk from twenty to thirty blocks. I am so glad to owe everything to the dear Lord. I think it brings us so near Him to depend upon Him this way, and trust Him alone for health.

The very day and hour that I was healed they were praying for me at "Beulah," but unknown to me, as the



request had been sent by a friend without my knowledge.

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Mrs. Annie Palmer, Manton, Mich., April 9, 1894.—Born of sickly parents; from both I inherited disease, and was never well. Have had many different diseases, and been under the treatment of twenty-three different physicians.

For twenty years I suffered greatly from a badly disordered condition of the stomach. God only knows how intense was my suffering, and how much I longed to die. For a year before my healing a very offensive diarrhea afflicted me. My father died of consumption of the bowels, and the doctor said I was now in a fair way to go as he had. I took all that doctors prescribed, and patent medicines of various kinds, but nothing did me any good. I was a burden to myself and to all my friends. Because of neuralgia in my head, I was partially deranged for a while. Altogether miserable!

One day a friend called, and when I spoke of sending by her for some more medicine, she gave me a pamphlet telling of "Beulah Home," and expressed a wish that I could go there and receive help. As for me to go was out of the question, I told her that I would write, that I had always thought Jesus would heal just as He used to do, if we only had the faith.

"After I wrote to "Beulah" requesting prayers, how Satan did try to discourage me; telling me I was not at all worthy, and need not hope for healing. I knew perfectly well that I should die if the dear Savior did not help me.

When the answer to my letter came, telling me at

what hour they would join with me in prayer, I told no one, but went away alone, and tried to pray, and to examine the passages of Scripture Mrs. Dudley had directed me to read. Satan was by, as usual, endeavoring to discourage me, but I kept on praying, when, at the hour they were to join me, I felt something like electricity go all through my being. It seemed that Jesus was present, and in Him I was supremely happy. I just sang and praised God. I was healed, body, soul and spirit. Praise the name of our God forever!

Six years ago I was healed. Can eat anything now without discomfort. Many have been my answers to prayer since then. If sickness comes, I take it to Jesus in this blessed way, and He has always heard and helped.

A few years ago a lump, half as large as an egg, made its appearance in my breast. My daughter was alarmed and wished me to consult a doctor. Upon examination he pronounced it cancer, and advised that it be cut out at once; but I preferred to entrust the whole matter to the dear Lord, who had done so much for me. I went down to Grand Rapids to "Beulah Home," was anointed, and prayer offered for me by the company present. There was no manifestation of healing, but a peaceful, restful feeling beyond description filled me. "Beulah" is a blessed place. You can feel at once the Divine presence there.

When I returned home the weather was very warm. Company came to stay a day or two. There was no one to help me, and I had to keep up. All the time my breast hurt me terribly, the intense burning seemed unbearable. How Satan did try me! He told me I should have listened to my friends and staid at home, that I

wasn't healed, etc. But I wrote Sister Dudley all about it, and again they prayed for me; then I felt that I was healed. I think the dear Lord wished to show me that He was the one to trust; that He could heal me at my own home as well as at "Beulah."

I love Sister Dudley very dearly, and my blessed Savior would show me that my trust was in her more than in Himself. Sister Dudley told me not to touch my breast, nor give attention to its condition. It pained me at times, and Satan tried to discourage me, but my trust was in the Lord. This is written to encourage some poor afflicted one to trust in Jesus. Since entering this life of faith I have learned sweet lessons and have but one desire, to know and do God's will.

Praise His dear name forever!

From a letter written by Mrs. Palmer, June 26, 1895, we give this extract. (Ed.)

"You ask about that bunch. It is gone entirely, and there is no soreness whatever. Praise the Lord! I can, and do trust Jesus for body and soul, now and forever. Oh, I'm so glad I ever learned to trust Him. I feel like shouting, Glory, hallelujah!

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Mrs. Rosa Nevins, Six Lakes, Mich., June 3, 1895.—I was all my life a great sufferer from salt rheum on my hands. My finger nails came off very often. I first thought of taking the Lord for my Healer by reading the little book "Beulah."

Then Mr. and Mrs. Dudley came to Moline, where we then lived, to hold meetings. I was anointed, did not

get better, but grew worse for two weeks. Some power seemed to hold my hands and arms, and kept telling me my hands would never be well unless I put something on them. But for two weeks I kept saying, No. The last day I was sitting, holding my hands, they were paining me very much, when Satan said: "You had better put something on your hands or they will never get well." I answered: "I will not; I am trusting in Jesus, and I am going to trust Him."

Then that power left my arms, and I was filled with joy; the victory was the Lord's. My hands got well very fast. That was six years ago, and they are well. Praise the Lord!

After I was healed, one of my daughter's hands became sore with salt rheum. I had to prepare her food upon her plate and she could hardly feed herself. I told her to show her hands to her father. He said she ought to have something done for them. I replied: "The same that cured mine is good for hers." He said the medicine that I had taken cured mine. But I sent to "Beulah" for prayers and her hands were healed without any medicine.

"What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord."

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Mrs. Emma Sampson, Greenville, Montcalm Co., Mich., P. O. Box 88.—With pleasure I will try to write of my healing, which is only one of the instances of God's mercy to His children who trust Him fully and take Him at His word.

I was not of a strong constitution, and after becoming a mother was somewhat of an invalid. Troubled

with my back, and with general weakness. Had also terrible headaches, which would last two or three days, when I would be obliged to lie in a dark room and be very quiet, always feeling, after an attack, that I had passed through a hard sickness.

For five and one-half weeks after the birth of my third child I did not stand upon my feet. On the last day of that time our house burned, and I received a shock from which I was soon threatened with spinal fever; but God was there, and when I was most discouraged, said to me: "Only trust, and thou shalt be made whole." But, sad to say, I did not know how, and although our God had declared many hundred years ago, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," the words were meaningless to me. Different doctors were tried until four had exhausted their skill—and patience, too, I think. One confidently affirmed that but for the remedies used my heart must have failed long ago. Many times I felt that there were but a few hours left me, and would give away the things I prized. There was congestion of the spine and brain, and extreme nervous prostration. I can find no words to express what I suffered. Obligated to be in total darkness the greater part of the time. Unable to sit up. Lying at times for four weeks in succession without having my pillows or bed stirred or hardly touched. Could not turn my body, head, or eyes, or be moved by anyone without the most dreadful sensations, as though I were whirling about, flying over the head of the bed, or falling upon the floor.

Such awful feelings had full possession of me that I died a thousand deaths. I could not straighten my lower limbs or use but one arm. My heart and stomach

were very bad. I was always cold, yet covered with sweat; if a draft of air reached me I had neuralgia.

When I could be moved, two persons, one at my head, the other at my feet, carried me in the morning to another bed and back at night. In this condition I lay for four years. Trying everything I could to get well. Had treatment by electricity for nine months; at the end of that time could just lift my head off the pillow, only to let it drop suddenly down. But the little book, "Beulah," was sent to me. There were times when I could hear someone read a very little; so my mother, who was always with me, read this to me, as I could bear it.

Very forcibly were the words of truth applied to my mind. I remembered God's word to me in the first of my sickness: "Only trust, and thou shalt be made whole."

Immediately I left off all medicines, including the laudanum, of which I took a great deal, and sent for Mrs. Dudley to come at once, but received word that she could not come then. At this time a dear acquaintance, Mrs. Aggie Nevins, of Moline, who had just been healed, came and prayed with me. I felt the healing power in my back and neck. Could at once turn myself without being dizzy; lie on my left side for the first time in all these years; and even rise up in bed without assistance; but did not understand that I must claim perfect deliverance.

Later Mrs. Dudley came and anointed me. Upon the following day I walked out to dinner. Had to borrow clothes to wear. Oh, the great joy of having on a dress, and shoes—to walk again, and to sit in a chair! Only those can tell who, from entire helplessness, have



been raised to strength and life. The same week I went to the neighbors and to prayer meeting. Steadily growing stronger. Not long after I was doing my own work, caring for my family, and we live upon a farm.

Ever since I have found Jesus a present help in time of need. In less than two years after my healing God gave me a nice healthy boy, and he is always strong and well. He is especially dedicated to God, because of His great mercy to me.

My children trust God instead of taking medicine, and have many times been wonderfully healed. Their simple faith as they unite with me in prayer is often stronger than my own.

One day, when my son Leon was about seven years of age, just before the time he usually brought in the wood for night, he was taken with pain in his stomach—so severe that he lay upon the floor on his face, crying in distress, unable to straighten up or stand. We began to talk of asking God to help him bring in the large chunks of wood. He said he had asked Him, but the pain hadn't stopped.

I told him of the ten lepers whom Christ healed as they went, and suggested that maybe God wanted him to begin bringing in his wood. He arose with a determined effort and went out. As he stooped to lift the first stick all pain left him, and he returned to the house, giving God the glory. Our youngest child, four years old now, wishes God to pull out the slivers that get into his flesh. And he will go off by himself and talk to the Lord about giving him things, or doing something for him, in a way so simple and trusting that is both touching and amusing. Time fails me to tell

of all God's mercies. Would that everyone might see and believe His blessed truth.

Be strong in the Lord! I find that, as I trust Him moment by moment, strength comes just when needed.

I wish it were possible to describe Mrs. Sampson's appearance when she first walked from her bed to a chair, and back again. She has spoken of the whirling sensation from which she suffered so much. When she first stood upon her feet and attempted to walk, her spine actually had a twisting movement, swaying her whole body. I did not wonder that her brain whirled.—[Ed.]

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Mrs. Reynolds, Six Lakes, Mich.—When living near Greenville, I was sick for about three months. Doctored all the time. Was not able to hear much talking, or to talk myself. One Friday morning Mrs. Nevins came to see me and told what the Lord had done for her; also, that they had sent for Mrs. Dudley to see Mrs. Sampson. I said: "I wish she would come to see me." Mrs. Nevins promised to bring her when she came. They came the next afternoon, and told me how the Lord had raised Mrs. Sampson that morning. They prayed with and anointed me, laying their hands upon me in the name of the Lord. I arose, dressed myself, walked across the room and sat down in the doorway, and was healed.

When my eldest son came home and I told him what the Lord had done for me, he said it did him more good than reading the Bible a year. The next day I told my son to get the carriage. I wanted to go for a ride. We went a mile and a half to call upon Mrs. Stone, who

had been to see me the day before I was healed, and who thought I could not live long. When she saw my son she was frightened and feared I was worse. He asked her to come out to the buggy; when she saw me there she was astonished. I went in and told them all about it. The next day I went to work and did all my housework. That was six years ago. One year ago, while my youngest son was sick with lung fever and under the doctor's care, I was taken very sick. One of my friends brought a lady physician. I took her medicine until the Lord told Mrs. Nevins to come and pray with me; then I saw my sin and took no more medicine, but seemed worse. My son said: "Mother is going to die, and Mrs. Nevins will be to blame." But I got well before he did. Praise the Lord!

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Mrs. Nellie Conant, Montrose, Mich., October, 1889.—I learned of Mrs. Dudley and her work for Jesus, through her little book, "Beulah." I had been in poor health for several years, when I was taken with typhoid fever and spinal disease, and in four months was so reduced I could not help myself in the least, nor speak a loud word. I left myself in Jesus' hands, seeing He had shed His blood for my body as for my soul and was willing to heal me. One time, when it was thought I was going, my spirit was caught up and I saw Heaven; there were angelic beings, crowned and robed. Filled with glory, I fell at Jesus' feet. He said to me: "You must return to earth and stay awhile." I was then led to send to Mrs. Dudley a request for prayer for my recovery. And at the very hour that united prayer

was offered for me, my room was filled with light and glory; Jesus came and spoke peace to my soul, and said, "Arise, thou art whole." He strengthened and lifted me up, and I walked for one-half hour, praising God.

I am fully consecrated to work and live for Jesus anywhere. God's word is the law of my life, and a new beauty, power and holiness seems to shine out on every page. I have complete satisfaction and rest in Jesus.

Since my healing there has been no response within my nature to temptations from without. Oh! how I praise God for His full and free salvation as it is manifested to me.

Witnesses: Rev. William Coombs, Mrs. C. R. Coombs, G. W. Ruggles, E. Ruggles.

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Mrs. G. Hoebeke, Grand Rapids, Mich., May 22, 1895.  
—It is with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, and for His glory, that I give my testimony of what He has done for us.

In the fall of 1893 I first heard of the work Mrs. Dudley was doing. Being a sufferer from heart disease and stomach trouble for many years, I thought I would like to see her, and ask if it could be the Lord's will that I should be sick all the time. I thought, like so many others do, that it was, and, if so, was willing to bear my cross patiently. O, how glad I was when Mrs. Dudley showed me from God's Holy Word that He is willing to heal all that have faith to be healed, and that it is His will that His children should be well. Saturday afternoon, November 11, 1893, I heard these

glad tidings. Mrs. Dudley asked me if I was ready to be anointed, and I said, "Yes, I believe the Lord will heal me." I was anointed, the prayer of faith offered, and Jesus healed me instantly. The terrible beating of my heart stopped, all tired and sick feeling left me, and I felt a new strength flow through my whole being. I shall never forget that moment. "Jesus the same, yesterday and to-day and forever." Praise His Holy name! O, that many of God's children might see their privilege in Christ, and see that He bore our sicknesses, as well as our sins, in His own body on the tree.

It is a year and a half since I was healed, and we have not had a doctor or used any medicine in our family since.

The Lord delivers us from all our diseases. I cannot praise Him enough for giving us all faith to trust Him. When the children have any pain or trouble they say, "Mamma, will you ask Jesus to make us better?" Often they are healed in answer to their own prayers. Divine Healing brings us so near to God, and gives us such spiritual blessing.

My daughter had catarrh for fifteen years; we tried many remedies and doctored for it, but nothing did any good. She was healed in December, 1893. My eldest son had a bad cough for years, and was always worse in winter. He also took the Lord for his Healer, and was healed.

Mr. Hoebeke had what the doctor called blood poison; red spots breaking out on neck and hands every spring; it being worse each year than the year before. We took it to the Lord and it did not appear last spring. Glory to God!

Last summer one of the boys had a sore mouth. His

tongue, gums and lips were so sore that he could not talk or eat for two days. We prayed with him, but it got no better. We took him to the meeting and he was anointed. When we arose from our knees he could talk, and the next day was well.

In the fall he was taken sick and showed the same symptoms as those of my sister's little daughter, who died with brain fever. He had terrible headache, high fever, and was very delirious. We did not have a doctor, so do not know what it was, but think it was brain fever. O, how sweet it is to trust in Jesus; no anxious care, but a full trust that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. He was anointed on Friday afternoon. The Lord tried our faith and permitted him to get worse until Saturday morning; from that time he recovered rapidly, so that he was up and dressed Sunday. On Saturday a friend said: "You cannot keep that boy." When he came again on Monday he was still better.

The Lord has done wonderful things for our youngest child, now four years old. He was always ailing and very weak, but since we took him to the Lord he is strong and healthy. A year ago last winter he had the measles; he was anointed and a few moments later said: "I am all better; put my clothes on." We did; and then he began to play. Another time he had a fever for a few days. I went to the Alliance meeting to ask prayer for him. There was to be another meeting in the evening and someone asked me if I were going. I said: "Yes, if baby is better; if not, then I do not like to leave him again." They said: "Did not we ask the Lord to heal him; cannot you believe that He did?"



I answered: "Yes, Lord, I believe." It was then about half-past four o'clock. When I reached home I found him better, and asked my daughter how he had been. She said that during the afternoon he had been worse than in the morning; he moaned all the time, and she had to stay with him, holding his hand, until half-past four, when he began to be better at once. I went to that meeting in the evening full of praises to my Lord.

Last spring he put a small piece of coal in his ear; we tried to get it out, but it went in further. We trusted the Lord to make it come out and went right to sleep, not worrying at all. If we had not trusted Jesus I would not have slept much. The next morning we could not see it, and thought it was out all right; but a few days later there was a swelling near his ear. I asked prayer for him. In the meeting Mrs. Dudley prayed that if it pleased the Lord I might find the piece of coal when it came out, so I could show what our Lord will do for those who trust Him. When I came home the pain and swelling were gone, and I thought again that it was out and lost. Six months later it came out, without pain or anyone doing anything to it. I have it now.

Last winter he took his brother's sled (without my knowledge) and went sliding on a steep hill, near our home. He had his little hands on the front of the sled, but, being too small to steer it, ran against a tree. To all appearance his right hand was broken; it was badly swollen and he could not lift it up. I took him to Mrs. Dudley, who anointed him, and immediately the swelling went down, and he began to move his fingers, and the next day used his hand again.

For three years I was troubled with a swelling in the roof of my mouth. It came slowly; at times would pain me badly, sharp pains to my eyes. I went to a doctor and said: "Please tell me just what this is; it won't frighten me, for I shall trust the Lord to take it away." He said that it would without doubt be a cancer, unless opened at once. I was anointed for it, and in three days it had disappeared. Oh, how I love my Jesus! I am so glad I ever learned this beautiful faith.

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Extracts from the letters of Mrs. Cora Elmore, Boon, Wexford Co., Mich., December 14, 1894.—I have been confined to my bed, battling with neuralgia, until my strength is gone; my spine and limbs nearly paralyzed. I ask you, in the name of Jesus, pray at once that this pain may leave me.

From my birth I have had heart trouble. When about thirteen years of age was so badly injured by a fall that for years I have been a cripple from curvature of the spine. I now apply to the Great Physician, and from this time put myself wholly in His care."

Later.—I would tell you that your prayers for me were being answered; even before I received your letter I felt a newness creeping through my benumbed limbs; the great weight was taken from my breast; something seemed to say: "Arise and walk." Startled, I listened. Again the voice said: "You have been asked in my name to arise and walk; my strength is sufficient for you." Immediately I arose and walked about the room without pain or fatigue. In a few days discovered the bones in my back to be as straight as they had ever

been. The old curves had disappeared, and I was indeed made whole! O, what rejoicing and thanksgiving filled our hearts and mouths when we saw manifested the goodness of God.

On receipt of the first letter Mr. Dudley and myself knelt in our room. Mr. Dudley voiced the prayer. I felt the answer was given, and could only praise the Lord that He had heard. We were not surprised when the letter came telling of Mrs. Elmore's healing.—[Ed.]

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Mrs. Agnes Peck, Staff Captain of Christian Crusaders, Dutton, Mich., September 18, 1895.—My girlhood days were spent largely in pleasure, and especially in the ball-room; in consequence, I soon found a peculiar swelling upon one of my ankles, which was caused by exposure and excessive dancing.

At the age of seventeen I was converted, and in 1889 entered the Crusade work; but all the time my foot grew worse, until I would often fall upon the street. And as doctors told me they could do me no good, and that I would only grow worse and worse as long as I lived, I took no medicine nor treatment for some time before I heard of "Beulah."

At first I thought that was a Christian Science institution; but when Mrs. Captain Reed went and brought back good news, I concluded to go and see if it would do me any good. I went, and, praise God! although my lungs, too, were so bad that few of my friends expected recovery, yet the Great Physician undertook my case, and I was completely restored, so that my lungs have become strong and my ankle has been

stronger than it was before my affliction. For five years I have been enabled to walk and work in meetings as though I had never been a cripple. What a wonderful Saviour, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

"Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to-day and forever."

There are many witnesses to the above statements. Should any doubt, let them inquire of Staff Captain Mrs. Reed, Shelby, Mich.

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Mrs. Susie George, 721 Hall Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.—In 1883 I was taken with nervous prostration. Had severe pain in my head; was unable to read, work, care for myself, or even talk with my friends.

In 1885 I went to Petoskey, Mich. One night, while kneeling in prayer, the devil said to me: "You need not ask for sleep, you've had all you'll ever have in this world." I said: "Then I shall die." He said: "You will, soon." I replied: "I will pray for sleep, anyway." I did pray, and retired. The devil stood at the head of my bed; I could see him in a cloud. He talked to me thus: "The Lord says, 'He that giveth His beloved sleep.' You have not slept for a long time, and will sleep no more; so you can't be one of His beloved." I answered: "I thought I was one of His beloved." He said: "Then the Bible is not true, for He does not give you sleep." I cried: "I am undone; what will become of me?" It was an awful moment. It seemed I should die. I exclaimed: "I know the Bible is true, and I know I am His beloved."

Then I saw Jesus standing at the foot of the bed, Satan having moved to one corner of the room. As Jesus came where Satan had stood he vanished, and I fell into a sweet sleep, which lasted for hours. But I was not healed; I was taking remedies.

I soon met dear Sister Chipman, who gave me her experience in Divine Healing. The more I thought about it the more I wanted to take Jesus as my Healer. I said: "Lord, I will give up all remedies and trust Thee." At night I suffered intensely with my heart, but used nothing for relief. All at once the palpitation ceased and I fell asleep.

A few days later the Lord gave me victory over a terrible pain in my head, with the assurance that I was healed and should sleep, and I slept sweetly. On my return to Grand Rapids I was tried by dreams and restlessness. I attended Mrs. Dudley's meetings, where she had prayer for me, and for eight years I have had none of this trouble.

A dreadful cough and night-sweats came upon me last summer. I grew very weak; none who saw me thought I could ever be any better. I wrote to "Beulah" for prayers, and the next day all was gone. Since that time the Lord has healed me of serious stomach trouble, and now I can eat whatever I like. My soul is continually blessed. O, praise the dear Lord for what He has done for me. He has never failed me when I have fully trusted Him.

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Mrs. C. Osterle, Grand Rapids, Mich., July 25, 1895.—  
Two years ago I was very much bloated, and suffered

much from the dropsical condition of my whole body. I attended the Faith prayer meetings held by Sister Dudley on the west side.

After hearing the Bible lessons I was anointed and healed of dropsy. At another prayer meeting I was filled with the Holy Ghost. Later I was healed of what the doctor said was a tumor in my side. While praying by myself and getting ready to die, the Lord told me to go and water my garden. I did so, and the tumor all went away. I do not know where it went.

Last winter I was taken very sick with la grippe, followed by erysipelas in my head and face. I was unconscious for some time. Again the Lord healed me. After my flesh began to heal, the skin peeled off, and my hair came out; nice, new hair came in. This summer, before I left for my southern home, in Clairmont, Va., I had a dreadful attack of what a doctor called acute congestion of the kidneys and bladder. For a few hours the suffering was awful. I sent for Sister Dudley, was anointed and instantly healed.

Praise the Lord! He is so good to me; He has done so much for me.

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Mrs. Martha Trankler, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Nearly eight years ago I was suddenly attacked with terrible suffering. Our family physician was unable to afford me any permanent help. My health became so poor I saw scarcely a well day, and was constantly under the doctor's care, or taking highly recommended patent medicines.

In the fourth year a council of doctors (the best in Grand Rapids) was called at two different times. Some



of them pronounced the trouble gall-stones, while others believed it to be neuralgia. I would not go over four weeks, at the longest, often only a day or two, without these terrible spells, lasting twenty-four hours at a time. Nothing but opiates would relieve me, and afterward my lips and nails would turn nearly black, and my skin yellow.

Sister Dudley was holding faith meetings in our part of the city. Some of my neighbors, who believed in Divine Healing, called and invited me to attend. I was a professing Christian, had accepted Jesus as the Saviour of my soul. I attended one meeting and did not enjoy it very well, for I thought I could not give up my medicine. I began to search the Scriptures; tried to find a place where Jesus told me to use remedies; but could find nothing to satisfy myself. Almost every time I opened my Bible I would find where Jesus had healed someone.

"He healed all that were sick." That meant, He would heal me. It also said: "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Yes, my sicknesses, as well as my sins. The New Testament is full of promises to heal, and the only remedy He showed me was to be anointed with oil in the name of the Lord. So blessed and simple!

The night before I took the Lord as my Healer passed in communing with Him. The still, small voice kept asking: "Why don't you give up medicine and accept Jesus as your healer?" I promised that I would. In the morning was able to sit up only for a short time, and the enemy persuaded me to wait a little longer, so I took my medicine, as usual. Soon I began to feel very strangely. O! everything looked so dark I fe't

as though God had left me all alone. I sent for dear sister. She said the Lord was leading, and wished me to trust Him fully. She read God's promises and prayed with me; then left me alone with Him.

I asked Him to let me know His will for myself. He knew I was in earnest; He, alone, knows the prayer. The first that I remember, I was sitting up in bed, saying: "No, Lord, I won't take the medicine." I had fully yielded to Him, ready to live or die, as He saw best. I arose much better, worked some that day, and by spells was very happy. That night I fell asleep for a little while, but soon awoke with a chill; fever followed, and in all my life I never passed such a terrible night. My room seemed to be full of devils; all were pointing daggers at me and saying: "You will take medicine." I would answer: "I will not; I'm going to trust Jesus." When morning came they left me, very weak. My husband begged me to take the medicine, but I said: "No; I have promised to trust Jesus; He will heal me, if he wants me to live; if not, I am ready to go." I felt very bad all day. At night I asked the dear Lord to let nothing disturb me, and I slept as sweetly as a child. O, how I did thank the Lord when I awoke, and felt a great deal better, and continued to improve.

Sister Dudley was holding meetings about eight blocks away. After a few days I walked to the meeting, and was prayed for and anointed in the name of the Lord for perfect deliverance. I realized no change, but believed God's promises were true. The next morning I felt well, and my whole being was full of praise. When the Lord heals His children He gives them greater blessings than they can ask, or think. I

was well for two years, then, through overwork, had other attacks with my stomach. But the Lord always healed me; sometimes, instantly; always, more quickly than when remedies were used. I have learned that it means a very humble, close walk with the Lord, if we would retain our healing. I know by experience it pays to trust the Lord for our bodies as well as for our souls. Let us glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are His.

Our children have had sicknesses, but the Lord has always healed them. It is a blessed way to teach the children. When ours are sick they at once ask me to pray for them. At one time, my little girl was very sick with erysipelas. We had prayer for her, but she seemed no better. I asked if she wanted the doctor. She said, No, I wish you would send for Mrs. Dudley. She came, and Alta said she felt better while she was praying for and anointing her. To God be all the glory! We give none to Sister Dudley, neither does she want any. I praise God that He so wonderfully uses her to point the suffering ones to Jesus, and I pray earnestly that some may be benefited by reading this and be led to Him who is more willing to give than we are to receive. "According to your faith be it unto you."

"Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him,  
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,  
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!  
Oh, for grace to trust Him more."

Mrs. H. A. Crane, Sparta, Kent Co., Mich.—Four years ago last March I was much troubled with my left ear. I was somewhat deaf, and from a gathering in my head there was a very offensive discharge, for at least six weeks, when a peculiar worm-like substance was expelled, the discharge continuing. At this time I went to Beulah Home for a short visit.

Mrs. Dudley, observing the cotton I had in my ear, spoke of it, asking if I did not know it was liable to cause deafness. Then I told her my trouble. She replied: "Let us have it healed." I removed the cotton, we knelt, and I was enabled to believe that the Lord would heal me. I just took my healing from His hand as I would take a gift from a friend, and could at once see that there was no more discharge from my ear; no tenderness; and my hearing was fully restored. The wax formed in a natural way, and the ear has been perfectly well ever since.

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Mrs. Lizzie Miller, Casnovia, Kent Co., Mich.—All glory to Jesus for His healing power!

I had what the doctors called the old-fashioned lingering consumption for fifteen years. The year before I was healed there were frequent hemorrhages of the lungs. Dr. Luke, of Canton, Ohio, where I then lived, said that my left lung was entirely gone and the right one badly affected. In 1879, when I left Ohio for Michigan, Dr. Scott said I could not live six weeks. I could not walk alone. Had not spoken aloud for more than three months. On my arrival, Dr. Coon was called and said I was in the last stages of consumption. I began

to study my Bible and to believe I could be healed by the Lord. I gave up all human means and in three months was perfectly well. In 1892 Dr. Coon examined me for a life insurance policy, and was surprised to find that I had two strong lungs and could expand them three inches. In 1888 a tumor came in my left side. It was very heavy and growing so fast I could not get around without great pain. To satisfy my parents, with whom I was staying, Dr. March was called, who thought best to perform an operation for its removal, but upon examination, finding that I had Bright's disease also, he refused to operate upon the tumor, saying I could not live long. I was bed-fast several weeks; but knew I should get well. I told the doctor, and he said I would better call some one to pray for me; there was no human help for my case. No one would pray for my healing, for they believed I was going to die. I prayed all the time, and kept my hand upon the tumor. I knew it would go suddenly, and I wanted to feel it go. One day I became discouraged and was thinking of calling another doctor, when a voice said to me: "Can't you trust Jesus and take Him as your physician?" I arose, knelt, and exclaimed: "Yes, I can." When I arose I felt like a new person. I was alone, went to work, did a two-weeks' washing, took up the kitchen carpet and washed a part of that, prepared supper, did up the work, and walked a mile to prayer-meeting in the evening. Upon retiring for the night I arranged the pillows for my sitting up, as I had been obliged to do for a year. The voice said to me: "Why don't you lie down? You are healed."

I lay down and was soon asleep. My husband kept waking me. He thought I was dying, as the doctor

had told him I was liable to drop away suddenly. In the morning the tumor was gone, and my kidneys were well. I went about my work singing praises to my Healer.

In 1890 I returned to Michigan and attended a Christian Alliance Convention, held in the Division Street M. E. Church, Grand Rapids, where I met Mrs. Dudley, of whom I had heard before leaving Ohio. Soon after I was attacked, suddenly and severely, with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. I could not get the victory alone, as I had done before. I wrote to Sister Dudley for prayer, and was healed as soon as she received the letter and prayer was offered.

Later I was taken with severe pain in my stomach and bowels. I was bowed together with the pain and could in nowise lift up myself. Dr. Vanderveen, who lived in the same building, pronounced it inflammation. I sent for Sister Dudley and was instantly healed while she prayed for and anointed me. I arose and walked with her down a flight of stairs and to the street corner with perfect ease.

Last winter I had very bad spells with my heart. One day I was with my sister-in-law, in Dr. Whiteagle's office, when the doctor, noticing my condition, said there was no cure for such an inherited heart disease. I went to "Beulah" for prayer. This time was not instantly healed, but learned sweet lessons of trust while the healing went on.

All praise to Him, who did strengthen and heal my heart. It is good to trust in Jesus, my Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, and coming Lord.



Mrs. Mary Halladay, Stetson, Mich.—To honor and glorify my dear Saviour I write the story of my healing, trusting that the Holy Spirit may use it to lead other suffering ones to search the Scriptures for deliverance from all the power of the enemy.

I was an invalid for over eight years, with troubles such as many of my sisters have. During the greater part of that time I was unable to do even a little sewing. I would be in bed for months at a time, and was almost constantly under the care of a physician, or was trying some remedy that had been recommended to me. At times I would get a little relief and gain a little strength, but would soon be as sick as ever. At last I strained my side, from a very slight exertion, and shortly after was taken down so ill and weak that I could not turn in bed when the weight of the bed clothing was resting upon me. Then I became so weak that I could not turn myself at all, or even feed myself. I had read some testimonials of healing in the Christian Alliance. Had heard, too, in other ways, of some who had been healed by the Lord. I had been treated so much by physicians, with so little success, and as I was getting weaker, I believed that there was no other help but in the Lord. I threw aside my remedies, for I did not believe I would be trusting the Lord if I depended upon them. I believed that God was able and willing to heal me, but did not quite understand how to take the healing. My husband sent for Mrs. Fletcher, of Toronto, who kindly came and taught me many Bible truths that I had not known before. She anointed me, and the Lord gave me courage to arise in His strength. Praise His name! I was healed.

But it was just according to my faith that I received

strength. Satan discouraged me with symptoms. I wrote to Mrs. Fletcher about it. She wrote, in reply, that it was the enemy who was troubling me, and that I was to press forward in the strength of the Lord, believing that I was healed, as I had obeyed the command in James 5:14. I began to sew, and after doing a large quantity of that, I commenced doing my own housework. I continued doing it until the next summer, when the enemy made me believe I had been working too hard. I was taken so ill it seemed that I could not live, but did not feel that I could take healing unless I again obeyed the command in James. During my first illness we were living in Canada; after my healing we moved to Michigan. As it was not then convenient to send for Mrs. Fletcher, my husband wrote to Mrs. Dudley, of Grand Rapids; but as I grew weaker and sank so rapidly, and very soon could not move myself, he telegraphed for her to come at once, and to pray that I might live until she reached me.

Satan hindered her, she was directed to the wrong boat, missed the train, and was delayed twenty-four hours. They told her at the station that I might not be alive, as I had been in a dying condition for several days. She reached me late in the evening.

After prayer, in the strength of the Lord I turned myself in bed. Bible instructions were given me in the forenoon of the next day, I was anointed, and in the name of the Lord arose and dressed, with a little assistance, walked a few steps, and sat up some time. On the next day went out to my meals and began to help about the work, and soon to do it with better health than before. Praise His name!

My sister gave her heart to Jesus at the same hour

that I was healed. We immediately opened cottage prayer meetings at the hour of the "Beulah" meetings, with much blessing. I have learned to take the life of the Saviour and to praise Him more. If we do not praise the Lord for what blessings we have received, we need not expect much more until we have done our duty. Phil. 4:6. What a complete Saviour we have. One who has made full atonement for our sins and sicknesses. Oh, that more of God's children would see their privilege as it is in Jesus.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me  
bless His Holy name!

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Mrs. L. Crowell, 723 Hall Street, Grand Rapids.—I had nervous prostration, heart trouble, and indigestion; could eat very little, and everything I did eat distressed me. There was great irregularity of the bowels, awful weakness; could not be on my feet at all without increasing the difficulty. There was much pain in the back of my head and neck; could neither sew nor read.

During these years of suffering five doctors attended me. The last one, Dr. Fuller, gave his opinion that there was no hope of cure unless it should be in a surgical operation, full of risk and attended with great uncertainty as to its results. The more medicine I took for my stomach the worse it became. I depended upon a nervine to sustain me; was always worse when I stopped taking it. Dr. Fuller advised me to use no medicine except the nervine; I was much discouraged.

After a few months I went with Mrs. George to the weekly prayer meeting at "Beulah"; there I requested

prayer, and the pain left my side for the first time in months. I continued to attend the meetings, and through the instructions given was led to trust Jesus; received the anointing and was healed.

Within a year I was taken very severely with la grippe; fell back, and resorted to cough medicines, but derived no benefit. My lungs were very sore. I had chills, fever, and night-sweats. My strength was failing rapidly. I visited "Beulah," received Bible instructions, prayer and anointing, and was made well and happy.

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Mrs. Libbie Proud, Manton, Wexford Co., Mich., December 20, 1894.—From my youth up I have always been sickly. Besides having all the diseases of childhood, I had chronic inflammatory rheumatism, a severe attack of brain fever, two attacks of typhoid fever, and black erysipelas very badly. I believe now that my life was spared in answer to the prayers of God's people.

During ten years of my married life could but just keep about in pain and suffering, because of weakness peculiar to my sex. There were several premature births; at the last I came very near to death, and doctors said that uterine ligaments of the right side were broken. I was obliged to wear a support and use remedies and expected to suffer on as long as I lived, but our kind Heavenly Father sent Mrs. Dudley this way, and I learned that it was not necessary for me to endure such distress, or to trust in human means for relief, and I was enabled to lay my sickness and infirmities over on Jesus, my burden-bearer. Now, for nearly

six years, I have been proving that the Great Physician is all I need.

A number of times since my healing I have sinned through overwork and worry and suffered in consequence, yet have been healed each time through faith in the Divine Healer. When my faith became too small and weak I have written to the "Beulah" Home for prayers.

Within four years I have given birth to three children, the last a nice ten-pound boy; a very short and easy confinement; almost no sickness, and with scarcely any discomfort.

Oh, my suffering sisters, praise the Name of our Deliverer! 1 Tim. 2:15. Prayer and trust are better than drugs. The life of Jesus keeps one well and happy and ready for His service.

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Miss Ida L. Conrad, Ludington, Mich., May, 1895.—For years I was troubled with a very weak back, so that I was not able to do any heavy work, especially anything requiring me to stoop over, as in washing. Sometimes, after I had taxed my strength too far, I suffered from backache for weeks; but I bore it patiently, thinking there was no remedy for it, and that what could not be cured must be endured.

But the Lord saw, and had compassion on me, sending His servants, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, to tell me that the Lord meant just what He said when He declared to us, His people, that "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

They showed me plainly from the Word of God that

Jesus is the Healer of soul and body, "The same yesterday, to-day, and forever," and the Holy Spirit brought the truth home to my heart, so that I dared not reject it. Praise His name!

As soon as I saw that the Lord had made it my privilege to claim healing, it also became my duty, and I stepped out upon His promises of healing as did the children of Israel upon the promised land, and claimed what my feet trod upon, in the name of the Lord. And He speedily gave me the victory; but not without courage and action on my part; for at this time my mother's health had broken down and I was called home to relieve her of the housework on the farm, and my strength was about failing, when the Lord sent me this word of His willingness and power to heal. I at once took Him for my strength, and though I was tired and had a very lame back, so that it seemed impossible to go on with my work, I arose in the name of the Lord and did a large washing, and to my joy found myself actually rested when it was done.

From that time I have had strength for all my Lord has given me to do. So I know by experience that what He has promised He is able and will perform. For three years Jesus has been my only physician, and at every time when the enemy has attacked my body He has delivered me, and I never before enjoyed such good health. The Lord has taught me that He is the source of life and I can draw from Him continually; or, in other words, He is in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

O, praise Him for His name Jehovah Rophi.



Miss Carrie Johnson, Mission Worker, Grand Rapids, July 22, 1895.—Through overwork and exposure my lungs became much diseased, extremely sore, and painful, and I was taken very ill with chills, fever, and night-sweats. A severe cough, raising a great deal of phlegm, especially in the morning. After one week of great suffering I sent for Sister Dudley and was anointed and prayed with.

The weakness was so great it was all I could do to kneel, or walk across the room. I was very much helped, but I felt I needed rest. Some friends thought I ought to go and help in the evening meeting. I walked to the Mission, about four blocks away; took charge of the young people's meeting, and played the organ in the regular service. I began to grow weary and started for home; was taken with a chill, followed by hard pain in my right lung. This continued three days, then went to my side. The cough increased, I lost flesh rapidly, and the devil told me I would die of quick consumption in about two weeks, and my friends thought so, too.

I said: "Lord, if my work is done, I am willing." But I did not believe it was; and asked Jesus, if He would heal me, to take those thoughts from my mind. They left me at once.

I soon went to "Beulah," and remained ten days. I had been there five days when the chills, fever, and night-sweats left me. Gradually the cough and all other symptoms went away. I regained flesh and strength. Praise the Lord! From that time, now one year, I have been in health, and have worked night and day in the Mission, singing in the nightly open-air meetings. I realize, more and more, with a heart full of

praise and gratitude, what the dear Lord has done for me.

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Mrs. Nettie Pratt Card, of Corunna, was converted at the age of eleven. The same year she fell from a swing backward, seriously injuring her head and spine, causing many years of suffering. Some years later, fell again upon frosty steps with her arms full of wood, and for eight years suffered great pain in her hand and arm. Was again prostrated and placed under severe medical treatment, which resulted in very little good. Another fall rendered her almost helpless, with increased suffering, baffling the skill of the best physicians. About two years before her healing, a severe cold terminated in asthmatic bronchitis; came near death. Her doctor sent the wrong remedies, which she could not take; when he came and discovered his mistake, was glad she had not taken them. This illness left her with chronic bronchitis, also with weak eyes.

In February, 1889, she was again seized with acute bronchitis, extreme inflammation of the eyes with granulation of the lids. For many months she was obliged to remain in a darkened room alone; and yet not alone, for her Saviour was with her. She suffered much, and the thought of being blind was terrible. Her physician said she must not cry under any circumstances, and must stop whistling and singing the hymns which had cheered her lonely hours, lest her throat become worse; stating frankly that her diseases were incurable, and advising her to consult Dr. Flemming Carrow, a specialist, of Bay City, who corroborated the statement of her home physician, but

advised her to return and remain under his daily treatment.

In a few days a friend, Miss Eva Lindsley, who had been healed through the united prayers of Mrs. Dora Dudley, of Grand Rapids, and Miss Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, called to see her, and related her wonderful experience, saying God was no respecter of persons, and He would also heal her. After praying with her, Miss Lindsley told of Mrs. Dudley and of the "Beulah" Home, in Grand Rapids.

As she was unable to be taken there, a friend, Miss Libbie Murray, wrote, requesting prayer for her. That evening she gave up all remedies and sought the Lord for healing. Soon she was taken with neuralgia of the stomach, and the evil one whispered: "Now you'll have to send for the doctor and take medicine again." She answered: "No, I have placed myself in the hands of the Lord; by His grace I will not yield." In a little time the pain ceased and she rested well. The next day she asked Jesus to strengthen her eyes so that she could see to read her coarse print Bible. Her joy was great as she once more read the sacred Word. She expressed a wish to attend the weekly prayer meeting. Eva replied: "Maybe the Lord wants you to go; why not ask Him?" She had not walked so far for more than four years. When she stepped upon the veranda a strange sensation very like electricity thrilled her, but she did not realize that she was healed.

A letter was received from Mrs. Dudley, naming the hour they would pray for her. During the three days of preparation by prayer and Bible study the Lord seemed very near, and gave her some hard questions to answer. Among them were: "Are you willing to

glorify my name if you are healed? To give up worldly pleasures, and all your friends for my sake? Are you willing to die?" She replied: "To die is gain." At this decision the glory of God filled the room. She felt the presence of her Saviour and His loving hand rested upon her head. She seemed to stand at the gate of Heaven with only a breath between her and the bliss of paradise, thinking how sublimely happy she would be to pass into the city beyond, when a sweet voice said: "You are not to go now, for I have healed you."

The following day she attended church, morning and evening. This seemed like a dream to her, as she had not seen a well day for eleven years. At the hour prayer was to be offered for her at "Beulah" a few friends met with her to wait upon the Lord; His presence was very manifest and His dear hands rested upon her head during the entire meeting, and she exclaimed: "Oh, the rapture of His presence; the fullness of His love!" She immediately went about household duties, gaining rapidly in strength, and able to eat anything she chose.

November 16, 1890, Mrs. Card went to Beulah Home for Bible instructions, and was so greatly blessed she was strongly impressed that if her neighbor, Mr. Iverson, should visit the Home he also would be healed. He had been thrown from a moving train of cars, breaking one rib from the spine and one in front; also something about the collar bone and shoulder were broken; the doctors did not quite agree what it was. Also the elbow was injured. Each doctor said he could cure him, but he grew worse, suffering very much night and day. He could not feed himself with his right hand, and, if in one position long at a time, could not

move it without doing so with the other hand. He could not change his clothes alone. After hearing several Bible readings he received the anointing, and, while Mr. and Mrs. Dudley's hands were yet on his shoulder, all felt the working of the shoulder while the Lord was doing the work. When they arose from their knees they said: "In the name of Jesus, stretch forth your hand." He did so. Truly, it was as whole as the other. He said he felt the healing begin in a very sore spot in the back and work up the shoulder and neck, and down in the front and then he realized he was healed. He at once began to test the genuineness of Christ's healing power by moving his arm with perfect ease in every direction; also by feeding and dressing himself. He has been well and in good working order ever since.

Three years later Mrs. Card paid another visit to Beulah. For some time she had been suffering with neuralgia of the stomach and inflammation of the bladder. Her husband joined with her in prayer, but the victory did not come at home. While at Beulah she learned beautiful lessons of faith, was healed, and filled with the Holy Ghost. She has never had the least desire to return to physicians or any human remedies.

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Miss Libbie Murray, Chesaning, Mich., September 12, 1895.—From the effects of a cold she had a bad cough, and what the doctors said was consumption, and a form of congestive chills; they had told her mother she could not keep her Libbie long.

After Eva Lindsay was healed she wrote to "Beulah" for prayers for herself and Nettie Pratt. The ene-

my whispered: "You will have to take quinine to keep off those chills." Very soon she felt a chill coming upon her, and her mother, as usual, went to help her. Libbie said: "Mother, let's pray first; I have taken Jesus for my physician." (She had not wanted anyone to know this.) Then Jesus asked her if she would tell that she had taken Him. She was willing, and soon became warm, slept sweetly, and the next day was as well as usual.

Each fall for three of four years she was threatened with chills; but after she had no more fear of them she was no more threatened with them. After having la grippe five years ago she was nearly blind in her right eye; both eyes troubled her very much. Some months later she went to "Beulah" and was much benefited both physically and spiritually. Has been there three times and learned sweet lessons of trust. Now she praises the Lord, for her sight is nearly perfect, saying: "Oh, it pays to trust Jesus."

At another time she had rheumatism; her feet and limbs were swollen, and so tender she could not endure anything to touch one. She wrote to Mrs. Dudley for prayers, and Thursday afternoon during their prayer hour she was healed, and has never had any rheumatism since. It is now eight years since she saw it her privilege to trust Jesus for her body. She says that she has not always felt well, but has trusted Jesus, and been drawn nearer to Him. He is very precious to her and she has no other desire than to trust Him fully.

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Miss Maggie E. Townley, leader of the Revival Band Mission Work in Grand Rapids, was blessedly healed



of a complication of diseases, and called into the Evangelistic work. For several years she was lacking in Scriptural knowledge on the subject of Divine healing, and was not able to hold the blessing of health by faith, but depended upon many little remedies.

When she came to Grand Rapids to engage in the Waterloo Street Mission work, she became acquainted with Mrs. Dudley, and her clear spiritual teaching on full salvation for soul and body. She at once accepted God's gracious promises made for His consecrated, trusting children, and became strong in the Lord and in the power of His might for every good word and work. Since engaging in the Revival Band work in Grand Rapids, a violent attack of la grippe left her in a weak, suffering condition, and with a hard cough. Mrs. Dudley was called to see a young man at the Mission building, and while there prayed with and anointed Miss Townley, and the blessed Holy Ghost quickened and healed her. She has a very frail constitution, but has learned to take Divine strength and health for all the great work God has committed to her care.

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Mr. Edwards of Fremont was instantly healed of chronic erysipelas in the nose and upper lip, of six years' standing, which had caused him great suffering. He was at the same time delivered from the appetite for tobacco, to which he had been a perfect slave for thirty years.

He told Mr. John Miller of Mrs. Dudley's visit to the place and how he was healed through her prayers. Mr. Miller sent at once for Mrs. Dudley to come and

see his wife, who had been sick a long time with cancer and tumor, and had been given up by the doctors. She was a great sufferer and had not walked or stood for four months. Her mind also was in a pitiful state, causing her to wring her hands and cry, lost, lost.

Mrs. Dudley closed the door upon all, and alone with the sufferer first cast out the devils in Jesus' name, and asked the blessed Lord to bring His quietness upon her and fill her with Himself.

She immediately became quiet, was then anointed and prayed for. At once she rose from her bed, dressed and walked out to dinner, and ate just what the others ate—meat, potatoes, cabbage, mince-pie, etc. She had not been able to take any hearty food for several months. While she was at the table her husband, who had been putting out his team, came into the kitchen, and was so surprised that he did not come into the dining-room. She arose from the table, went into the kitchen, stood and talked with him, then she returned and finished her dinner. Her son was told that his mother was dressed and walking about, but he said he did not believe it. Several months later he said: "Things have been very different in our home since mother was healed."

He has since given his heart to Jesus. Mr. Miller said it was the power of God, for his wife could not stand any more than that stick which he held in his hand. Mrs. Miller says she has never done larger washings or harder work than she has done since her healing.

None of the healed ones are more filled with the Holy Spirit and overflowing with praises and thanksgiving than dear Sister Miller.

Mrs. Humphrey, Cedar Springs, Mich., October 14, 1895.—Many years ago, when Mrs. Humphrey lived in England, one of her lower limbs broke out in sores from the effects of milk-leg. She suffered much, but often while dressing the sores she would get so blessed that a near neighbor would call to inquire the cause of her happiness, when she would tell her she felt the assurance that the Lord was going to heal her; but it grew worse, and for weeks at a time she could not do her housework or step upon the diseased foot. The best medical treatment availed nothing. After coming to America her general health failed and she was confined to her bed the greater part of the time.

She had a wonderful Christian experience and when she first heard Sister Dudley declare the Gospel of healing, the truth was acceptable; but her mind not being clear upon some points, she continued to employ a physician and was brought very low. Her limb was terribly swollen, of a dark-purple color, and full of corruption. There were seven running sores upon it, from which pieces of bone had been discharged, and a large, hard swelling under the knee would not soften.

She was reduced to a skeleton; the urinary discharge was very copious and nearly as dark as ink; there was awful pain in her spine, and for seven nights sleep could not be induced.

At this time two sisters were led to go and pray for her healing. When they reached her she was so low that, although intimately acquainted with them, she did not know who they were. Her eyes were glassy; the presence of death could be felt. The sisters knelt to pray and in the all-powerful Name laid their hands

upon her. Soon Jesus manifested Himself, and the three began to shout and praise God aloud. Sister Humphrey said she plainly saw Jesus upon the cross, and as the hands were laid upon her in His name, she felt a prickling sensation and a strange quickening go through her whole body, especially in the dreadfully diseased part. She sat up and moved the limb without pain. The glassy look left her eyes. She ate and slept; the swelling broke and discharged without pain, poultice, or medicine; nearly all the sores healed.

Sister Dudley was sent for and anointed her, after which her recovery was very rapid.

All discoloration was removed, the sores entirely healed, and though she had suffered for twenty-five years, she was soon able to walk two miles to church, to tell of what the Lord had done for soul and body.

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Mrs. Addie Kies Whedon, 429 Lansing Avenue, Jackson, Mich.—“Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.” Psa. 103:2, 3.

How my soul goes out in praise and thanksgiving to God for the healing of my poor diseased body, after three physicians had decided that nothing could be done for me except I should undergo a most dangerous, painful and delicate surgical operation. I had suffered for three years with two uterine lacerations, the edges of which were calloused and covered with hard bunches, with inflammation, enlargement, and prolapsus, accompanied with a very, very disagreeable and offensive discharge.

My kidneys were also so diseased that the odor of the evacuation was like decayed meat, and the suffering and pain I endured were so excruciating that I often cried for death.

My throat and bronchial tubes were badly diseased; it hurt me to move my arms in any way, or to rise up when lying down.

Disease had so weakened my mind that I could not remember even my own name at times. My nervous system was prostrated, and such fear took possession of me that I was afraid of my shadow. I was often confined to my bed for weeks at a time, and nothing relieved me.

A friend, Mrs. Winchester, told me about the Beulah Home, Grand Rapids; she wished me to go there and meet Mrs. Dudley.

I spoke to my physician about Divine Healing, and he said if the Lord could set a bone and heal it, then I might be cured, for my disease came under the same category.

I asked the Lord to direct me in a clear way, that I might know if it was His will I should be healed. At last I fully decided to trust Jesus. The time I planned to go to Grand Rapids (which was the day of the weekly meeting at "Beulah") I was taken with heart failure and brought down to death's door; the marks of death were on my face and finger nails, and purple spots were all over my body.

As I did not reach "Beulah" in time for the meeting united prayer was offered for me, and at that very hour a great change came over me for the better. The following week I was carried to and from the hack into the car. When I reached Charlotte I thought I

would have to take the return train home, but I cried unto the Lord and strength was given, so I finally reached "Beulah."

Mrs. Dudley gave me a Bible reading on the Scriptural causes of sickness. The Spirit pressed home the truth, but I rebelled at the thought that sin was the cause of my diseases, and that I was under the curse. I went to my room, and after a great struggle God gave me the victory. In the evening Mrs. Dudley anointed and prayed with me. I could feel my old diseased self pass away, and my whole being was filled with a new life.

I was instantly healed and seemed as light as a feather. Praise the Lord! I came home Monday evening. Tuesday afternoon I walked three-fourths of a mile to see a lady who thought I would die on the train. I have gained fifteen pounds in six weeks. I can never express what God has done for me. As I go about my daily duties my heart is overflowing with praise continually. Dr. Littler says my disease had assumed a cancerous form, and my healing was a miracle.

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Miss Carrie M. Atherton, Indianapolis, Ind.—At a critical period of my mother's life she had a very severe sickness. She was prayed with and anointed for her healing, but was not able to leave her bed. Your little book, "Beulah," reached me about 7:30 A. M. I took it up stairs for mother to read. She read until about 10 A. M., when she received a great blessing. She immediately got up, praising the Lord, and staid up, and does not take any medicine. She has been



sick many times since, but the Lord always raises her up in answer to prayer.

A few weeks since she was very sick from blood poisoning. Your book has been such a comfort and help to her all the way through these tests, and it has been a blessing to many others, also, to whom I have loaned it.

My visit to "Beulah" has been a great blessing to me, and the remembrance of it will always be very precious. The Bible instructions you gave me on praising the Lord at all times, and many other important subjects, have been a great means of grace to me and others who have received these truths. We have studied your Bible readings with great profit, and I have been wonderfully strengthened in my home work and cares, and have answered God's call to service in various ways outside.

Praise God for all His wonderful blessings of love.

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Mrs. Phoebe Ewing, Lentz, Mich.—I gladly testify of what the Lord has done for me, that other sick and suffering ones may look to Jesus the Great Physician for soul and body. I had been in poor health for twenty years, and for sixteen years I could do but little work of any kind. I could not be on my feet much, and had suffered greatly from pain in my head and spine. I have been treated by many good physicians, sometimes with benefit, but nothing that was lasting.

In the fall of 1890 I was afflicted with inflammation in my eyes, caused, the doctor said, by poor health; our family physician attended me, but as I was not bene-

fited I went to St. Charles, where I took treatment from December 18th to March. Had to sit blindfolded in a darkened room all the time, but was no better. From there I went to Saginaw, where I was treated by Dr. Ball, a noted oculist, who temporarily cured the soreness and inflammation, but I was not well; suffered continually with pain in my eyes, head and spine. My nervous system was in a sad condition. I could neither rest nor sleep because of sharp, darting pains, and was losing strength all the time.

I again went to Dr. Ball, of Saginaw. He said the optic nerve was affected, but gave no hope of cure; could only help to make me more comfortable, and said I could never do any more work.

In December I heard of a friend who had been healed at "Beulah," Grand Rapids. My first thought was, If the Lord can heal others He can heal me. And in a few days I decided to go to "Beulah," and felt that I ought not to take any more medicine, but yielded to the suggestion that I had the medicine and it would be some time before I could go, so I took a dose and retired; but I could not rest or sleep for the pain in every part of my body. This I endured until the fourth night, when the Lord showed me I was not to trust any longer to human skill, so I said, Lord, I'll not take any more medicine; if I am to trust Thee for healing, I will commence now and trust all to Thee. Asking for more faith to be given me, I soon fell asleep and rested well all night, feeling better in the morning than I had for a long time.

I went to "Beulah" February 10th, 1891. Sabbath evening, the 15th, I was anointed and instantly healed. Oh, the happiness of that hour! I felt that I could go

out and walk to the ends of the earth, praising the Lord. I went up stairs to my room feeling as light as a feather; before that it had been hard work for me. I continued to wear glasses, but made a great mistake in doing so, for really I do not think it was necessary.

I returned home and went to work, doing all the work to be found in a farmhouse, besides making garden in the spring. I walked to church and to all my neighbors. In a few months I weighed twenty-five pounds more than I ever weighed before. I have had many tests of faith; once from overwork and poison from wall-paper causing inflammation in my eyes. Indeed I was almost blind.

When my son-in-law took me to "Beulah" I was in a worse condition than I had ever been before. The least ray of light gave me most intense suffering. I could not see the cars, and when we reached "Beulah" I could not see the house. I asked the Great Physician not only to take away the pain, but to restore my sight, and enable me to see without glasses—not so much for my own comfort as that others might see what the Lord would do for those who trust Him fully.

One evening soon after I was anointed at our family worship Mrs. Dudley gave me a coarse-print Bible, and asked me to read. I told her I would be glad to do so, but I thought she would have to excuse me this time. Mrs. D. said, "How do you know you can't read; try it and see." I said, "I will." I opened the Word but could not see the coarse print at the top of the page. Mrs. D. laid her hands in Jesus' name on my head and prayed. After a little I saw the words, "I will"; then, in a short time, other words came out plainly, and I read to the end of the line. Then fol-

lowed a long time of waiting upon the Lord before I could read any more.

Mrs. Dudley prayed with me three times, and commenced singing. I sang with her, and soon the print became plain to me, so that I read this verse through: "I will never forget Thy precepts, for with them Thou hast quickened me." I was able to see well after this without the aid of glasses, and have never worn them since.

Before returning to my home I requested prayers for my unconverted daughter, that she might be saved. When I reached home I found that our prayers were answered.

Praise the Lord!

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Mrs. Carrie Chamberlain, Wayland, Allegan Co., Mich.—At the birth of my first child, because of the doctor's hurry, ether was administered, and instrumental delivery occasioned serious laceration of uterus and perinaeum.

The suffering that followed cannot be described. Could not leave my bed for twenty-two weeks. Employed various physicians, patent remedies, and everything that promised the least relief, but my recovery was only partial, and I was never well. I had no thought of Christ, no concern about my soul.

Six years after my first sickness a premature confinement occurred, which was immediately followed by severe malarial fever, and next an attack of la grippe. There was complete nervous exhaustion, and all the horrors of nervous dyspepsia to be endured. For seven months I could do absolutely nothing; could

not stand upon my feet at all, or sit up but for a few moments at a time. The excitement occasioned by the call of a friend would last for hours, and I feared to see anyone. There were innumerable sinking spells when it seemed that life must go out.

At this time I was induced to try the treatment of a Christian Scientist. At first experienced relief, but soon sensations of unrest and increased nervousness instead. This was my condition, when one day a young girl who was helping with the work of my home said: "Why don't you go to 'Beulah' and be healed?"

To my inquiries as to the whereabouts of "Beulah," she replied that she did not know, but thought it was in an adjoining town where her father, Mr. Hydenborough, went and was healed of nervous dyspepsia, through the prayers of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, who were holding meetings there. She procured Mrs. Dudley's book and I heard it read, and her mother proposed to write and solicit prayers for me. To this I willingly consented.

Upon the day prayer was to be offered for me at "Beulah" my weakness was extreme. Several friends called, and my exhaustion was complete. Suddenly, indescribable sensations of peace and rest filled my body, a strange, new strength possessed me. I sat up and visited with my friends, surprised at myself, but conscious that I was better. After the last caller went away the expected reaction did not occur. It was found, upon inquiry, that the marked change for the better in my condition took place at the very hour my case was presented to the Great Physician by the believing ones at the Faith Home. For several days I

continued to improve, then, through worrying over household matters, there was a relapse.

With the return of weakness and distress came strong desire to visit "Beulah" and learn more of the Healer, concerning whom I was so very ignorant. Arrangements were soon made for my leaving home. My friend, Mrs. Hydenborough, was to accompany and care for me, but on the morning of the day we had selected for our trip to Grand Rapids I felt entirely unable to make a start, that once accomplished it seemed I could never endure the suffering and fatigue of the journey.

When we reached Grand Rapids I could not stand one moment alone. Was kindly assisted from the train. The hackman carried me up the steps at "Beulah," I was helped to a couch, and the pain and weakness of that hour can never be forgotten. Mrs. Dudley came, and laying her hands upon me, prayed that all debility and suffering might be removed. I felt stronger very soon and ate heartily at dinner, and what I ate did not distress me. Yet for a long time I had been unable to take scarcely any food without discomfort. Under the forceful Bible lessons and searching inquiries regarding my soul-life, I became painfully conscious that I was a sinner, beheld Jesus, and accepted Him as my Saviour. Yielded myself to Him, and received Him as the Healer of my body.

Oh! these days of which I write were blessed days. The waves of Divine life were distinctly felt through my whole system—driving out the disease and pain, bringing rest and quiet to the tortured nerves. My attendant left, while I remained two weeks, growing stronger every day, taking considerable exercise about the house and out of doors, walking several blocks at



a time. My spine, which had been so badly affected that I could not step up one stair without falling over backward, now permitted me to ascend whole flights with ease. When I must leave the place which had become very precious to me and return to my home, I wrote a sister whom I wished to visit, informing her of my intention and when to expect me; but a slight change in the time of trains had just taken place and on entering the depot in Grand Rapids found that the train I should have taken had been gone fifteen minutes, and I waited six long hours for another.

At the station, one and a half miles from my sister's home, there was no one to meet me. Rain was falling and there was no other way but to walk the distance, which I did in the strength of the Lord. Within three weeks was at home, hard at work, doing my housecleaning, doing all myself, and I was well.

In the following year my little girl was born, with none of the trouble which attended the former sickness, and for three years more I enjoyed good health. During these years of trust I had many answers to my prayers and experienced a blessed sense of security, quietness and rest such as had never been mine before I knew the Lord.

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Miss Helen J. Salyer, Ann Arbor, Mich.—“Ask and ye shall receive that your joy may be full.”

It was in April of 1887 that my dearest friend, Miss Josie Davidson, asked me, one day, if I believed in Divine Healing. I answered, Yes, I do. Then she told me of Mrs. Dudley and her work. I said, Can I

go to "Beulah?" She answered, Yes, and I went, arriving in the afternoon with a raging sick headache such as I was accustomed to having about three times a week. Mrs. Dudley came to my room to invite me down to prayer meeting and found me very sick. On coming to my side she said: "Oh, you poor, dear child; I have been very busy; I did not know you were so sick."

She commanded the enemy to leave, and in Jesus' name laid her hands upon me and offered prayer. Then I went down to the meeting, where I was anointed and gave my body to the Lord for time and eternity. I was born with a weak, sickly body, and from my babyhood my mother was told she would never raise me.

At eight years of age I was taken out of school because of valvular difficulty of the heart. I was never any better of this until I committed it to Jesus. I was a great sufferer in other ways, and the physicians said I could not be relieved unless I submitted to a very delicate and dangerous operation. I also had a serious kidney affection which, after careful examination, the physician said he would not dare say was not Bright's disease. This caused me much pain and inconvenience; but two years ago the dear Lord spoke to me and bade me believe I was healed from that moment and the symptoms would gradually disappear, and they did. Glory to His name!

While I remained at "Beulah" I was busy every day. These were happy days. There I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in power. For months I had been trusting the Lord, standing on the promise found in 1 John 5:14, 15. This promise has been an anchor to my soul ever since, especially in testing times.

I have pleaded it in prayer, and on its sure foundation have taken the thing asked for, praising the Lord for it.

When I came home from "Beulah" I had proved the Lord my Jehovah Rophi. For three nights I had only slept five hours. However, next day I drove over forty miles with a friend who was strong and healthy, but was less tired on our return than she. In a few weeks we moved into a house that needed papering. I papered the parlor, a room fifteen feet square, and with help papered five other rooms.

For seven years I have not taken a drop of medicine. I have been twice healed of la grippe, and for three years have been kept from even taking cold. I go up and down stairs from fifteen to thirty times a day, and have done this for four years.

My mother and sisters have been wonderfully healed many times. My friend Josie has also been healed in answer to prayer several times; once from poisoning through inhaling corrosive sublimate in gasoline, and once she was instantly healed, when a twenty-five-pound weight, falling the distance of six feet, had crushed her foot.

The Lord enables me to "In everything give thanks" and to count all the trials of life but stepping-stones, which I mount with a shout of praise, and each new difficulty seems to be driving me as a weight is driven by the master-builder deeper and deeper into God's love and fullness. Glory to God! Hallelujah!

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Mrs. Fannie McD. Hunter, Singing Evangelist, Fulton, Ky.—I was a very ambitious, pleasure-loving girl,

desiring every educational advantage that would develop me into a brilliant woman. Early in my career disease crept into my body and took a stronger hold upon me each year, so that my plans for education were in a measure defeated. The past twelve years of my life have been years of intense suffering. Had a complication of diseases so that every organ in my body was affected. I used every human means in my power for recovery. I visited springs, changed climate, and took medical treatment from specialists, but with very little temporary benefit.

In the fall of 1889 I heard teaching on Divine Healing, gave up remedies, but did not receive the Divine touch, so I stopped seeking. I still believed God had power to heal, but my faith seemed paralyzed so I could not take hold on God for myself. I steadily grew worse. I was afflicted with catarrh all through my body. It had gone to my stomach, and I expected to die with consumption of the bowels. In the spring of 1894 I read accounts of the healing of one of our Kentucky school presidents. This inspired hope that God would undertake for my healing. Soon after this the way was opened for me to visit Dr. Dowie's Home, in Chicago. Here, in answer to prayer, I received my first healing touch from Jesus.

I went from there to Beulah Home, Grand Rapids, where I received the greatest blessing of my life. Mrs. Dudley anointed me with oil according to James 5:14, 15, and I received the anointing of the Holy Ghost. The healing power of the Holy Spirit went through my entire being and I was healed of indigestion, from which I had suffered many years. I was also delivered from serious catarrhal affections which had weakened

and disabled me in every way. I left at Beulah a truss, which I had been obliged to wear many years because of weaknesses; have not needed it since. Nearly a year has passed since I was healed, and I praise God for His keeping power. I am very busy at work in His vineyard, and it is marvelous the strength and endurance I have to bear the hardships of evangelistic work.

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Mrs. Clara S. Redmond, Evans, Mich.—For God's glory I wish to relate some of His dealings with me. I inherited disease, was sickly from childhood, could not eat like others, and suffered continually up to the time the Lord healed me in April, 1892. In 1882 I was consecrated and experienced the blessing of holiness, but was a constant sufferer.

By my doctor's advice I tried change of climate with some benefit. I was much blessed by reading the testimonies of some who had been healed in answer to prayer, and was impressed to send for Rev. E. Wigle to pray with me for healing. He came, and while he prayed the pain left me and I received blessing, but being very ignorant of Satan's devices I was easily overcome and soon returned to medicine. Six years later, after hours of the most excruciating suffering, a little girl was given us, only to gladden our hearts for a moment and was gone. It was a long time before I recovered sufficiently to do light work. Then I began to fail very rapidly and my sufferings were great. I was in constant fear and torment. Could not sleep, or eat scarcely anything, nor could I even hear God's word read.

About this time Elder Middleton and wife called to see me and told of the Beulah Home, Grand Rapids. I sent for prayers and the dear little book, "Beulah," which husband read to me with great blessing. I began to see the way for me to be healed. My pastor was requested to come and anoint me, which he did not do. I was then led to send for Mrs. Dudley. While awaiting her coming, I examined myself and consecrated all to my Lord in a deeper sense than ever before.

Mrs. Dudley gave us Bible readings. I at once accepted the truth that Jesus had purchased health for me. Praise the Lord! Previous to this I had laid aside all remedies, and during the anointing such sweet peace filled my soul that I wept for joy. That night sleep came. In the morning I arose and dressed, worked all the forenoon, and in the afternoon rode a mile to a quarterly meeting. The people were much surprised to see me and hear me tell what the Lord had done. While at the meeting a stove smoked so that others were in tears, but it did not affect me. The atmosphere was heavy and it began to rain, but Jesus kept me from taking cold.

During the night I was taken with severe pain, but I praised the Lord and it all ceased, so I fell into a quiet sleep. Husband dreamed there was trouble at the barn and went out to see about it. When he returned I awoke and was about to complain when the Spirit reproved me. We talked awhile, and I was wide awake when I saw the word Truth in large letters on the wall. I said, What is truth? and the Spirit replied, "Thy Word, O God, is truth."

I then saw a Bible rapidly revolving in a bright



light, every letter in motion. A light cloud then enveloped me and I began to shake; feeling God was there. I said, Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth. God then showed me the work He had for my husband and me to do. John 15:16. My right arm was raised and held up quite a while as the Holy Spirit revealed to me our Christian privilege of being endued with power from on high, so that these signs should follow them that believe, Mark 16:17, 18, and that I should anoint with oil for healing those who wished it. Since then the Lord has healed several in answer to our prayers. Our home is open to God's people.

While God was showing me my work a sense of great unworthiness came over me, and I thought, Can it be possible God chooses such weak ones to work with Him? I then ceased shaking and became quiet, as I realized the commission in John 17:23. Feeling the life of Jesus all through me, I shouted, Glory, Glory! "My soul doth magnify the Lord!" And I continued to praise the Lord until morning.

O, how God did speak these words all through my soul: "All things are possible to him that believeth." Toward morning the cloud of glory gradually disappeared. My husband felt the power of God, saw my shaking, and heard me talk with Jesus. I also spoke to husband about the work God was giving us, to which he said, Amen!

I arose in the morning perfectly healed. I drank cold water and ate breakfast with a relish. All the organs of my body have been perfectly healthy ever since. The news of my healing rapidly spread, and people came from far and near to see if I really was well and could eat like others. On July 6th, 1895, after

three hours' slight sickness, the Lord gave me a bright, perfect little son, and we claim the promise given in Luke 1:15. We had no doctor, and took no remedies. Three persons who were in the faith were with me. The Great Physician did wonderful things. Praise His name. All who know, think my sickness and recovery marvelous.

Praise His holy name!

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Mrs. Dorlisca J. Wheeler, Bangor, Mich., August 6, 1895.—In thanksgiving to Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think—the Lord who has heard my supplications—I comply with your request to write my testimony of healing through Divine Power.

On December 8, 1890, I underwent a delicate surgical operation at the U. B. A. Home, Grand Rapids, Mich. On the 24th of December my surgeon said if I could be carried from the hack into the car I might return to my home in Spring Lake. For about four weeks my strength gradually returned, when one morning on awaking I thought the windows and furniture were whirling past me, and a sensation seized me that my feet were elevated and I was spinning on the back of my head. I called out, and my husband, who was in an adjoining room, came and raised my quivering form. For days I was bolstered upright in my bed. I will not attempt to describe those dreadful hours when it seemed I was sinking out of life.

In addition to this I had repeated attacks of a stomach trouble, from which I had suffered since child-

hood, and which had baffled the skill of the best physicians on all the charges we had served. At last, through sheer distraction, I was helped out of my bed into a chair in the family sitting-room, with nerves so prostrated that I could not look at the twigs of the trees, as they swayed in the breeze, without experiencing a sensation of passing away; and, in order to keep from falling, I had to close my eyes whenever a person passed me.

At this time Mr. Wheeler wrote to the surgeon who performed the operation. (God bless all my kind physicians.) I here pen an extract from his reply: "The strains of going through the operation, as well as the thinking about it before, and the shock of it, may have something to do with it and may not. At all events, it is proper to put off attending to the proposed work (another operation) until nerves and health are better; at some time I strongly advise the carrying out the intended work, believing that the benefit from first operation cannot be secured without the second one."

Nothing seemed to rally my prostrated nerves. For weeks I was not left alone five minutes at a time for fear, in a sinking spell, I might fall to the floor. Many were the times I felt I was going—going. I would ask Mr. Wheeler to pray God to hold me, and always received instant help.

O, that I had known how to trust the Blessed One for complete deliverance. I shall never forget how precious the Word of God was to me. It was my constant companion.

One morning in March, as I came out of my room, I looked back at the pillows that had bolstered my head

so many weeks, and thought that not once had I fallen to sleep, night or day, except from sheer exhaustion and always awakening as from dreadful night-mare; and on entering the sitting-room said, "I believe I shall have to remain, night and day, in my chair." Soon I recognized one of those dreadful sinking spells coming over me. I grasped my Bible and looking up, implored the Father to keep me from falling. I also asked Him to show me something in His Word to assure me of His help in time of need. An impression akin to a voice directed me to read what James told the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad to do in case of sickness. I answered, "Yes, Lord, but that doesn't mean me." But I turned to the Word and read, and somehow I was strengthened. I told Mr. Wheeler, but he soon put all my hopes to flight by saying this was not an age of miracles, and that they were only performed by the apostles to establish the faith in the Christian church. He did not deny that even in this day some were healed in answer to prayer, and argued *pro plus con* as long as I could endure to listen, dwelling much on the nature of the oil used, and said that if a minister were called to pray for and anoint the sick he might not have faith, and then how sad would be the consequences.

God only knows what I suffered that day, mentally and physically. I could not lie down—my pillow seemed full of thorns of terror, and I thought death would soon end my sufferings here. At 2 p. m. I again began to feel myself sinking. I grasped my Bible; sent up another petition for help; the same answer was given. I turned to the Word and began to think that God was not a respecter of persons. The Spirit

illumined the truth and I tried to reach out by faith and claim the promises mine through the atoning blood of Christ.

My husband marshaled every argument to persuade my poor weak mind to drop the subject; but I had called upon the Lord, and He did not allow the feeble spark of faith to be quenched. At evening I felt myself sinking, as on occasions before mentioned; I raised the same cry to the Lord, and the same answer was given. I said, "Surely this is of the Lord." I felt sure that Mr. Wheeler would be convinced that God's Spirit was leading. But, no, no. He began with renewed vigor to persuade me not to think of anything so rash. I called him to my side and three times read James 5:13, and asked him if he thought they were directions for God's children to-day. He answered, Yes. Then I said James wrote the following two. I then told him he was the only Elder in the Methodist church on whom I could call, and asked him to pray for me.

How I poured out my soul before the Lord. I told Him the way was all new; I did not know whether He wished me to lay aside all remedies or not; but I did want Him to come to my relief. As we waited before Him, I could feel that Mr. Wheeler was getting wonderfully in earnest; doubts were giving away to faith. Presently a peace born of Heaven filled my entire being—heart-beats, nerves, mind—all in a natural condition. Directly a drowsiness possessed me, something I had not known for weeks. I immediately retired. I will not attempt to describe the sense of luxury that came over me as my head pressed the pillows. In five minutes' time, without the aid of medicine, I fell into a deep sleep. Yes; slept like an exhausted,

worn-out child until the clock struck two. The peace of the Lord was with me. I again fell asleep and at seven awakened with a sense of complete restoration. I said to my husband, I feel strong enough to begin work. I could not keep from singing, for I was blithe as a bird; but before I left the room I took a dose of medicine and repeated it, as the directions had been given, and at eleven o'clock had fallen back into my previous condition.

I tried to look to the Lord, but found no comfort. Everything that physician and kind friends could do was done, but my strength rapidly failed, and I seemed to be approaching the end. One week from the day the Lord so wonderfully blessed and guided me I determined that I would stop taking remedies and trust the Lord for what might develop. What an hour it was of reaching out to know God's will, for I fully realized what it meant in Job: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

Presently an impression came that I should send for Mrs. Dudley, of the Beulah Home. I quickly replied, No, as I had no faith in her teaching, and had judged her to be working the works of witchcraft and feared her presence. But impressions came again and again, and I dared not disobey, so asked Mr. Wheeler to wire for her. Then I fell to praying, that if it was not God's will to hedge up her way so she could not come. All day I prayed, Lord, if her teachings are not of Thee, forbid her approach.

The six o'clock evening train came, and with it Sister Dudley. Praise the Lord! I still dreaded to meet her, but as she entered the room one glance at her face dispelled all my fears. I grasped her hand, and wel-



came her in the name of the Lord, and then the hours that followed as she unfolded the Scriptures! I could but exclaim, again and again, "How precious." I had invited two trusting sisters, Mrs. J. Perham and Mrs. Westley, to be present.

When Mrs. Dudley read Isa. 53:4 and said that "grief" in the Hebrew signifies sickness, and then read Matt. 8-17, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," I cried out, Blessed Jesus, didst Thou upon the cross bear my sickness as well as my sins?

Just then a mighty pulsation seized me; my whole frame shook so that the chair in which I sat moved with the movement of my body. I thought perhaps God had sent to call me home. I had no fear. Wave after wave of glory flooded my soul, and the weight of His presence rested upon all that were in the room. Sister Dudley exclaimed: "You are healed." I then requested her to anoint me, as I wished to omit nothing which the Scriptures required.

The next morning I went to the breakfast table, and for the first time in my life appreciated the significance of asking God's blessing on my food. The old stomach trouble was gone. In a week's time I was eating articles of food that for years I could not use. I could say, "Surely He satisfieth my mouth with good things."

My other difficulties began gradually to melt away. One other deliverance I would like to mention. A year from the following summer I had an attack of lung trouble. Mr. Wheeler, and a dear trusting sister, Mrs. S. Clark, united in prayer in my behalf, and God wonderfully manifested Himself to each of us, but no relief was granted. I trusted on for days, as I knew God had heard our prayers, and was sustained by 1 John 5:14, 15.

During this period, my mother at Grand Rapids received a dangerous injury and I was summoned to her bedside. For days we watched over her; my lungs by this time had reached an alarming condition, and I was growing weaker day by day.

The tempter did not fail to tell me my faith was all in vain; but I found strength in 1 Peter 1:6, 7. Mother, sister and friends were very solicitous for me, and strongly urged that I should consult the physician who was making regular visits at the house. It seemed to them that I was willfully committing suicide, as three sisters and one brother had died of consumption. I would plead that nowhere in God's word could be found that a change of climate, blisters, lung balsams, or anything but the prayer of faith would heal the sick.

Five weeks passed, and almost every paroxysm of coughing caused hemorrhage. Still I feebly held on to the word till one morning I arose after a night of more than usual suffering with a feeling of extreme prostration. I called upon the Lord for help, but the heavens seemed brass above me; I walked back and forth in agony of mind, nearly persuaded that I had made a mistake in not applying for medical aid. I cried, Lord, take the field and fight the battle for me. But I only heard the whizzing of the bullets from the enemy's musketry.

At 3 p. m. the doctor was summoned to the house to care for my sister, who was taken very ill. My breathing was so labored that she could hear the whistling sound as I sat by her bedside, and when I saw her distress concerning me I consented to her earnest entreaty to have my lungs examined; I did not tell the doctor

that I had been prayed for and anointed, so he kindly left remedies and told what to use externally.

How the enemy seemed to triumph over me. I looked into the glass containing the medicine and said, Must I, after all these weeks of suffering and waiting, rely upon the arm of flesh for relief? No, Father, I will trust Thee. Immediately peace like a river filled my soul, and during the rest of the day and night I had no paroxysms of coughing. The next morning I went to the Beulah Home. On entering I began coughing. Sister Dudley arose, laid her hand where the severest pain had been and began praying, but suddenly stopped and asked Brother Dudley to join her in "laying on of hands," and claiming Matt. 18:19. A cooling influence filled my lung; great joy filled my soul, and the work was done.

I might add many other instances where God has delivered me from sickness, sometimes manifesting immediately to my body the answer to prayer, and at others allowing me to walk by faith that I may learn to rely upon His word. Nearly four years and a half have passed since I have taken any medicine; I am relying wholly upon Him who is able to deliver. It is so precious always to have a physician in the house who understands our bodies, and is able to supply all our needs. For "all power is given unto Him in heaven and in earth."

In conclusion let me say, I have no arguments for the grounds I have taken except, the Spirit of God leads—I follow, taking Him at His word and finding a greater refuge than I could have found had I not been placed in a condition to prove His promises. To His glory be it said that I have been walking in a different

spiritual realm, and the country is filled with wondrous beauty. God's "whosoever" are all my theme. His "whatsoever" are a part of the legacy. Let us claim all He in mercy hands down to us. 1 John 3:22, Ps. 34:15, Ps. 145:18, 19, Prov. 15:29, 1 John 5:14, 15, Matt. 7:9, 10, 11, Matt. 21:22, Mark 11:24, John 14:13, John 15:7, Ps. 50:14, 15.

Moreover, I most thoroughly indorse Sister Dudley's teachings, believing they will stand in the great day. I have ever found in the Beulah Home an atmosphere sent from above. I am also glad to say that Mr. Wheeler is an ardent advocate of Divine Healing, and gladly goes to pray for and anoint all who call for him.

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Mr. T. Saxton, Grand Rapids, October 14, '95.—About five years ago I fell down an elevator shaft in a factory, a distance of thirty feet, injuring my back very much. The pain was so great that it often interfered with my duties, and for six months after the fall stooping caused me extreme pain.

At that time Rev. Newton, of California, was holding meetings in the Second Street M. E. Church, teaching Divine Healing. At an anointing service, in which Mrs. Dudley, Miss Blakney and others assisted, I was anointed in the name of the Lord Jesus for healing. Praise the Lord, I have suffered no pain since, and wish to give this testimony to the glory of His name.

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Mrs. Mary Gould, Middleville, Mich.—"I am the Lord that healeth thee."

With gratitude to God and the dear Beulah Home in Grand Rapids I briefly testify to the power of the great Physician. The Holy Spirit taught me the first lesson of Divine Healing soon after I was converted. For several months I had been suffering extreme pain in my head and shoulder from neuralgia. One day, when the agony was very great, I went alone before the Lord and asked him to heal me. He heard my prayer and healed me instantly. I confess with shame that I once enjoyed smoking, but in answer to prayer the Lord delivered me from the appetite.

In 1886 cancer made its appearance. It developed quite fast from the first. My brother, Dr. Palmer, of California, said I should at once submit to a severe and painful treatment, the same my mother, who died of cancer, suffered so much from. This I had feared from the first, and at once exclaimed, "God forbid, I will trust Him." I believe the disease was stayed from that hour, and held in check for three years. I laid aside all remedies, and trusted as far as I had light. I was surrounded by unbelief.

In February, 1889, I had a very severe test, and could not exercise faith for myself. I had heard of the Beulah Home, felt very much drawn to go there, and did so. Was met at the door by Sister Dudley. I stated my case briefly, and requested prayer according to Jas. 5:14. The pain left me soon after I entered the house. Experienced no other change at the time. That night, after I retired, a sweet influence stole over my whole being, with the blessed assurance the work was done. At the same time I was healed of a very severe stomach trouble that had caused me much suffering for many years. In 1892 I contracted a hard cold, which rapidly

developed into all the symptoms of consumption, and that disease was, I believe, thoroughly seated. The cough was severe, I raised a great deal, the soreness and pain in my lungs and shoulders was very distressing. My throat and head were so badly affected that my ears became painfully susceptible to the most balmy air.

When Sister Dudley laid her hands in the name of Jesus upon me, I felt a lifting and smarting sensation in my right lung and head. The work was done. In less than a week every symptom of the disease was gone. Praise the Lord for all His benefits.

Two years later I was taken with a violent form of la grippe. I struggled with the enemy about three weeks, then sent for Sister Dudley. She came at 11 a. m. I was instantly healed when she anointed me in the name of the Lord.

My family were surprised at the great change that took place in me. I was again attacked; went to "Beulah" and remained there nearly three weeks; received Bible instructions, saw marvelous works wrought by the mighty hand of God in that sacred place.

Blessed of God indeed is Beulah Home. I have received many rich blessings there, and hope I may live to see that dear home free from all incumbrance and richly provided for, till Jesus comes. My brother, Waldo Palmer, was reclaimed and healed there. I give an extract from his letter: "My heart has not troubled me since that evening at Beulah. Praise the Lord! He cured me of creeping paralysis and disease of the stomach. Bless His name forever! How much better it is than to be dopping medicine down three or four times a day. I trust in the Lord, and He keeps me by His mighty power. Nothing is impossible with God. I have



had heart trouble for fifteen years or more, and God for Jesus' sake healed me that evening at the Home, and I give Him the glory."

My son was converted at "Beulah," and my prayer is that it may be the birth-place of many precious souls.

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Mrs. Emma Thomas, 66 S. Waterloo street, Grand Rapids, Mich., July 13, 1895.—I have always been troubled with salt-rheum. Mrs. Dudley was called to Kent City, where I then lived, to pray with and anoint my sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary McKelvey. I was anointed at the same time. The little finger of my right hand had been very bad for a long time. After I took the Lord for my healer and was anointed, my entire right hand became a mass of corruption, so I was obliged to dress each finger separately and could scarcely feed myself. My finger nails began to decay. This continued for more than six months. I came to the place in this long testing, where I said: "I will continue trusting the Lord if my hands rot off." When I presented myself for prayer I told them I was not sick only my little finger. I think the Lord wanted to show me I needed more than I realized, for my blood was full of the disease, and must be purified by faith in Him.

During this long waiting time I learned it meant more than I thought it did at the time. I was taught many precious lessons, and began gradually to improve. After a few months was entirely healed and no scars left. This I had not expected, for it seemed they must be scarred, the sores were so deep. And my finger

nails are all right. My hands have been perfectly well for two years. All praise to my glorious Healer!

Last January I was suddenly taken with a very sore throat. My tongue seemed paralyzed at the roots, so I could scarcely move it. My throat was black and purple, capped with white spots. I had a burning fever, very severe pain in my head, and my whole body was full of pain. I sent for Sister Dudley to pray with me. The fever and pain left me at once. I was weak, and my throat remained sore for some time, when I gradually received perfect health, and have sung in the open air in the Salvation Army work with perfect ease. Using my throat for Jesus, Hallelujah! We would witness to the truth of this testimony.

George Thomas.

Lizzie Miller.

Ann Thomas.

Mary McKelvey.

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Mrs. Minnie La Fave, Salvation Army Soldier, 16 King St., Grand Rapids, July 13, 1895.—About seven years ago I was taken very sick. My chest was so sore that I could scarcely move myself any way. I coughed very bad, and every time it seemed to tear my lungs. The doctor did not tell me it was consumption, but my friends said it was.

I was advised to go to Beulah Home. I had not been out for several weeks, and could not walk. I rode there, was prayed for and anointed; instantly healed, and walked home, a distance of one and one-fourth miles, as happy as I could be. My lungs have been strong and

well ever since. All glory to Jesus! Every time I think of it it makes me rejoice and praise the Lord.

My little four-year-old daughter had been very deaf for several months, as the result of a severe attack of typhoid fever. I had her prayed for and anointed at the time I was healed, and her hearing was instantly restored and has remained good ever since.

Praise the Lord for His goodness!

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Mr. T. A. McMillan, Grand Rapids, October 12, 1895.  
—Mark 9:38-42. When I first heard of Divine healing, like John in the above text, I questioned its truthfulness and divine origin. Like many others I supposed the day of miracles was past. Then the Savior's words, as in Mark 6:12, 13, came to me, and also James 5:14, 15.

During the winter of 1892 I began to seek for the faith that heals the body through the atonement of Jesus Christ; still my faith was weak and wavering. In December of the following year I was thrown from a sleigh and broke a rib. I sent for Sister Dudley, who anointed me in the name of the Lord. A sister who accompanied her also joined Sister D. in faith, but I could not believe that Jesus would heal just now, and so I endured three long weeks of intense suffering; could neither lie down nor rise up without almost unendurable pain. Then God led me to go to "Beulah," with a determination to seek with my whole heart. I praise His holy name, that when we are fully given up, the work is soon done.

When Sister Dudley, with two others, laid their hands upon me in the name of the Lord, a little grating

sound, as of bones rubbing together, was distinctly heard, every breath I drew. Sister D. asked the Lord to bring the bones into place; we all felt them move as she did so, and the pain was gone; a soreness remained. She asked the Lord to remove the soreness, when it left immediately. I arose from my knees, giving God all the praise, and had no more trouble with that. The day after I rode eighteen miles and began a revival service which I continued more than three months, holding five services on Sundays and three each week day, walking or riding from one to three miles every day.

During this time I bore too much the burden of the work, lost my appetite and could not sleep. I returned home, and went to one of Sister Dudley's Bible readings, thinking I would not speak of my sickness, but God had more work for me to do, and he laid a great burden upon our sister's heart to supplicate the throne of grace for some one, she did not know who. I dropped upon my knees and began to weep; asked to be anointed and was healed. In this of all the meetings I ever attended, Jesus seemed the most precious. I now ate my meals with relish (had not been able to eat anything scarcely for three weeks) and slept well.

The next day a telegram from our superintendent of Baptist Sunday School Missions called me to work in another part of the State, where, amid many difficulties, but with much blessing, I organized a church.

Last summer rheumatism attacked my hand; it was badly swollen and very painful. After being anointed I still favored it. In a little talk with Jesus about it He showed me I must use my hand. This cost me a

great effort at first, but suddenly the pain left and it was "whole as the other."

Oh, how can we distrust such a wonderful Jesus!

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Mrs. Captain Reed, of the Christian Crusaders, Shelby, Michigan, May 23, 1895.—About five years ago my husband and I were called of God to go out into work for the salvation of lost souls. We thought surely we must have mistaken the call, for I had suffered from poor health nearly all my life, being much of the time unable to do my own housework.

We consecrated our lives to God, to obey Him and walk in His way. Saying, Lord let us make no mistake. Very prayerfully we asked Him to show us by messages from His word. He gave me Ezek. 12:4-7 and Isa. 62, my husband getting his message in a different way, but the call was very plain.

I had never heard of Divine healing only as I read of it in the Word, and thought that medicines must of course be used in sickness. At this time the book "Beulah" came into my hands. It was read with great interest. Praise the Lord for the little book that gave me my first teaching upon this subject; for the light that led me on until I had learned the secret, Christ for the body as for the soul. We then made the necessary preparations for leaving home, and were soon out on the promises, going from place to place, moving as often as five or six weeks from that time to this.

Marvelously did the dear Lord strengthen my weak body, though I knew very little of how to appropriate His promised strength.

While attending a camp meeting I listened to a conversation held by three preachers of the gospel. One was advocating Divine healing, but knew little more than I about it, and was not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to give the scriptural proof sustaining his position. The arguments against the Doctrine, and those in favor of the use of means were so forcibly presented that I wavered and thought, "It does look like fanaticism to insist upon laying aside the use of human remedies. Certainly we may ask and expect His blessing upon our best efforts to help ourselves." Praise the Lord! Only to teach me a needed lesson, did He give me over to Satan for a time.

For nearly eight months I was sorely afflicted with hemorrhoids, suffering intense pain, employing every remedy within my reach which promised the least relief, occasionally finding something that would help for a little while; often so weak that my knees would tremble when I attempted to walk. I went to Cedar Springs to stay with Sister Patrick, who knew something of the Beulah Home, and whose little daughter was afterward instantaneously and most wonderfully healed of paralysis and St. Vitus' dance. Made whole at once by our mighty Healer when anointed by Sister Dudley.

Sister Patrick advised me to go to "Beulah," and about the same time a letter came from Captain Haight, saying: "I wish you would go to Beulah."

I went and spent about two hours with Sister Dudley. She gave me three Bible readings greatly blessed of God, viz., Scriptural Causes of Sickness, Sickness from Satan, and Scriptural Means of Health. These readings are now in print, and very helpful to many. When she reached the last text, Mark 15:23, the words struck



me with convincing force, and instantly it was all made clear why those who trusted Him for healing could not use human means for help. I felt that for myself I could drop all remedies and trust the Lord alone, but how about my baby? With her I had always used a medicine for constipation and the Devil kept me awake nearly all night, telling me I would be obliged to use the medicine for her; that if I did give it up 'twould be only to go back to it again.

Next he suggested, "Your baby may get the whooping cough, and then you will have to give her medicine," but I said, "Lord, if it will be for your glory and make me a better Christian, show me by making the baby's bowels all right to-morrow morning without the usual means." And she was well in the morning. Then my heart said: "Lord, your word is true, though all men be liars."

I went to Sister Dudley and was anointed, expecting to be instantly healed, but the Lord knew what I needed. This illustration which she gave greatly helped me. When a tree is girdled it is dead, although the leaves may remain green for some time. On my return I was attacked by Satan with some lung trouble, accompanied with a burning fever. The Captain came to me, saying: "The Lord wants you to lead the meeting to-night;" to which I made answer: "I am so sick you will have to pray for me or I cannot go." We took it to the Lord and I arose, praised Him for victory, went into the meeting and to work, as if feeling perfectly well, and soon fever and pain all disappeared, and I had a grand time with the Lord.

Then in less than a week, whooping cough seized the baby. We sent for Sister Dudley, and according to

Jas. 5:14, 15 she was anointed and wonderfully healed. Glory to God! At the same time Major Campbell, of the Christian Crusaders, being present, was brought to see Jesus as the Healer of his body. He threw away his bottle of patent medicine just purchased, received Jesus as his physician, and has since been used to lead many into this glorious life, Jesus for the body as well as for the soul. It was six weeks from the time I was anointed before the suffering from piles was removed. Satan suggested often: "The Lord would cure everything but this."

God's own word, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," Ex. 15:26, was my strength, and when the needed lesson was learned I was as well and better than I had ever been. Have been better able to help others because of precious lessons taught me while waiting. "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise." Heb. 10:36.

While we were working at Croton our baby suffered for two weeks from bloody dysentery, having from six to ten movements at night, and more than a dozen during the day. No appetite; could eat nothing but a few berries. She grew too weak to raise her head. We anointed her; called for others to pray with us, and wrote to "Beulah" for prayer.

As I was partly asleep one day there came before me a little open grave. Satan said, "Now the baby is going to die." After a hard struggle I said, "She is the Lord's to live or to die." Then the victory came, and she began to improve, to laugh and play. We all praised God for the trial and the triumph of our faith.

Then the Lord gave us a little boy, and for three months he cried nearly all the time, only when asleep.

He grew rapidly, but going about among the people as we do, a great many remedies for colic were offered me. I said the Devil shall not have his way, this baby is the Lord's and He will bring him out of this in His time. He was then taken with la grippe and suffered terribly. Neighbors came with remedies; a minister wanted to get the doctor.

The baby cried so I couldn't tell why I would not give him anything; only said I knew the Lord would heal him. The minister declared that to be Christian Science, Spiritualism, Fanaticism and a lot of things. But we anointed the baby and prayed; he went to sleep and slept all night, and awoke in the morning well. He has never had a drop of medicine; is now more than two years old, the picture of health. Just what the Lord intends our children to be, if we will only learn to trust them to Him instead of filling them with the Devil's poisons.

Before we learned to trust in Jesus as our physician, two little ones were taken from us by death from the effects of teething.

The two we now have we anointed in the name of the Lord to be kept through teething, as Satan did not fail to remind us that when they cut their teeth they would die or be very sick. There were several trials of our faith with the older child, but the Lord always gave the victory as soon as we learned what He would teach. The younger one never saw a sick hour from teething, and cut the eye and stomach teeth in August and July.

These children know what to do if any of us are sick. The baby came to me one day, saying, "Ma sick, let me pay fo' 'oo." I said, "Well, pray." He knelt by the bed and said, "Lord make ma well for Jesus' sake, amen,"

and jumped up praising the Lord and shouted, "Now 'oo well ma, 'cause me prayed."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Satan had always tried to make me believe if my babies should have the croup, I would be obliged to use remedies for immediate help. We were awakened one night by our little four-year-old girl choking with croup. I said, "Captain, please pray for Allie at once." We first, in Jesus' name, bade Satan leave, and told her to praise the Lord. It seemed she could not do it. Just as soon as she could say praise the Lord she did not choke again, and has not had the croup since.

In the summer of 1894 I again expected to become a mother, but accidentally falling into a lake, was immediately taken sick. My husband had been called away and there was no one to offer the prayer of faith. Had no power to act faith for myself. When my husband reached my side friends stood weeping about my bed, expecting to see me die. At times I would feel my breath leaving me. Nearly all the blood had left my body, and what remained seemed turned to water. My body was so bloated, my eyes were nearly closed. My husband had all others leave the room and stayed by me, praying and praising God for victory. When morning came I breathed quite easily. In the afternoon my body was full of pain, and I sought to know what the Lord would teach me. All was clear between God and myself; then I asked him to touch me and make me whole. For three hours the pains continued. Constantly and aloud I praised the Lord and asked my husband to sing, "Leaning on Jesus I'll walk at His side, Leaning on Jesus, my Shepherd and Guide."

And Jesus laid His hand upon me and healed me. Glory came thrilling my soul. It seemed that the windows of Heaven were open, and its light and glory shone all around me. Such a sweet rest possessed body and spirit. The Lord filled my mouth with praises; I told of His love, His wonderful love. My brother came in and thought me delirious, and insisted upon bringing a doctor. I told the doctor of what the Lord had done for me; that I was not sick now, only weak; he answered, "You are very sick," but did not urge me to take the medicine.

Some said, "O, what wonderful faith." I replied, "No, only simple trust, and the wonderful Savior." I felt so well the next day I arose without asking the Lord what He would have me do, and thus going before I was sent, lost the victory. For two weeks was again bloated with dropsy, and could scarcely walk. We sent to "Beulah" and to other trusting ones for united prayer, and at the time it was offered I began to gain. Improved rapidly, and two days after walked half a mile without any weakness resulting. A few days later walked five miles and led the meeting at night without feeling tired. Truly the "joy of the Lord is my strength." Eleven years before this I had passed through the same kind of sickness, and was an invalid for four years, much of the time not able to stand upon my feet. Trusting all the while in earthly means, paying hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills. O, how much the dear Lord has done for me and mine; truly, more than we can tell or ask or think. During the past four years we have been permitted to see many brought into this blessed way of full salvation for soul and body.

Brother and Sister Woodberry, of Muskegon, Mich.,

had a little cripple girl and were making preparations to give her hospital treatment, when the Lord directed us to go and advise them to take her to "Beulah" instead. They did so and after receiving Bible instruction, they retired to their room to lay the matter before the Lord, returning in a short time with tearful faces, saying, "We will trust out little daughter with Jesus."

In the evening Mrs. Dudley gave a talk on Consecration, after which the parents consecrated themselves to the Lord and were filled with the Holy Ghost. Bro. Woodberry had been called some years before to preach the gospel, but had said, "Lord, I want to make a certain amount of money first. This was permitted, but when it was done he was no nearer ready to heed the call.

Several times this occurred and he had accumulated the specified amounts, but was still unsatisfied. During this Bible talk he and his wife were brought to see, as never before, the meaning of consecration, and led to lay all upon the altar. Upon leaving for their home they took with them some copies of "The Christian Alliance and Foreign Missionary Weekly." In one week they returned to "Beulah" enroute to New York city to attend Mr. Simpson's Missionary Training College, having in this short time, in answer to prayer, sold their business and beautiful home. To-day they are in Tien Tsin, China, working for the lost. They have named their home there "Beulah." May they come home at last bringing many golden sheaves.

I would mention another case; that of an M. E. minister, who was stubbornly opposed to the doctrine of Divine Healing, declaring it to be fanaticism, and that



he would shut the doors against us if we came to his charge teaching it.

We prayed that God would give him light. Afterward he wrote us that he had the unbelieving wax out of his ears. Had taken the Lord for his Healer, as had many of his people. One sister had been gloriously healed. That the little tracts we sent him, "Divine Healing from a Medical Standpoint," "Why are Believers in Divine Healing Ever Permitted to be Sick?" and "How to Receive Divine Healing," were doing much good. We praise God continually for His goodness to us. May His richest blessings rest upon Sister Dudley and her Home for the suffering. Eternity alone will reveal the good done through my first visit to "Beulah."

I write this for the glory of God, praying that it may help some suffering ones to take Jesus for all.

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Staff Capt. D. A. Reed, of the Christian Crusaders, Shelby, Mich., September 25, 1895.—I was born in Canada. Mother died when I was two years of age, asking my grandfather to tell me as soon as I could understand to get ready to meet her in Heaven. Bless God! I am ready to meet her now. Oh, as I look back and think how mercifully my heavenly Father has dealt with me I praise Him for His loving kindness. Had I been dealt with according to justice I should be in hell.

At the age of twelve, at a Baptist revival, the blessed Spirit showed me that I was a very bad boy, and on the road to hell. I was converted; everything was changed, but I met with no encouragement at home, for my

grandparents, who belonged to the Church of England, did not believe in such mysteries, or that children could know anything about them.

I asked grandpa if he did not think I was a better boy. He said he thought I was. I told him it was Jesus who made me so. He would not believe it; said I was too young to know anything about salvation.

Let me here say to parents, I know what it is to go to different places in the barn kneeling, praying, crying and wishing some one would speak an encouraging word to me, and help me to lead a Christian life. When I asked grandpa if he had been converted he was very angry, and said he had belonged to the church for fifty years, but he would often lose his temper, and sometimes swear. He always kept liquor in the cellar and the boys drank with the men. Many do worse to-day in keeping cider.

When I was fourteen years old the old homestead was sold, with its belongings, for \$4,500. Grandpa gave me twenty-five cents, telling me to gather up my clothes (which consisted of a clean shirt and a pair of socks), that I must find work and take care of myself. I said "good-bye" and started off feeling down-hearted enough. I knelt by a chestnut tree and prayed I might find work and have money to carry me through this world. I got up feeling as happy as a lark. Glory to God! The first man I asked gave me work without setting a price. I was but a small boy and the work required the strength of a man. The blessed Lord helped me, and the foreman was well pleased. After working for three months I asked for my pay. If the man had given me fifty cents a day I would have been satisfied, but to my surprise he gave me one dollar. Truly God

answers prayer. I worked until late in the fall, when I had one hundred and fifty dollars. Then I worked at a trade, getting thirty dollars the first year, thirty-five the second and forty the third. Then started in business; forgot the mercies of God, smoked, swore, drank, but always made money. Grandpa came to want; I took care of him for two years.

God gave me a good wife, who always stood by me. I came to Shelby, Mich., and opened a business; worked from five o'clock in the morning till ten at night. Drank fifty cents' worth of whiskey a day to keep up my strength; was trying to pay for a little home for my family, but spent more for drink than I paid on the home; I fell in with a rough class of gamblers and infidels, who scoffed at religion, with whom I spent more time than with my family. This education fitted me for eight years of misery such as words cannot express. I was breaking the heart of my loyal wife and bringing disgrace upon the children God had given me. I became downhearted and blue; so full of misery I wished I could die; drank to get over it, drank again to bring it on. Death seized one of my blessed little children; my heart was still harder; I cursed God and drank to drown my trouble. Misery, misery until the dread messenger came and took my little boy. As I saw his precious form lowered in the grave I said to God and to myself, I will meet that little one in Heaven.

I came home, lay on the bed and cried until I heard a little voice saying, "Come this way, papa, come this way." Could stand it no longer; got up and went to that cursed cup to find relief, but was only heaping misery upon misery. I now decided to take my own life; came home drunk, took my revolver to do the

awful deed. My blessed wife plead with me for six hours before I could realize the awful thing I was about to do. I promised her I would quit drinking. This I had promised dozens of times, but she was so true to me she believed it every time. The appetite was there and I could not help myself; went to some of my associates, who told me I must have my regular drink. This advice pleased me. Drink has since taken them both into eternity.

My hatred of the word God increased; I talked against it freely. The devil gave me some real good arguments, which seemed to me true. I spent much time in the saloon and at the card table, where I found ready listeners who flattered and encouraged me in this belief. The devil helped me through them, until it seemed I was right while I was talking, but at some midnight hour, as I was nearing my home where my faithful wife was looking for me, a still, small voice would say, "What have you been talking that stuff for? You know better. Your mother said she would meet you in Heaven and you have two little children there." I would say, "Yes," but soon forget all about it.

Soon after our little ones were taken from us my blessed wife found Jesus as her Savior, and was ready to meet our darling children in Heaven. My wife was anxious I should join her. The kind Christian friends who came to our relief in our bereavement and had said, "Look to Jesus," had a meeting at our house and asked if they should pray for me. Reluctantly I said "Yes."

Dear reader, see how the devil will work when he has one under his control; the next day he sent one of his agents along in the form of a traveling man selling buggies. This man took from his pocket a little Testa-

ment and showed me "how the Scripture contradicts itself." After three hours' talk the foul bird devoured the "good seed" that had been sown. My good wife was expecting our home to be happier, but alas, the Devil had taken another hold upon me; I was cross; nothing suited me. My wife asked what was the matter. I could not tell. When the Devil gets into people he makes them mean.

I ate my supper and started for the saloon and card table, telling the people there that I was the happiest man walking Michigan soil. What a lie! I was really the most miserable man.

The next thing the Devil put into my head was to leave my wife if she joined the church. She said then she would not join the church, but she could not give up her Lord. I had said to the minister and to the kind friends who had spoken to me about my wife joining the church that I had no objections, so they must know it was my fault if she did not join. The Devil always likes to have people look well on the outside. I told my wife she could join the church, but, Oh, what a big Devil there was inside of me in the form of that old, ugly temper, then too, he led me to drink twice as hard.

I added to my carriage and blacksmithing business a livery and sale stable, making lots of money and drinking more than ever; would not spend fifteen minutes at home day or night; slept in the office at the barn; was seldom at home with my wife, and Mamie, my only child, who would sometimes perch herself upon my knee and put her little hands to my face and say, "Papa, you ought to be a Christian." It would touch my heart until tears would come to my eyes; then I

would put her down and go to my drink, trying to drown my feelings.

On I went until often in the morning I could scarcely get the cup of coffee to my lips. Mamie would hold the cup while I drank. Misery upon misery! Though I was making money, had money in the bank and appeared to my neighbors to be happy; have spent a hundred dollars on one drunk; was losing my mind; could not remember anything ten minutes; became so discouraged I made up my mind to drink myself to death as soon as possible. The saloonkeeper told me I would take ten drinks before leaving the saloon, and return in an hour for more, as if I had not had a drop.

One night as I came from that hell-hole I looked up into the heavens, when a voice spoke to me very loudly, saying, "If you don't stop drinking you will go to a drunkard's grave, and to a drunkard's hell." The words startled me and I said, "I will sober up." I went into my office, fastened the door and window, so no one could possibly get in, thinking probably I would have to stay two full days. I lit the lamp, started a fire in the stove and went to bed, dropped to sleep and awoke about twelve o'clock, feeling more clear in mind than usual. I was very thirsty; had no water, but determined I would not go out of that office until I was sober. I thought of a bottle of whisky on the shelf behind the stove; thought I would drink that to quench my thirst, but to my surprise could not move. The Lord was warning me for the last time. I tried to believe I was dreaming or had the nightmare; would count the spots on the wall; tried to move my fingers but could not; got a glimpse of them; they looked as large as my wrist. Seemingly my head began to sink until my



breath left my body. I thought I must die. Oh, the awful pain; a drunkard's hell was opening before me, still no thought of God. At last my good wife and Mamie, with the little ones who had gone to be with Jesus, stood before me. I realized the disgrace and wished I could drown myself so that my loved ones would never see me, but they will find me dead here and know that I died drunk.

Again a voice spoke to me, saying, "You have said God never did anything for you; you would not ask Him. You had better ask Him now to help you." In that dreadful moment I spoke these words, "If there is a God, help me out of this." In a moment I was out of bed, walked to the stove, but did not think of the whisky on the shelf. Oh, what a merciful God! Then the voice said, "You had better pray." I replied, "I never pray; the last prayer I made was under the chestnut tree when I was a boy." The voice said, "You know what to pray for." "Yes, I know; I will pray, for I want to get rid of this terrible appetite and nervousness, and I don't want to be shut up in a dark room as I have been many times." I dropped upon my knees and cried to that merciful God, "If there is a God, take this appetite for drink away from me, and don't let me be nervous in the morning, and I promise I will never touch another drop of liquor, and I'll never again deny there is a God." Praise the Lord! I went to bed and slept. In the morning had no desire for drink. My nerves were steady. How good God has been to me. I meant all I had promised. I did not tell anyone my experience, not even my wife, for a year.

I spent five hundred dollars traveling about trying to get salvation; told my wife I was going to be a Chris-

tian, but wouldn't let anyone know it. Then the Devil told me all church members were hypocrites. I went to hear Sam Small and Sam Jones preach; the latter told me if I did not like hypocrites to get out of their company and not go to hell, where I'd have to spend all eternity with them; got me to promise I would not say anything more about them until I had tried being a Christian myself.

I returned home, five hundred miles distant, went to the old church where I had called them all hypocrites; deep conviction settled upon me; I went home, swearing I would never go inside another church. But the next night found me there; two men came to talk with me; my wife told them I knew what was right, but would not yield. I was very angry and said to her, "I will," starting at once for the front. Seemingly every light in the church went out. As I sat down on the front seat the Devil said, "You've made a big fool of yourself. Everybody will laugh at you to-morrow." I said, "I don't care, I am going to be a Christian." I settled up with God and promised I would do the things a Christian ought to do, even to vote against whisky. Praise God! Even before I knelt at the altar I was saved.

When I arose from my knees I told my old chums I was saved, and I knew I was without a doubt.

I found great pleasure in talking and working for the Lord for about three months, when one day my temper got the start of me, and I found that in my heart I was a murderer, for I hated my brother man. 1 John 3:15. There are many such murderers to-day. Inborn sin caused me much trouble and hindered my work for God; I did not know how to help it until I learned

through God's word it was the "old man" Jesus came to destroy. Praise the Lord! when I brought all the tithes into the store house the "old man" passed out, and the blessed Holy Spirit came in and I knew I was free.

At this time I realized I was called to some work for the Master, but did not know what, until the Christian Crusade work started six years ago. I went into the work, taking with me my wife and daughter Mamie.

Four years ago my wife was nearly an invalid; at times could scarcely walk; we tried so many kinds of medicine we were carrying about quite a drug store of boxes and bottles, but they helped only for a short time. Providentially we heard of Beulah Home, Grand Rapids. My wife went there, received Bible lessons and took Jesus for her physician; returned to the work, had quite a trial until her faith "touched the hem of His garment," and she was made whole. Praise God! I also was a slave to medicine; took quinine nearly every night before meeting to keep up strength, but through Mrs. Dora Dudley was led to accept Divine Healing. Thank God for Beulah Home.

Four years have passed into eternity and the blessed Jesus has defeated the Devil in every trial, as Mrs. Reed's experience shows.

While holding meetings in N. Muskegon - was greatly burdened for the salvation of the people, but had such a serious attack of la grippe that I was quite unable to get out of bed. I worried a great deal, thought I must be in the work, did not like to leave the meetings in charge of the members of the Band. While they were at the meeting I inquired of the Lord what lesson he wanted to teach me. He said, "The work is mine; I am

more interested in souls than you can be; would you be willing to lie here if I want you to, no matter what people think?" I said, "Yes, if you want to teach me a lesson of patience; I will take it just as you want me to." I praised God and left myself and all in his hands. In the morning I called my wife and the members of the Band to cast out the Devils and lay hands on me in the name of the Lord. Some laughed, some cried, but as each prayed the glory of the Lord shone around us.

I arose and dressed. From that time was able to attend the meetings every night. When we have learned the lessons God would teach us the victory will come. Hallelujah!

Since we have been in the Lord's work our heavenly Father has given us two little children, the same number He took to Himself when He touched my hard heart. We are a happy family, for we all have faith; even little Willie, not yet three years old, will call on the Great Physician in any time of need. If he hurts himself he will say, "Pay for me;" then he will say, "Paise the Lord." No more crying after he says, "Paise the Lord."

For over five years we have been in the battle every night, bringing souls to Jesus. We have seen over 3,000 souls brought to His feet, and have seen many healed, and are stronger than when we began.

We believe in and teach the four-fold Gospel, Jesus our Savior, Sanctifier, Healer and Coming King. "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus." Rev. 22:20.

Salvation, Salvation we mean to tell it all the world around.  
Salvation for the body,  
Salvation for the mind,  
Salvation for all people,  
I am glad you all may find.

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Other works by Mrs. Dora G. Dudley:

"Gathered Treasures," a book of inspiring helpful sketches, gathered from Holy Ghost lives.

Eight Bible Readings upon the Second Coming of the Lord. A tract carefully prepared after years of study and thought upon the subject. These readings have given light to many, and can hardly fail to lead the earnest seeker after the truth of God into closer self-examination, and to the wise determination to be ready for that day. Price, 5 cents.

Three Bible Readings upon Divine Healing. These God has used to bring hundreds into the knowledge of their privilege through the atonement and resurrection of Jesus Christ; that physical health and life, as well as spiritual, are theirs through Him. Price, 4 cents.

Christian Science, Counterfeit of Divine Healing, clearly shows the wide difference between the true and the false. Price, 3 cents.

From Whom Is Our Expectation? 1 cent.

Salvation Made Easy. 1 cent.

Rest in Labor. 1 cent.

My Invitation and Prayer. 1 cent.

Agents wanted. Address

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